KING ASA:

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POEM.

IN

SIX BOOKS.

FOUNDED ON

1 KINGS, Ch. xv. Ver. 11 to 14, and 2 CHRON, Ch. xiv.

By T. MAY.

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THE FIRST BOOK OF KING ASA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Satan diſpleaſed to ſee true religion reſtored among the Jews, convenes his powers to council, and claims their advice. Belial, Moloch, and Beelzebub, give their opinions. Adramelech undertakes to delude Zerah, king of Ethiopia, to invade Judah. Satan approves of Adramelech's propoſal. The latter proceeds, and appears to Zerah, by night, like the prieſt of Iſis. The king awakes, demands his arms, and orders the ſtates of his kingdom to be convened, to whom he relates his nocturnal viſion. An embaſſy is ſent to Jupiter Ammon. The legates return, and relate the anſwer of the oracle. The troops are collected; their leaders and arms are deſcribed. Adramelech returns, and informs the powers of darkneſs of his ſucceſs.



KING ASA.

BOOK I.

A THEME unſung, yet forming in my breaſt,
Celeſtial Muſe! in pleaſing ſtrains ſuggeſt:
Tell how, incens'd, inflam'd with high diſdain,
Proud Satan ſaw the Jews from ſin refrain;
Adore that arm which darkneſs will confound,
Which Rahab ſmote, and gave the dragon's wound.

Oh! thou who ken'ſt the moſt conceal'd diſguiſe!
Whoſe wiſdom plann'd the vaſt unbounded ſkies;

Who

Who bad'ſt the world from non-exiſtence ſpring,
And yon bright ſun with orient ſplendor ſhine,
Thee I invoke! reveal thy wonders here;
While I contemplate various ſcenes of war,
When Gentiles rag'd, and Death and Hell combin'd
To mar the Branch, the hope of all mankind.

Belov'd of God, great Asa fill'd the throne,
Reſtor'd true worſhip, and the groves cut down;
Aſht'roth and Milchom from their ſeats were torn,
Chemoſh and Baa'lim held their plight forlorn.
With wrath inflam'd, revengeful Satan flies,
And in mid air dire conſultations riſe;
Th' infernal peers his vile reſults attend,
Before his throne, deceiv'd with pomp, they bend.
Throng'd was the dark conglomerated hall,
Where pow'rs beneath conſpire good Asa's fall.
Silence, throughout the court, was now proclaim'd,
When, riſing, thus the prince of air exclaim'd:—
Pow'rs!

Pow'rs! dominations! princedoms! virtues!
thrones!
Revenge the ſighs and unremitted groans
Of Heathen prieſts, who now rejected lie,
Thrown from their temples and ſupremacy.
Riſe, mighty peers! reſolve fierce Asa's fall;
Aſſert your freedom; break the chains of thrall.
I need not tell, how from her throne he drew
His mother queen, and captive led the crew.
No more our ſhrines nor altars they frequent;
Burnt are our groves, and many a temple rent.
Riſe, deities! immortal gods ariſe!
Reſume your own, and dare invade the ſkies.
Shall then a mortal baffle all our hopes?
And ſons of duſt defeat æthereal troops?
Say, ſhall th' infernal gates for ever cloſe?
That hateful manſion be our laſt repoſe?
Forbid it, fate! reſiſt it, all ye gods;
Offspring of Heav'n! natives of bleſs'd abodes!
Deſcend with ſtrength; in union gladly join;
Let all our guile by godlike counſel ſhine.—
From David's houſe the promis'd Seed will
ſpring,
To whom the pow'rs of darkneſs muſt reſign.

Here

Here interpoſe; conſult how beſt we may
His word confound, who Heav'n's bright realm doth ſway;
Extirpate every branch of Judah's band,
Mankind enſlave, and Iſrael's God withſtand.
You know of old, by conqu'ring this new world,
I brought you light, to Hell's grim dungeon hurl'd.
As then this earth was wrapt in devious woe,
We ſhall, no doubt, the ſcenes of Heav'n review.
If fate denies, yet let us ſtill retain
New Heavens on earth, and there in ſplendor reign.
He then, who can evade our late diſmay,
And all the ſeed of hateful David ſlay,
Let him ſtand forth, and from his throne ariſe;
The prime of Heav'n, conſulting, means t' adviſe.

He ceas'd; and, riſing, Belial thus began,
In reaſon's garb; preſumptive was the plan:—
Immortal gods! aſpiring flower of Heav'n!
To whom reſult, above ſubjection's giv'n.
Shall we by night in convocation meet,
The fall of Judah's monarch to debate?

Hear

Hear all ye pow'rs! æthereal kings give ear!
Obſerve and iſſue what your chiefs declare:
We know the race of Adam prone to ſin;
With man polluted, wickedneſs will reign.
Did not the firſt of mortals fall by love,
E're faireſt Eve was out of Eden drove?
This was the triumph; hence our pow'r began;
The woman fell, and love deceiv'd the man;
His paſſions rul'd, eſteem'd the vice we claim,
Licentious luſt and ſin's unlawful flame.
'Tis mine by wiles, which falſe delights inſpire,
Mankind to ſooth, and tempt with warm deſire;
I lead the brilliant dance when opes the ball,
Or find them mirth, when wanton gameſters fall;
My deep ſuggeſtions bid the harlot ſhine;
Grace waits her ſteps, in ſtriking dreſs divine;
For all the power of ſoft prelude is mine.
To muſic's charms the fair reſpondent moves,
While in her perſon play the wanton loves;
Attentive Cupids tend her with their darts;
Deluſive themes advance my ſpecious arts.
Thoſe ſoft enchanting ſcenes before the flood
Diſtracted men, and ſmote the ſons of God;
Seth's righteous offspring knew this fond deſire,
Fell by falſe charms, and cheriſh'd lawleſs fire.

Well pleas'd with guile, with all my ſkill I ſtrove,
And gladly ſtrain'd the ſecret ſnares of love:
Meantime, to ſcreen ſuch fraud and bold deſign,
I chear'd their hearts with mirth and ſparkling wine.
Where harlots play, my feſtival is joy;
Exulting pride, and themes that never cloy.---
O'erwhelming water once the earth did ſweep,
And the whole world was one unfathom'd deep;
All fleſh was drown'd, ſave thoſe whom God deſign'd
Earth to repleniſh; and preſerve their kind.
Reduc'd, awhile thoſe arch temptations ſtay'd,
And the loud din of flagrant vice decay'd;
But ſin inactive could not long remain,
Nor men from thoſe delicious ills refrain:
In peopled towns, and cities left at large,
My ſuffragans procur'd their glorious charge.
When grateful ev'ning draws her ſable ſhade,
And the dun wings of night the day o'erſpread,
I rove the ſtreets, ſelect my jovial train,
Great towns corrupt, or tempt the heedleſs ſwain;
Sing luſtful orgies to extirpate care,
While jocund muſic ſhakes the ambient air:
Thus I trepan the world to dark delight,
And Bacchanalian routs diſpel the night.

Nor

Nor am I more obſcure to Iſrael's ſons,
Since to my empire every vice belongs;
Through all it's num'rous tribes, the world I rove,
Each ſilent valley, and each whiſp'ring grove;
Witneſs the rape, for which proud Gibeah fell,
The Levite's wife or concubine may tell:
Thoſe ills, and more, have ſince offended Heaven,
And men to death and our ſubjection driven.---
He, who in ſtrength the ſons of men ſurpaſs'd,
Son of Manoah, was by love diſtreſs'd;
Fair Delilah deceiv'd that daring breaſt;
Samſon beguil'd, betray'd his ſacred truſt;
A woman foil'd him, whom no force could tame;
With him no warrior durſt contend in fame:
Such is the power of paſſion, ſuch I give
My foes to vanquiſh, and mankind deceive;
You know, I ſmooth'd the female's tongue with guile,
Deck'd her blithe charms, and taught her when to ſmile;
And, when reſiſtleſs ſtrength the beam unloos'd,
My dark deſigning wiles the cauſe diſclos'd:
I on that ſpruce Philiſtian fair, beſtow'd
The arts of love, diſſembling wit, and fraud;

His mind was ſooth'd; ſhe ply'd her charms with eaſe;
Her enervating lap was form'd to pleaſe.
Thus Samſon fell; three grand eſſays ſhe made,
The fourth the champion's ſinful heart betray'd;
With joy I ſprang to hold this foe in chains,
To drudgery doom'd and vile inglorious pains:
Philiſtians mock'd, and worſhip'd Dagon's ſhrine;
He ground in priſon, and their ſport was mine.---
In David's mind, all conqu'ring love had part,
The fatal charm pierc'd his unthinking heart;
His ſins eternal vengeance ſoon drew down,
And Heaven's great King beheld him with a frown;
The waſting peſtilence deſtroy'd his land,
And plagues aroſe to iſſue God's command.---
Ev'n he, who all terreſtrial wiſdom knew,
By love was vanquiſh'd, and to ſin withdrew.
Fierce Moloch's fire in Tophet's valley blaz'd;
A temple hence for Chemos' power I rais'd;
His blitheſome wives beguil'd his ſapient heart,
Vice ſheath'd his wit, and found the weakeſt part;
And, for his crimes, ten tribes of twelve were rent,
The ſtate divided, and its levies ſpent.---
If Asa's death is what the gods require,
His mind inflame with love's bewitching fire,

Preſent

Preſent fit nymphs, the faireſt in the land;
What mortal can the power of love withſtand?
To idols, women may his heart incline,
Corrupt his conſcience, and for woe divine:
Thus ſhall we o'er the wiſe and good prevail,
And vice again extend her ample ſcale;
Why do we then inactive thus debate?
In his ſtern ſoul the ſtrength of luſt create;
So may that God, from whom their peace doth flow,
Incens'd at ſin, riſe their Almighty foe;
The ſeed, perhaps, of Jeſſe then will die,
And God himſelf that race elect deſtroy:
So ſhall we every grand deſign fruſtrate,
And Christ's dominion, e're it's riſe, defeat.---
Thus Belial, with perſuaſive accents, mov'd
Th' inferior ranks, and baſe degen'rate crowd;
With him agreed Chemos and Aſmodai,
Patrons of vice, whom ſinful luſts obey;
While near the throne, the grand conſulting peers,
With malice fraught, contrive deſtructive wars.

Grim Moloch roſe; with deep portent he ſpoke,
And ſtorm'd with rage; his voice the æther ſhook;
Diſguſting pride his ravage eye poſſeſs'd,
Infernal hatred lab'ring in his breaſt;
Convuls'd, all hell combin'd the fiend addreſs'd:

Hear

Hear, and obey, æthereal denizons!
To whom dominion and high rule belongs!
Shall then a mortal put us gods to flight,
And drive us hence, to everlaſting night?
Is not the ſanguine vale of Tophet mine?
O'er numerous realms I ſtretch my ample reign.
Diſdain, ye gods, the puny ſons of earth;
Duſt is all fleſh, from duſt they took their birth;
Then, have not we dominion through the fall,
And long ſubdu'd this round capacious ball?
'Tis ſaid, from Abram's loins a prince ſhall ſpring,
Who, over all will reign, as God and King;
His regal power ſhall over Hell extend;
To him, as Lord, muſt we obſequious bend?
Grant this the reaſon of our meeting here,
Of our convention, forming laſting war;
Thence long on earth we reign, and millions bow,
While man is deem'd, thro' Christ, our rival foe;
'Tis promis'd, enmity ſhall always dwell,
Unreconcil'd, 'twixt him and powers of Hell.
Thoſe puny ſons of earth, 'tis true, we've hurl'd
From Paradiſe into a ſuff'ring world;
But, will they then, for ever dwell in fear?
Uſe, oh ye gods! th' advantages of war,

Before

Before the Branch, the promis'd hope of man,
Be born of fleſh, God's favour to regain.---
We live to hate, eſſential pow'rs of air!
O'erwhelming clouds and ſtorms our might declare;
Subſervient nature aids our vaſt deſires;
Rain, hail, and tempeſts, and æthereal fires;
Vindictive rage rules earth without controul;
We bid the loud, tremendous thunders roll;
Men dread the ſound; their conſcious hearts retire:
Uzzean Job felt our reſiſtleſs ire,
When I collective drew the flames from high,
And dreadful light'nings flaſh'd along the ſky;
Bright coruſcations o'er the earth did ſweep,
Sing'd the green graſs, and ſtruck the bleating ſheep;
While Job's whole offspring, bent on mirth and play,
To feaſt and muſic gave that joyful day;
Then fell the hail, the ſtorms obſequious blew,
Rent the four corners, and the houſe o'erthrew;
O'erwhelm'd, and preſs'd beneath the pond'rous
weight,
His ſons and daughters mourn'd their hapleſs fate.---
Riſe, deities! from ſloth and counſel riſe,
While yet the time a grateful chance ſupplies;
Inflict your terrors through infernal fire;
Extirpate all with ſtench and lightnings dire.

As we were baniſh'd from the courts of Heaven,
And from our thrones to laſting darkneſs driven,
Let us now exerciſe unbounded ſway,
And Abram's line deprive of chearful day.
May Hell's ſtrong gates that race abhor'd incloſe,
And beds of ſolid fire conſole their woes!—
No more he ſaid, then on his throne reclin'd
Thoughts of revenge ſtill lurking in his mind.

Second of Hell, with counſel more humane,
And portly grace, proud Belzebub began;
He, riſing, ſeem'd a monument of ſtate;
On his high brow deliberation ſate;
Stretch'd at full height, the god of Eckron ſtood;
Foe to the juſt, adverſe to all that's good.—
Synod of gods! aſſembled in mid air,
On earth ador'd, ſerv'd by the rights of war,
With what was urg'd at firſt, I could agree,
Or, with fierce Moloch, preach captivity:
I could, I ſay, with Ammon's god combine,
At once to clear the earth of Abram's line;
But he, who uncontroul'd, ſtill reigns above,
Will limit death, and his own greatneſs prove.
Think not with ſtench and deep corroding fire
T' extirpate Abram, and make Jeſs' expire;

Thoſe

Thoſe bold attempts ſtern Michael will withſtand,
And Judah ſave with his celeſtial band;
Or in this fray Messiah will engage,
And us ſubject, the vaſſals of his rage.
We ſcarce preſume, with Belial, to inſpire
That martial ſoul with love's inglorious fire:
Though moſt, perhaps, may to their paſſions yield,
Firm Asa ſtands, and courts the ſanguine field:
Then ſome great prince we muſt incite, to dare
That ſon of arms in the dire ſtrife of war:
By ſleight infernal we may guide the dart,
Some mighty chief pierce penſive Asa's heart,
And by ſuperior numbers cruſh his train,
Diſmay'd to ſee their boaſted monarch ſlain.
Secret or open, firſt we try with guile,
Greatneſs diſſemble, conſcience to defile:
Let then ſome god ſooth his attentive breaſt,
And in his ſoul create inglorious reſt;
Beſet his mind; each inward failing try;
Learn whence proceeds eſteem and heart-felt joy;
The long continuance of a peace ſuggeſt,
Declare the foes of Judah's God ſuppreſs'd.
Through every age, unceaſing, we deviſe
To foil the ſtedfaſt purpoſe of the ſkies,
That he, the promis'd Seed, may never riſe.

Your moſt refined arts and force employ,
The juſt to baffle, and the good deſtroy.
But ſay, what prince, conven'd æthereals, ſay;
Speak whence they are, and what the terms of ſway.
Conſider whom we beſt may dare perſuade
The long bleſs'd land of Judah to invade.

He ceas'd; then fierce Adramelech ſtood forth,
With indignation fir'd, and more than mortal wrath:
To his grim idol, prieſts in Sephervaim
Caus'd infants pure to meet the tort'ring flame;
Extoll'd, he ſoar'd above th' infernal crowd,
When Cain's mad ſoul began the breach of blood;
On earth ador'd, it's gloomy courts he trod,
By envy deem'd a proud, preſumptive god.
Through his temptations man firſt murder'd man,
From him, it's cauſe, all human hatred ſprang;
Diſcord and rage this ſpirit would delight;
His ſoul rejoic'd in ſuch black deeds of night.
Atrocious ſpleen inflam'd his hoſtile breaſt;
Deviſing death, his peers he thus addreſs'd:---
Eſſential gods! whom Heav'n could not reſtrain,
Nor vaſt deep darkneſs long beneath contain;
Hear, dread of hoſts! o'er-ruling pow'rs divine!
Whoſe mighty chiefs by godlike counſels ſhine.

Far

Far in the ſouth, beneath the torrid zone,
Fierce Ethiops dwell, a race to diſcord prone!
Huge is the realm, extended far and wide;
There Zerah reigns, a prodigy of pride!
At his command the ſwarthy millions riſe,
Enough for war, enough to foil the ſkies;
Experienc'd all, inur'd to blaſting heat,
Unmov'd, unchang'd amid the toils of fight.
I will myſelf inflame that monarch's breaſt,
And with the torch of diſcord break his reſt.
Myſelf, I ſay, thoſe ſons of arms will fire,
Brace all their nerves, and dauntleſs ſouls inſpire.
Meantime, fail not, rapt Asa to deceive,
Tempt him the ſpirit of his God to grieve,
While I deſcend on Ethiop's barren coaſt,
To rouſe revenge for adoration loſt.

With him agreed the grand conſulting peers,
And harſh applauſes fill'd the dæmon's ears.
He ſtaid his ſpeech; when, from his ſplendid ſeat,
High arch'd, a cloud-wrought canopy of ſtate,
Hell's monarch roſe, and frown'd with ſtern malignant hate.
Like ſome huge tower the prince of darkneſs ſtood,
His form ſublime, though deſtitute of good;

Some marks of ancient dignity appear;
Cruel his eye, and vaniſh'd all his fear;
Corroding envy gnaw'd his tortur'd breaſt,
Diſdainful pride the haughty fiend poſſeſs'd;
When thus began the author of all ill
With boaſting words th' aëreal vault to fill:---
Our will be fate's decree! like what you are,
Ye counſel death, and never ending war;
Reverſe all good; victorious champions go,
The world ſubject, and make it's monarchs bow.
Æthereal gods! deſcendants of the ſkies!
Doom'd yet once more, in ſpite of Heav'n, to riſe;
Nearer your former kingdom now you dwell:
Who, godlike, burſt the facile gates of Hell?
Myſelf preſum'd confuſion to explore,
At length, through toil, I reach'd the diſtant ſhore:
The void travers'd, I ſcorn'd the realms of night,
And from deep darkneſs led you up to light;
Through all the wild infinitude we paſs'd,
'Till on Heav'n's confines wonder ſtood confeſs'd.—
Oh, known in arms! in doubtful battle try'd,
When thunders roar'd, and lightning's Heav'n ſup-
ply'd;
Who leſs than gods thoſe labours could ſuſtain?
Then firſt we knew th' exceſs of rage and pain;

Hurl'd

Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' æthereal ſkies,
We vanquiſh'd fell, expell'd from ancient joys;
Plung'd in th' burning deep, the ſport and prey
Of tort'ring flames, confounded, ſeraphs lay.
Who firſt diſdain'd that mean captivity?
My valour ſet eſſential virtues free.
Go ſeek the land where burning Ethiops roam,
Rouſe all their chiefs, and haunt their prince's dome!
Riſe, dread of Heav'n! from conſultation riſe;
On earth ſojourn, or croſs th' aërial ſkies;
Preſumptive thoughts and empty themes ſuggeſt,
Blind all mankind, and blaſt their hope in CHRIST.
'Tis mine, by wiles of ſov'reign force, to vex
Great ASA's ſoul, and all his thoughts perplex;
With intuition deep, 'tis mine, to find
The latent weakneſs of the human mind.---
He paus'd, and bade their vile debates have end;
Before him, as a god, fall'n angels bend.

Meantime Adramelech expands his wings,
And upwards, like a tow'ring phœnix ſprings;
Incumbent on the duſky air, he flies
Midſt upper, nether, and ſurrounding ſkies,
Premeditating death, to Meroë bound;
His well known way the infernal dæmon found.

So

So through the vaſt expanſe a comet flies,
Warm'd by the ſun, and made by heat to riſe;
Behind it draws a train of blazing light;
Mankind ſurpriz'd, behold the diſtant ſight.
Alarming thus, the dæmon held his way
Through zones of light, where adverſe meteors play;
Above the green-ting'd clouds he took his flight
With ſpeed angelic, and conſummate ſpite;
Cyrene's bay aſcends the field of view,
Barcæan tow'rs the mundane ſcene renew.
With pride elate, deep pond'ring in his breaſt
How to prevail, and break fierce Zerah's reſt,
Far to the right, the prince of bloodſhed ſteers,
And Garamant's parch'd deſart diſappears.
Him next the ſcorch'd extenſive waſte receiv'd,
Where, train'd to arms, ferocious Nubians liv'd.
And now, where azure Nile laves Egypt's land,
Rolls from the ſouth and cleaves the ſun-burnt ſtrand,
Adramelech impends; nor reſted there;
His ample pinions ſkim the yielding air.
At length, by night, fair Meroë's Iſle he ſpies;
There ſpeeds the fiend, procumbent down the ſkies;
Swift he deſcends from his aërial height:
So ſtoops, inclin'd, the fierce voracious kite,

With

With ſteady wing, down Heav'n's expanded way,
When firſt he kens his grov'ling poultry prey.---
Thus ſtern Adramelech, with malice fraught,
The ſplendid dome of ſleeping Zerah ſought;
Between the folding valves the dæmon flew,
Then ſtood expos'd to the bold hero's view.
His form was chang'd; like Iſis' prieſt he came,
The ſame in ſtature, and in ſhape the ſame;
Reſplendent fillets bound his guileful head,
And prieſtly veſtments o'er his body ſpread;
His lucid garments ſwept the ſumptuous floor,
While his fell hand the torch of diſcord bore.
Incircling theſe, he caſt a veil of light;
Bright ſhone his face amid the ſhades of night.
Then thus the fiend the tawny prince addreſs'd:---
Sent by the gods, I bring divine beheſts.
The mandates of all Heaven conven'd I bear;
Thy force collect; devote thy arms to war;
Doom'd to ſubdue, from this ſcorch'd region go;
Extend thy empire; cruſh the daring foe.
For thee, the fates ſure victory ordain;
Fix'd their decree, unchang'd the gods remain;
Sent forth to rule; long wiſh'd ſucceſs be thine;
Hear, and obey th' immortal pow'rs divine.

No more he ſaid; with guile intenſe he threw
The ſcorching brand; in Zerah's breaſt it flew;
Wrapp'd in a moment, from the monarch's ſight,
In ſhades obſcure, the dæmon took his flight.
Inflam'd with rage, the boaſt of Afric burns,
Suſpence and fury rend his breaſt by turns;
Th' infernal torch ſet all his ſoul on fire;
Incens'd he roſe---a prince of matchleſs ire!
His boſom heaves; his ſanguine eye-balls roll,
And Hell-bred wrath tranſports his warlike ſoul;
His agitated thoughts no reſt can find;
Remorſeleſs fury racks his daring mind.
As when a fire, rais'd by the founder's toil,
Reverb'rates heat, and makes the metal boil;
Involv'd, repuls'd, the flames conſuming riſe,
The maſs diſſolves, and binding ſulphur flies;
Around the place exhales an horrid glare,
And ſuffocating vapours fill the air.
Thus Zerah's breaſt awhile retains the brand,
From ſleep ſurpriz'd, he gives a dire command.---
Arms! arms! I claim; my ſword and ſhield prepare;
Adorn mine helm, and bend my bow for war!
Appoint your chiefs! my diſtant peers convene!
Haſte! rouze my friends! purſue my grand deſign!

Thus

Thus urg'd th' impetuous king; the guards obey'd,
His mandates iſſu'd, and their pow'r diſplay'd.
Pleas'd at the high command, the ſtates attend,
And martial princes meet through all the land;
The lords, obſequious, on their monarch wait,
And ſplendid prieſts the royal train compleat.
The Gentile council ſat; when, from his throne
Imperial Zerah made his viſion known,
And thus, in ſolemn ſtrains, of war begun:—
Illuſtrious chiefs and rev'rend nobles! hear
What Heav'n reveals; my words the gods declare.
Oh long to arms! to deeds heroic loſt,
Confin'd, unbleſs'd, on Afric's torrid coaſt;
Say, ſhall thoſe realms our great attempts reſtrain?
This ſun-parch'd ſoil compleat our vaſt domain?
Not ſuch your monarch's aim, nor Heav'n's decree;
Revere my will, replete with deſtiny.
Fate gives us diſtant lands; Iſis denies
Thoſe barren tracts, the bound'ry of our joys.
My cauſe impels; faith cheers the previous thought,
As when the god my royal palace ſought;
For, while I ſlept, all outward ſenſe conceal'd,
A viſion bright this glorious charge reveal'd,
And with theſe awful words your king addreſs'd:—
Sent by the gods, I bring divine behеſts;

The mandates of all Heav'n conven'd I bear;
Thy force collect, devote thy arms to war;
Doom'd to ſubdue, from this ſcorch'd region go;
Extend thy empire, cruſh the daring foe;
For thee doth fate ſure victory ordain;
Fix'd their decree, unchang'd the gods remain.
Sent forth to rule, long wiſh'd ſucceſs be thine;
Hear and obey th' immortal pow'rs divine.---
Thus ſpoke the god; my faithful mind obeys,
The word reveres, and ſcarce from action ſtays.
Your utmoſt force I claim; your king commands
His warlike captains to invade new lands.
With ſtrength combin'd ſtand forth in arms, to dare
With me the laſt extremities of war;
But firſt conſult the oracle of fame;
The gods beſeech thoſe deſtin'd realms to name;
A troop ſelect, explore Ammonian Jove,
His words are true; the god reſides above.
Before the ſhrine, with gifts, proſtrated bend.
Lo! by your hands this perfect boon I ſend:
Six golden tripods o'er the mountains bear,
Three vaſes bright the ſacred prieſts may ſhare;
Two ſilver bowls, well wrought, I freely give,
And from my hand four candleſticks receive,

Moſt

Moſt exquiſitely fine, emboſs'd with gold;
Nor ſhall my ſtate its choiceſt gems withhold;
Of ſeaſon'd ſpice, from bleſs'd Arabia's ſhore,
And grateful myrrh, I ſend a copious ſtore.
With theſe, and more, full twenty camels load,
If labour'd gifts can gratify the god.

The monarch ceas'd; th' obedient legates bow,
Preſs to the gate, and on their meſſage go.
Meantime, about the court, long train'd to arms,
The men of Meroë ſhout with dire alarms;
The ſwains breathe rage; through all the vaſt domain
Strict diſcipline prepares a martial train.
Part clean the ruſty mail, and rub the ſhield,
Or grind the ſword, and the long jav'lin wield;
Some caſe their helms, or comb their flowing creſts,
While others ſhape the corſlet to their breaſts;
Part form the hoſt to ev'ry ſcene of war,
The files traverſe, and regulate the car;
Thoſe rein the fi'ry ſteeds, or paſs the goal,
For martial feats add fervour to the ſoul.
Here equal worthies ſhew their warlike ſkill,
And ſwarthy champions ſhine in fulgid ſteel;

Contending archers prove their dext'rous might,
And brawny ſlingers whirl the ſtone with ſleight.
Tranſported Zerah the firſt rank commands,
Darts down the lines, and hails his num'rous bands.
The king requires freſh levies from afar,
And through all Ethiopia ſpreads the war.

But now inform'd at large, their queſtion known,
The Meroan legates leave the crowded town;
Bear full inſtructions, to their king return,
Speak for the ſhrine, and recent altars burn:
At court receiv'd, their anſwer they relate,
And thus their prince addreſs'd, enthron'd in ſtate:---
Moſt pow'rful king! great lord of Afric's coaſt!
Thy empire's glory, and thy country's boaſt!
Majeſtic Zerah, hear! at thy command,
On great beheſts, we left our native land;
Our choſen train the ſpacious wild explor'd,
Vaſt mountains climb'd, e're we the god implor'd:
Refreſh'd from toil, we reach'd great Ammon's
ſhrine,
Thy gifts beſtow'd, and ſerv'd the pow'r divine;
On earth proſtrate, with ſuppliant hearts we pray'd,
The fane approach'd, and crav'd ſuperior aid,---

Reſolve

Reſolve our doubts, prophetic god! declare
With whom on earth ſhall we engage in war?
Oh! let not words abſtruſe thy will conceal;
To Meroë's prince thy deep deſigns reveal.
Some gueſt from high our royal palace trod,
And ſternly bade us ſeek ſome new abode.
Where ſhall we go? divine æthereal ſay;
But ſpeak the word, obſequious realms obey.

Scarce paus'd our voice, the ſtately temple ſhook,
Recoil'd the ground, when thus the Numen ſpoke:---
Hear, progeny of Ham's illuſtrious race!
The prime of Afric, and your country's grace!
'Tis true, the gods promote this ſacred war;
By ſpecious art procure allies from far.
All Heav'n propitious will aſſiſt your king,
And grant his pray'rs, with honours more divine.
Seek then the land where Jordan's azure ſtreams
Bound the rich ſoil, exempt from ſcorching beams;
There conqueſt waits the zeal which ſhall deſtroy
The race of David, and each Hebrew's joy.---

This was the legate's tale; and thus the king,
Predominant, purſu'd his grand deſign:---

You

You know the gods decree; thoſe anſwers given,
By ſpecial mandates of all-ruling Heav'n.
The oracle preſents what fate ordains,
And to perform with all my troops remains:
Be ready for the war, this day deſign'd;
Your enſigns offer to the coiling wind:
I will my hoſt (exempted none) prepare;
All, all is rage, and the hoarſe din of war.

Here ceas'd th' imperial king; his nobles heard,
And ev'ry great commanding prince rever'd;
From man to man the martial ſpirit flows;
In prieſts and peaſants fierce preſumption grows.---
As when a fire, in ſome cloſe ſtreet confin'd,
Spreads far and wide, impell'd by riſing wind,
Borne high in air, the dreadful ſparkles fly,
And curling flames aſcend the vaulted ſky;
The conflagration holds its rapid way,
'Till ſome broad ſpace its wafting fury ſtay:
So did infernal wrath fill ev'ry breaſt,
Shrill trumpets ſound, and vengeance all profeſs'd.
To arms! to arms! became the general cry;
Spurn ſoft indulgence, ev'ry want ſupply.
With claſhing ſhields the echoing lanes reſound,
While drafts of arms adorn the furrow'd ground.

Swift

Swift embaſſies to neighb'ring courts they ſend,
And aſk the prince of Lubim aid to lend.

Now riſe, oh muſe! in grateful numbers ſing
Who firſt, who laſt ſupported Meroë's king;
From whence they came, and whither held their courſe,
What troops they brought, and what their native force;
What daring chiefs confirm'd their martial bands,
With hope preſumptuous, and with ſtern commands.

Firſt o'er the crowd, and fir'd with vengeful hate,
Imperial Zerah, cloth'd in robes of ſtate,
Led on his chiefs, deceiv'd with vain conceit,
With ire inflam'd, and lawleſs in debate.
Rais'd by the king, *ſix hundred thouſand* came,
In arms renown'd, and candidates for fame;
Skill'd when to mount or quit the ſounding car,
Wheel round, and challenge ev'ry chance of war.
Part, arm'd with bows, the flying dart direct,
Part launch the ſpear, and num'rous deaths inflict.
Far o'er the reſt minacious Zerah ſhines,
Tranſcends in pomp amid his martial lines;
In might ſupreme, a banded hoſt he ſhows,
With ſpears, and ſhields, and ſtrong protended bows.

Like

Like ſome huge pile the monarch ſtrides along;
The mountains echo'd when his armour rung.
With abject eyes, amaz'd, the crowd behold,
When o'er the plains his rapid chariot roll'd.
Pleas'd with their king, of vaſt gigantic ſize,
While ſtorms of fury varniſh both his eyes,
The blacks approach, with worſhip and ſurprize.
With proſtrate awe, th' obſequious troops adore;
His deeds proclaim, and celebrate his pow'r.
Infernal pride his haughty mien adorn'd,
His breaſt expanded, and his boſom warm'd;
Determin'd ſtrife commix'd with high diſdain
Glar'd in his face, and died the ſwarthy grain.

Then fam'd in arms, and next renown'd in war,
Condronides directs his ſounding car;
Prince of the Lubims, terrible and ſtrong!
A man, in ſtature like Alcmæna's ſon.
Three hundred chariots roll along the plain,
And arm'd battalions dignify his train.
Lo! twenty myriads march in files behind,
Their various ſignals ſtreaming in the wind.
With troops ſuſtain'd from Lubim's ſultry ſhore,
Superior aid the ruthleſs champion bore;

Fierce,

Fierce, proud, and cruel, moves the Lubim king,
With ſtrength immenſe, th' elaſtic bow to ſtring.

Next him in arms, important Sheba roſe,
For wiſdom fam'd, and dreadful to his foes;
Leſs fierce than him, who rul'd the vaſt domain,
And o'er all Ethiopia ſtretch'd his reign.
Arm'd, on each ſide an hundred thouſand came,
From where the Nile expands its rapid ſtream;
The bended bow and feather'd ſhafts they bore,
Which grac'd their ſhoulders and proclaim'd their pow'r.
Far o'er the crowd undaunted Sheba ſhone,
With port majeſtic, like old Peleus' ſon;
He well knew how the pond'rous lance to wield,
And bear aloft his deep ſix-folded ſhield.
With wrath inflam'd, he rolls around his eyes,
While o'er the plains his rampant courſer flies;
The hoſt beheld with wonder and ſurprize.
Train'd were his troops, his legions briſk and tall;
But Sheba moves, and far tranſcends them all;
Like in the thick-ſet wood, when o'er the reſt,
Some tow'ring elm extends its ample creſt,
Pride of the grove, its varying beauties riſe,
Sublimely fair, approaching tow'rds the ſkies:

Such Sheba was, whoſe martial train ſucceeds,
With arms ſupply'd, and proud exulting ſteeds.
Foot crowd on foot, the muſt'ring cohorts throng;
Far as th' eye could ſee, their radiance ſhone;
Refulgent chariots wait the royal will,
Traverſe the plains, or the low vallies fill.
So, num'rous drop the leaves when Auſter blows,
And the wide waſting ſtorm a foreſt bows;
Torn from high trees, the lanes with fruit abound,
A yellow foliage clothes the marſhy ground.

While Afric's champions thus with fury burn,
Their troops collect, and ſocial pleaſure ſpurn,
With ſecret joy Adramelech beheld,
Inflam'd their ſouls, and fierce contention ſwell'd.
Returning, thus the furious fiend began,
With fell revenge and laſting ſpleen to man:---
Hear, all ye gods, from bliſsful regions flung,
Expell'd from Heav'n, and Heav'n's eternal throne!
If fate forbids, or adverſe chance denies
Ethereal ſpirits to gain their native ſkies,
Yet on this earth we'll reaſſert our pow'r,
As gods prevail, while men our ſhrines adore.
Freedom we deem accountable to none;
Live to ourſelves, and reign on earth alone.

Behold

Behold what pow'rs, what num'rous hoſts combine!
To prove our cauſe, three mighty nations join.
E're long ſhall Judah mourn diſconſolate,
The kingdom fail, and worſhip find debate;
What then remains but conqueſt to our friends?
Ye gods! deſtroy, when tott'ring Zion bends.
Soon wrapp'd in flames, Jeruſalem ſhall fall,
And barbarous Ethiops mount her well-built wall.

Thus ſpoke the fiend, th' infernal peers rejoice,
His worth proclaim, and dignify their choice.

Ætatis 15.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

7 AP 59

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

KING ASA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE prophet Azariah is divinely commiſſioned to inform ASA *of the invaſion of the Ethiopians. The princes and people are terrified:* ASA, *to encourage them, rehearſes the manifold mercies of* GOD *to his people, and commands them to prepare for war. He takes leave of his wife. The forces of Judah and their leaders are aſſembled. An herald ſent from Mareſhah informs the king of the arrival of the Ethiopians before that city.* ASA *promiſes ſpeedy aſſiſtance. The herald departs; and the Hebrew army proceed on their march to meet the Ethiopians.*



KING ASA.

BOOK II.

WHILE thus in Afric Satan rais'd up foes,
And fir'd th' Heathen, Iſrael to oppoſe,
The LORD, who will not Jacob's ſeed forſake,
Nor with the righteous his ſure compact break;
From whoſe all-ſearching eye men nought conceal,
Did to his ſeer th' impending ſtorm reveal.---
Go, ſaid JEHOVAH, my great meſſage bear;
Exhort the king, and my command declare.
Form'd by the word, the ſon of Oded fled;
'Twas GOD impos'd; the ſacred ſeer obey'd.
Deep pond'ring in his mind the weighty cauſe,
Before the throne the faithful prophet bows;
The princes wait, and ruling peers enquire,
The people crowd to hear the bending ſire.

When thus from high the meek-ey'd ſeer began:—
From Heav'n I ſpeak, inſpir'd by more than man.
Hear, Asa hear; the power divine obey;
Gird up thy loins; put trembling far away.
Know! from the ſouth an hoſtile race prepare
Deſtruction dire, and unreſiſted war.
Raiſe all thy force, thy kingdom to defend,
Fight for thy God; firm to religion ſtand.
Diſtruſt not Heav'n; in aid divine confide;
Go forth; Jehovah will for thee provide.

The prophet ſaid; then from the court withdrew;
Peace fill'd his breaſt, and ſplendour left his view.
This heard the Jews with diffidence and fear;
The prieſts and people ſink beneath deſpair:
The rumour'd war they dread from every coaſt;
Their anxious minds prepond'rate Zerah's hoſt.
Juſtly diſpleas'd, the king beheld their plight,
Their raſh diſtruſt of Heav'n, and vain conceit.
Majeſtick Asa then his peers addreſs'd;
Their ſouls to raiſe, God's mercies he rehears'd.

Attend ye princes! all ye nobles hear!
Shall Abram's ſeed of God's ſure aid deſpair?

Will

Will he in danger his belov'd forſake?
Or with this people his own promiſe break?
He will aſſiſt; unmov'd do I confide;
God will, no doubt, for Judah's ſons provide.
Fear to incenſe; oh! tremble to oppoſe
The God of gods, to whom my ſpirit bows.
Tho' all mankind to arms ſhould bend their courſe,
On death reſolv'd, combin'd with ſanguine force,
Yet he who curbs the ſtorm, triumphant King!
Will juſtice aid, and on the righteous ſhine.
His word, when Iſrael dwelt in Egypt's land,
When by proud Pharaoh worſhip was reſtrain'd,
Rebuk'd the tyrant; Iſrael ſerv'd him then,
And his ſtrong arm preſerv'd from envious men.
He ſav'd his people, whelm'd beneath the weight
Of dire oppreſſion and opprobrious hate:
To mean employ condemn'd, to want and toil,
Hard ſervitude and labour made them vile.
Such was their ſtate, till Judah's God aroſe,
His own to reſcue, and deſtroy their foes.
On high beheſts, Moſes, their guide he ſent;
Submiſſive Moſes to proud Pharaoh went;
Demanded freedom of th' Egyptian king,
The plagues denounc'd Jehovah's wrath would bring.

But

But harden'd Pharaoh was to juſtice blind,
Oppreſſion rul'd his dark obdurate mind,
And his fell ſoul ſad Iſrael's fall deſign'd.
The monarch God had warn'd; but his hard heart
Would not ſubmit that Iſrael might depart,
God will be worſhip'd.---Aaron rais'd his rod,
And Egypt's ponds and rivers turn'd to blood.
The fiſh lay gaſping on the fetid ſand,
And wrath divine through every province reign'd:
But Pharaoh, grown perverſe, the tribes detain'd;
The ſeed of promiſe kept in Egypt's land.
Then Moſes, miſſion'd from on high, by God,
Bade Aaron lift his wonder-giving rod.
The prieſt obey'd; offenſive frogs aſcend
From pools and ſtreams, and taint the neighb'ring ſtrand;
Palace nor halls from thoſe dire gueſts were free,
They fill the ſtreets, and haunt each high degree;
Nor ended here; that vengeance was divine
Which harraſs'd Pharoah, foe to Abram's line.
God bade the duſt transform to noxious lice;
On man and beaſt the vermin puniſh'd vice;
Nor king nor chief could ſhun the loathſome ill;
Pride ſtood abaſh'd when God reveal'd his will.

But

But ſtill obdurate, Pharoah durſt withhold
Our father's rights, and ſcorn'd the plagues foretold.
Meantime, incens'd, God ſent a ſwarm of flies;
Such numbers roſe, that Egypt knew ſurpriſe.
The blighted earth now ceas'd it's fruit to bear,
And all was dread, diſmay, and deep deſpair:
Ev'n Pharoah felt remorſe; but ſin return'd,
And held his heart, which would not be reform'd;
Jehovah's mighty pow'r rebuk'd his mind:
On vice intent, and to experience blind,
He harden'd fell.---God blaſted every field;
The Lord Almighty his great name reveal'd.
On horſes, camels, kine, and bleating ſheep,
The murrain falls; the ſtouteſt heart muſt weep.
Not ſo in Goſhen's land; th' Almighty ſav'd
Our father's cattle, and the food they crav'd.
Again the Lord perform'd with wond'rous ſkill,
And blains and boils, a dire diſaſter fell;
But harden'd, and more proud, Pharoah denies
The rites of worſhip and of ſacrifice.
Still he refus'd before I am to bow,
Before the Lord, and let his people go.
Great Amram's ſon pronounc'd the will of God,
And in his name ſtretch'd forth his potent rod.

Divine

Divine Jehovah bade the hail deſcend,
Loud thunders roar, and all th' expanſion rend:
The livid lightning roll'd along the ground,
And awful tempeſts ſhook the vaſt profound.
Beneath his wrath, men, herds, and cattle die,
The trees were blaſted, and the fountains dry.
Obdurate ſtill, the impious king remain'd,
And Jacob's ſeed in ſervitude detain'd.
Then God bade Moſes o'er all Egypt's land,
Waſh'd by the Nile, ſtretch forth his pow'rful hand.
The ſeer obey'd; the Lord Jehovah roſe
A bleak eaſt wind, till the ſun's rays diſcloſe
Returning morn; when lo! through all the coaſt,
From orient ſhores, deſcends a numerous hoſt:
Devouring locuſts form a dreadful ſcene,
Invade the fields, and 'notamize the green.
Beyond apparent view their tribes abound,
And arid proſpects clothe the barren ground.
In ſhoaling heaps they march along the plains;
O'er many a ſtate vaſt deſolation reigns,
Yet unreduc'd Egyptian pride remains.
God, who préſides o'er all, the ſource of might!
Three days withheld the wiſh'd return of light;
Palpable darkneſs drew it's ſable ſhade,
And, horrible to ſenſe! the land o'erſpread.

Aghaſt

Aghaſt they ſtand; wrapp'd in profound diſmay
Ev'n Pharoah fear'd, who knew refulgent day,
Bright and ſerene, in favour'd Goſhen ſhone;
That Iſrael dwelt beneath a cloudleſs ſun.

Then moſt vindictive, wrath ſupreme was pour'd
On Egypt's land, for Egypt's guilty lord.
Dreadful by night, the miſſion'd angel flew
Each heir and firſt-born of that wicked crew:
Jacob was ſpar'd; ſo God ordain'd of old,
Whoſe mighty arm his people will uphold.
From Pharoah's hand Jehovah ſet them free,
Iſrael departs from Egypt's tyranny.
The Lord by fire, by night, directs the way,
And moving clouds conduct their hoſt by day.

Safe through the deep, and deſerts parch'd he led,
In barren heaths the Lord prepar'd them bread.
If he ariſe, what man can dare withſtand
His word omnific, his divine command?
Like worms ſhall fleſh beneath his vengeance fall,
His own right hand will ſave our ſtate from thrall.
God is a rock of refuge, great and ſure!
A ſtrong defence, and unconfin'd in pow'r.

'Gainſt

'Gainſt him, in vain the ſons of darkneſs ſtrive;
The juſt are ſafe; ſecure the righteous live.
When God commands, the ſurging billows riſe,
And baleful light'nings rend the vaulted ſkies;
Born on the wind, triumphant once he rode,
Shook the wide world, and men confeſs'd him God.
His glorious preſence bade the main divide,
When Iſrael paſs'd ſecure between the tide.
Back ran the waves, while Pharoah's hoſt purſu'd,
And Egypt's pride to great Jehovah bow'd.
Their rampant ſteeds and chariots ſunk a prey,
Abſorb'd, and ſcatter'd 'midſt the briny ſea.
This from the ſhore defended Iſrael ſaw;
To the rough ſurge Omniscience gave a law.—
I will not ceaſe, my grateful heart ſhall praiſe
The Lord triumphant, dreadful through the ſeas;
He threw the rider head-long from his height;
O'erwhelming waves depriv'd an hoſt of light.
The Lord with grace ſupports my wav'ring ſoul,
My guide is ſure; for God directs the whole;
He rules the world, Elohim is his name,
Unchang'd, through all eternity the ſame;
Supremely great! that prime directing cauſe
Which gave to graceful nature various laws.

He

He metes the whole creation with a ſpan,
And fix'd this point a deſtin'd place for man.
A lucid drop, in his capacious hand
He rolls the ocean, and ſuſtains the land!
In golden ſcales the pond'rous mountains weighs,
And in the balance all creation lays!—
Th' Egyptian hoſt combin'd, the Lord o'erthrew;
Their charioteers his matchleſs veng'ance knew;
Like ſtones they ſunk; the parted waters cloſe;
Loſt in the deep, confounded, chariots roſe.
God's own right hand, in that unrivall'd hour,
Was rais'd on high, and ſplendid, arm'd with pow'r.
Incens'd at ſin, his rattling whirlwinds blew,
A tempeſt wing'd! in vain our foes purſue.
Chain'd by his word, the floods collected ſtood;
To one fix'd point th' obſequious waters flow'd;
Our foes reſtrain'd, amid the Red Sea ride:
At God's command, return'd the flowing tide.
Egyptians ſaid, Our arms ſhall fate defy;
Drawn be the ſword; our hand ſhall ſoon deſtroy.—
Like lead, they fell beneath the yielding deep;
The Lord to death our vaunting foes will ſweep.—
Who rivals him? eſſential ſubſtance pure!
Great ſpring of life! whom Abram's race adore.

None

None 'mongſt the gods with him can man compare,
Bright o'er the bright! terrific Lord in war!
Fearful in praiſe! prevailing word of might!
His lifted arm will all his foes requite.---
In mercy God his choſen prieſts doth lead;
Suſtain'd by faith, he ſtrengthen'd them that fled.
His glorious deeds the neigbouring ſtates ſhall hear,
And diſtant iſles thoſe awful judgments fear.
God will the dukes of Edom yet amaze;
His ſacred word all Moab's pride ſhall raze.--
The Canaanite muſt bow beneath thine ire,
Prevailing dread make all the world admire.---
Vile in his ſight, the wrath of kings ſhall fail;
God ſaves the nations when his gifts prevail.
Through Providence, our ſeed on earth ſhall grow;
In Iſrael's tents truth magnifies the law.
The Lord ſhall reign;---the horſe and Pharoah fell,
The ſea return'd, and wonders prov'd his will.

Preſerv'd from harm, and from the threat'ning foe,
Great Amram's ſon, inſpir'd, preſcrib'd the law.
The devious waſte, the barren land of Shur,
Fed by his hand, our wand'ring tribes explore;
Three days they march'd; no water greets the eye;
Parch'd was the ſoil, and all the heath was dry.

At

At length they reach'd rough Marah's bitter ſtreams,
Fatigu'd with heat, and ſcorch'd by fervid beams:
Wide pools they ſaw, but dar'd not drink their fill;
Diſtruſt began to blind their froward will.
Averſe to faith, they blame him ſent by God,
Rebuk'd their guide, and wiſh'd their late abode.
Then to the Lord afflicted Moſes cried,
Who ſoon a means to quench their thirſt ſupply'd;
Paſs'd Elim's bounds: the wilderneſs of Sin
Their hoſt receiv'd, led by the pow'r divine.
Here ſight of dearth forlorn begat deſpair:
'Gainſt Amram's ſon, incens'd the tribes appear;
But God, in mercy, ſent them quails for food,
Sweet manna too the barren ground bedew'd.
This heavenly gift the wandering tribes ſuſtain'd
Till nations fled, and Iſrael reach'd the land.
On Horeb's Mount, commiſſion'd by his God,
Ordain'd to rule, juſt Moſes rais'd his rod.
When ſunk the ſign, th' Amalekites prevail,
But when upheld, their num'rous armies fail,
Until the ſun had meaſur'd half his round,
And day reclin'd beneath the convex ground.
Then truſt in God; for he who reigns on high
In adverſe battle will our wants ſupply:

Refrain from idols; ceaſe from Aaron's ſin;
Deſtroy the groves, but make no boaſt therein;
Serve me your king; the Lord our God is true;
What Moſes ſaid, is free for us to do.

As yet in Sinai's deſert wilds they ſtay'd,
Arrang'd the camp, and martial pomp diſplay'd;
At length Canaan's hills appear'd in ſight,
And Kadeſh-barnea did their toils requite.---
Go, then ſaid Moſes, dauntleſs dare explore
The realms of promiſe, yon predeſtin'd ſhore!
Steer to the ſouth, the land of Baſhan know,
How ſtrong their forts, and what the daring foe;
Fruitful, or rich in cultivated ſoil;
Cloſe or champaign, fit to reward our toil.---
Falſe were the ſpies, ſave two, who truth declare,
Kind are their fields, and wholeſome is the air.
Fear ſeiz'd our tribes, dejection fill'd each breaſt,
The people ſhrunk, and ſorrow was confeſs'd.
Diſpenſing wrath, the Lord commiſſion'd death,
And plagues depriv'd the ten falſe ſpies of breath.
Neither ſhall you, ſaid he who lives on high,
Behold my reſt, but 'midſt rough wilds ſhall die.
Nun's valiant heir, and great Zephunnah's ſon,
By me preſerv'd, ſhall reach the land alone.---

A warning

A warning this! behold th' offenders ſlain,
For God himſelf will o'er his people reign;
All who rebel ſhall feel the wrath of Heav'n,
And when they ſeem ſecure, from reſt be driv'n.
God's grace remains to ſave the faithful now,
That ſource divine, whence all our bleſſings flow.

Full forty years, in devious mazes loſt,
Our fathers wander'd round a barren coaſt,
E're they Canaan's fruitful realm poſſeſs'd,
The promis'd land, our deſtin'd place of reſt!
Forget not ye, when Korah's friends were ſlain,
And op'ning earth receiv'd the boaſting train.
Sihon and Og the Lord our God ſubdu'd,
Depreſs'd their fame, and Baſhan's worthies bow'd.
In vain did Balak bribe old Beor's ſon;
God made the foe ſpeak truths, unmeant, his own:
By him inſpir'd, though Balaam hate profeſs'd,
Inclin'd to curſe, our anceſtors he bleſs'd;
Blue Jordan's ſtreams became a mighty flood;
Roll'd up in heaps, the waves divided ſtood.
From death preſerv'd, the tribes in order paſs'd;
The ſtream reclin'd, as mov'd the banded hoſt.
By various works the Lord was magnify'd,
And now his pow'r, confeſs'd, is Asa's guide.

When Jericho's proud ſtate ſubjected fell,
Th' Almighty's arm did all their ſtrength repel:
Thence, without human art, was ſeen to fall
Flat on the ground her long-projected wall.
Next Ai ſunk, diſtinguiſh'd for her pride;
And juſtice rul'd when impious Achan died.
To Gilgal's mount Nun's valiant offspring goes,
Gibeon to aid, and fight th' unconquer'd foes.
The Lord himſelf put Canaan's hoſt to flight,
And rattling hail depriv'd their troops of might.
Reſiſtleſs Joſhua bade the ſun to ſtand,
And the bright moon to wait his bold command.
Refrain thy courſe, ſtand ſtill, deſcending ſun!
And thou, O moon! reſt thou in Ajalon.---
Libnah, Makkedah, warlike Joſhua took;
Lachiſh and Gezer's fury, Iſrael broke;
Eglon and Hebron yield their wonted ſway;
All human ſtrength in vain oppos'd their way.
Jabin, ſupported by a numerous hoſt,
Fled Iſrael's arms, and his whole kingdom loſt.
'Twas God, through all, preſerved juſt Abram's ſeed,
Cruſh'd ev'ry foe, and bade our aims ſucceed.
Refrain from ſin, repent, nor more provoke
Him, by whoſe might all adverſe bonds are broke.

Prone

Prone to tranſgreſs, the Lord our fathers left,
Confirm'd by Jonathan and Danite theft;
Grown old in ſin, our ſires deſpis'd his law;
When they were vile, Jehovah brought them low;
The Lord, in mercy yet retain'd his care;
Himſelf preſerv'd his people through the war.
Mark how Abinoam's ſon, by him upheld,
Foil'd Jabim's hoſt, and made their proweſs yield:
The elements ſupreme aſſiſtance lend;
The ſtars could fight, and ſtorms of hail deſcend;
A whirlwind roſe; kind nature daſh'd their pride;
On Kiſhon's banks their conquer'd bands divide.
Like baleful lightning o'er his timid foes
Fierce Barak rode; none dar'd his might oppoſe.
Like tim'rous ſheep the troops of Siſera fled;
Strew'd was the ground with boaſted champions dead.---
By Gideon's hand 'twas God ſet Iſrael free,
Pleas'd to defend, and wrought our liberty.
Poor Jepthah's ſtrength the Lord vouchſaf'd to raiſe,
Who of proud Ammon gain'd a victor's praiſe.
At Samuel's pray'r the deep-mouth'd thunder roar'd,
And wrath divine was o'er Philiſtia pour'd.

Beyond what thought can frame, or tongue expreſs,
Above the world, JEHOVAH reigns in peace;
Thick clouds involv'd, his awful throne ſurround,
Such pow'r diſplay'd is in OMNISCIENCE found!
Wide waſting fire of old deſtroy'd our foes,
Shook the vaſt world, and taught mankind his laws;
The mountains ſmok'd, the rocks diſſolv'd with heat,
And univerſal nature own'd him great.
His glorious deeds th' exalted Heav'ns proclaim,
And ſtellar virtues praiſe his matchleſs name.---
The advocates for ſin will GOD deſtroy;
Who worſhip ſtones muſt give their minds the lie.
Th' ALMIGHTY fear, JEHOVAH's pow'r adore,
Whoſe peace from high will reſt on Judah's ſhore:
His grace preſides; enthron'd beyond all gods,
Extoll'd in Heav'n's eternal bleſs'd abodes.
From ev'ry harm doth PROVIDENCE defend;
Love him, ye righteous; on his word depend,
Who knit the nerves of Jeſſe's ſtrenuous ſon,
When wing'd with death the conquering ſtone he
ſlung.
Prone, to the ground ſuperb Goliath fell,
And diſtant groves return'd the giant's yell.

When

When in the Lord my father could confide,
Omnipotence for Judah did provide.
Fierce Nebat's ſon, who vaunting rais'd his ſhield,
Was forc'd the palm of victory to yield:
Flung from his height, the Lord abas'd his pride,
And of his men full half a million died.
Shall then th' uncircumcis'd, preſuming, dare
To waſte our lands with endleſs ſtrife and war?
Shall vengeance ſleep while all our cities burn,
And we ſupinely dream, or unavailing mourn,
A prey to Gentiles, and of men the ſcorn?
No; riſe to fight; 'tis Heav'n commands them woe:
May we divine protection always know!
Exert your ſtrength, undaunted take the field;
Myſelf will lead, and God will be our ſhield.

Here Asa paus'd, nor more the monarch ſaid;
His words commanding, Judah's chiefs obey'd.
With loud applauſe the domes high vaulted ring,
And ſhouts of raptur'd peers extol their king.
Thus falling waters, ruſhing from the mill,
Th' attentive ear with an hoarſe cadence fill:
The ſwift deſcending current loudly roars,
Foams o'er its banks, and laves the ſandy ſhores.

Far down the refluent ſtream the noiſe decays;
Juſt ſo the tumult leſſens by degrees;
Time ſlacks the voice of univerſal praiſe.---
Bold to their arduous taſk the Jews repair,
Their helms refit, and rub their ſhields for war;
New arms they forge; the claſhing anvils ſound;
The ſcene was chang'd, and armour gleam'd around.

But now the royal city's grief began;
From fair to fair the ſoft infection ran:
Through ev'ry crowded ſquare, about the throne,
From ſtreet to ſtreet, o'er all the peopled town,
Bewailing damſels ſtrole; but chief in tears,
The mournful queen her ſad dejection bears;
Round, pearly drops ſtream'd pendent from her eyes;
The firſt in grief, great Shilhi's daughter cries,
Shall then no prayers prevail? Oh, hapleſs charms!
Why runs king Asa with thoſe dire alarms?
May not a weeping princeſs change his rage?
Let tears, my huſband, thy ſtern wrath aſſuage.
Why ſhould I give thee to the ſanguine fray?
Can no perſuaſions thy raſh purpoſe ſtay?
Avoid the fight, the long-conteſted field;
To peace, at female interceſſion, yield.

Go

Go not obdurate; with thy wife remain;
Be mov'd by all this prevalence of pain.
Let prince Benhail, or brave Meſhullam, bear
The toils of fight, and various ſtorms of war;
Inſtal ſome peer thy captain delegate,
His royal maſter's bus'neſs to compleat.
Stay, much-lov'd Asa! from thoſe ſcenes of blood;
Cheer thou thy queen, and yet obey thy God.
Why ſhould the king himſelf to danger run?
Sure, wiſdom bids thee ev'ry peril ſhun.
Conſummate counſel ſhould thy mind employ;
At court reclin'd, 'tis thine to give us joy.
Awhile from war, illuſtrious David ſtaid,
Nor leſs therefore did Iſrael's arms ſucceed.
Say, can'ſt thou leave thy wife and child alone,
Thy faithful conſort, and thy only ſon,
Expos'd to all the treacheries of ſtate,
Deluſive idols, and thy mother's hate?
What will not ſhe, to vent her malice, do,
Since from their fanes the prieſts of Baal we drew?
Heed this, oh king! with kind attention hear,
What more, preſaging viſions may declare;
For, while laſt night I ſlept, dire dreams aroſe,
Portending grief and melancholy woes.

Thy

Thy ſafety claims my moſt diſtinguiſh'd cares;
Thy well-known courage rais'd my ſilent fears,
Leſt by ſome ſad miſhap my prince ſhould fall:
Oh, ſpare thyſelf! thy people! ſave us all!---
Thus ſaid the beauteous queen, and, bath'd in tears,
Addreſs'd her plaints to unrelenting ears.
On a wrought couch Azubah trembling lies,
While her heart ſigh'd for language to adviſe:
A ſmiling babe reclined in her arms,
And every mournful aſpect aids her charms.
The king's affection plac'd her by his ſide,
His mind reprov'd, but manly ceas'd to chide.
Her charms he felt, yet truth did not depart;
Nor grief, nor love could change his feeling heart;
Unmov'd, yet tried, his juſt deſign remains
Inflexible; the prince his charge ſuſtains:
The force of moving eloquence he bore,
And poignant anguiſh of that painful hour.

At length the king the tide of ſorrow broke,
And thus, in healing ſtrains, his queen beſpoke:
Attend, fair conſort! let my ſubjects hear
What I, unchang'd, in grateful love declare.
In vain you ſtrive my purpoſe to delay:
The wars of God are mine; for ſure, to day,

Not

Not without hope I go. Faith calls me forth,
The ties of honour, and heroic worth.
Sent by my God, I haſte; the word was given;
Your king will lead; then peace belongs to Heav'n.
Can I, a worm, forego the promis'd fame?
Muſt future ages load my head with ſhame?
What are thoſe pleaſures which engage mankind?
For me hath Heav'n far nobler gifts deſign'd.
Do cares depreſs my much-lov'd ſpouſe to fear?
God knows th' event of this ill-boding war.
Deluſive idols ne'er my heart ſhall move;
All human dreams have not their riſe above.
Will God for Zion ſure deſtruction call,
Or us permit beneath the ſword to fall?
My faith is ſtedfaſt; all his laws are ſure;
His love primæval gives my heart this power.
He lifts my ſenſes far above deſpair,
And wafts beyond them all unſeemly fear.
No more I dread what mortal men can do,
What baneful portents human thoughts may ſhew.
Sure, not unknown to me are Satan's lies,
His latent fraud and opportune diſguiſe;
Temptations ſtrong have juſt beſet my mind,
Suggeſtions dark, and meant to make me blind:

But

But, if the ſon of Oded came by God,
My ſoul was warn'd, and chear'd with laſting good.
My labours then are great; deſigns oppos'd,
And woeful dreams my ſlumber circumfus'd.---
One while my wife preſented beauty's charms,
And brought her ſmiling infant to my arms;
The fair delights of peace the princeſs told,
And mov'd my mind with ſchemes I judg'd too bold.
Not ſo content from God, who keeps my crown;
I wiſh my thoughts devoted to the throne.
My wants are great, my ſins prevent my reſt,
And thought would fain awake it's foul diſtruſt;
To theſe awhile my paſſions alſo yield;
Without his grace I quit the doubtful field.
In deep diſtreſs to Iſrael's God I pray'd,
Jehovah heard, and ſent me heavenly aid;
His mercy ſaves; grace warms my humble ſoul,
Diſpels it's doubt, and reigns beyond controul.

So having ſaid, he kiſs'd his lovely boy,
His heir apparent, and his conſort's joy.
Bleſſing his ſon, he doth his heart prepare,
And thus to God prefer'd this ardent prayer.---
Eſſence divine! earth's univerſal Lord!
By angels worſhip'd, and by men ador'd!

Thee

Thee I invoke, ſupernal cauſe of life!
Protect my ſon, and guard my virtuous wife.
With thy prevenient grace and power defend;
To thee, in faith, my offspring I commend;
Grant him the mind to walk with thee upright,
And make thy ſacred truth his chief delight.
When age ſhall make me tremble o'er the grave,
And death ſhall call me, my ſucceſſor ſave.
King may he reign, and laſting peace reſtore,
While adverſe nations dread his growing pow'r;
Make him the guardian of all Iſrael's laws,
The bold defender of his country's cauſe.
Keep us, O Lord! from vain idolatry;
From every ſin and weakneſs ſet us free.
Bleſs all, I pray; my mournful conſort cheer,
While I go diſtant through the lines of war;
Aſſert my ſon's deliverance and my own,
And in thy mercy ſave th' invaded crown.---
So pray'd the king; and then his ſoul reſign'd;
Deep contemplations held his ſtable mind.
Awhile he gaz'd on fair Azubah's charms,
Then gave his blooming offspring to her arms;
Cloſe to her breaſt the lovely infant lay,
Intent on childiſh ſmiles and harmleſs play;

This

This Asa ſaw, and thus addreſs'd his fair:---
Thee love beſeems, and ſoft officious care,
While I in arms acquire the formoſt name,
The firſt in danger, as the firſt in fame.

Here paus'd the prince, and thus the queen rejoin'd:
If then no ſighs can move thy ſtedfaſt mind,
Yet, deign great king! for once thy wife to hear,
And pleas'd, attend this laſt officious pray'r.
One ſad advice my ſorrows would ſuggeſt:
When the vaſt weight of fight o'erwhelms thy breaſt,
Undaunted, if thy ſoul deſires the war,
Fan not intemp'rate rage, nor tempt the ranks too far.
So ſaid the queen; then with an heaving ſigh
She ſlow retires, and oft reverts her eye.
The child Jehoſaphat employs her tongue;
In ſome cloſe manſion hid, with him alone,
To the deaf walls ſhe pours her ceaſeleſs moan.

While thus the queen devotes her mind to woe,
And floods of tears in cryſtal torrents flow,
The troops prepare, the ſquadrons flock to arms,
And all the city trembles with alarms;
The grand deſcriptive ſignals ſtream on high;
The trumpet echoes round the vaulted ſky.

With

With ample ſtrides, when glowing honour calls,
Approaches Asa from the palace walls,
Auguſt in majeſty! the hero's face
Celeſtial beauty blends with martial grace
In manhood's recent bloom, of life the prime;
Wide ſpread his ſhoulders, and his port ſublime.
Array'd in mail, th' exulting monarch ſtands,
By prieſts environ'd, and by Hebrew bands.
The force of art, in all the pomp of war,
Warm'd the cold breaſt, and ſtruck the penſive fair:
Eclips'd by glory, feebler beauty flies,
Like the pale moon, amid th' æthereal ſkies.
When all the ſparkling luſtre of the night,
Diſſolves its radiance in ſuperior light,
The morning ſun with orient ſplendour ſhines,
Gilds the fair hills, and warms the fruitful vines;
Through air ſerene, he darts his genial rays,
While nature feels the kind refective blaze:
So god-like Asa chears th' obſequious train,
And far tranſcends the worthies of the plain.

Now through the crowded ſtreets, each to his poſt,
The king directs the captains of his hoſt:
Bewailing matrons previous line the way,
And penſive damſels rue the fighting day,

The

The hour that calls the blooming youth to war,
Nor yet a father's rev'rend age would ſpare.
The lanes reſound with children's plaintive cries,
And laſting clamours ſhake the ambient ſkies.
Through Salem's gates bold Asa's armies range,
To ſad remorſe and frequent pity ſtrange.
In him, deſpair no lurking wiſh could find,
No deprecations change his ſteadfaſt mind;
Superior light his ardent ſoul had felt,
And bleſs'd thereby, he knew no place for guilt.

The troops now reach'd the city's ſouthmoſt bound,
And all the arms of Zion beam'd around;
But ſobbing females ſmite their penſive breaſts,
And thus to God the train their pray'rs addreſs'd:---
O thou, whoſe thunder rends the clouded air!
In deep diſtreſs thy abject people ſpare:
Diſpenſe thine aid; thy ſuppliant ſervants ſave;
From danger guard the ſapient and the brave.---
So pray'd the fair, while, with extended hands,
Thoſe ſhort petitions riſe from all the bands:
Mark, Lord, our plight---our harmleſs babes defend---
Preſerve Mount Zion---ſpare our native land,

The

The ſoldiers ſaid, and left the mournful town,
Paſs'd many a field and wood, in peaceful times
well known.
The gilded tow'rs of Zion ſunk from ſight,
The ſacred temple loſt its wond'rous height;
The proſpect changes; diſtant ſuccours join,
And war unveils its long ſuſpended ſcene.

Say, muſe, what troops great ASA led to fight,
What ſtrength united dar'd aſſert his right;
How great their force; the wonders of their way;
From whence they came, and where they held their
ſway.---
From Hieroſollyma, and places round,
Thrice fifty thouſand roſe at trumpet's ſound;
Theſe ardent legions, brigades tall and ſtrong,
The flow'r of war, in ſquare battalions throng;
They bore the ſhield, or toſs'd the beaming lance,
And ſcorn'd the cumbrous chariot's ſlow advance.
Inur'd to toil, and bred amidſt alarms,
Thoſe martial ſoldiers ſhine in poliſh'd arms;
Expert to cloſe in fight, or pitch the field,
And bear thick battle on the ſounding ſhield.
In ſplendour dreſs'd the monarch nods his cone,
Anointed ASA king of Judah ſhone.

Not leſs refulgent than when war repels
The tribe mellif'rous from their crowded cells,
When murm'ring bees refuſe their arduous toils,
And near the hive foment offenſive broils,
The gayly colour'd queen, ſupreme in ſize
And gaudy cincture, claims the bees ſurprize:
Thus graceful o'er his troops great Asa ſtood,
New to the field, yet free from Heathen blood.---
From Hebron city twice ſix thouſand came,
Renown'd in war, and candidates for fame;
Them bold Nebanah led; ſhort darts they bore,
And axes ſharpen'd, which they pois'd before.---
Next in the liſt, and rais'd above his train,
Lohadid treads the much-frequented plain;
With him, from Beer-ſheba and precincts near,
Two myriad Hebrews march, well train'd to war.---
Benhail, vice-gen'ral, calls his hoſt to arms,
While every ſenſe of worth his boſom warms;
Intent on fame, for martial deeds renown'd,
In counſel wiſe, in action moſt profound.
This daring champion brought on either ſide,
Twice fifteen thouſand, which the weſt ſupply'd.---
From Lachiſh ſent, a myriad Jews attend,
And Betheſmaveth form'd th' experienc'd band.---

Strong

Strong Keilah, fir'd with rage and loyal zeal,
Arm'd full three legions for the public weal;
With them in charge illuſtrious Cuſhaim came;
Warm'd with the love of liberty and fame.
Hail hapleſs youth! I dole thy daring mind,
By zeal impell'd, but to the future blind.---
Libnah and Ether's valiant ſquadrons join'd,
A martial band, eight Chiliads thence combin'd.
Their utmoſt force the chiefs of Judah bring,
Drawn to one place; obedient to their king.
Through all the realm extends a gen'rous flame;
In every town their warlike enſigns ſtream.---
Nor from the field were northern cohorts ſtaid;
Rais'd here and there, they brought a num'rous aid;
Four thouſand ſcore, well train'd, their captains led,
From early youth midſt arms and danger bred.
As birds of paſſage; when the winter's near,
Forſake our ſhores, and croſs the ocean ſteer;
Or o'er mount Atlas ſearch the ſouthmoſt iſles,
Where Phæbus glows, and ſcorch'd Caffraria ſmiles;
Fearful of froſt, in different bands they fly;
In various figures ſkim along the ſky:
Thus to their rendezvous the Jews retreat,
Their armies form, and ſquare battalions meet.---

The tribe of Benjamin a part ſupply,
Reſolv'd to conquer, or like heroes die.
From ſtately Gibeah great Meſhullam roſe
With fifty thouſand, ready for their foes:
Part arm'd with ſlings direct the whiſtling ſtone;
And part with ſpears and ſhields in armour ſhone.—
Avim and Parah join'd with Ophrah's band,
Devote four legions to the grand command.—
Gibeon and Ramah gather ſtrength from far,
And training ſend three myriads more to war.
Them Shobek heads, and Paroſh brave and bold,
Renown'd for might, and in the liſts enroll'd.---
And Kirjah's troops in graceful ranks proceed,
Whence thrice five thouſand help the king with ſpeed.
Fair Rekem's plains their men alert diſcloſe,
And various chiefs to toilſome war expoſe.
From diſtant towns an eager hoſt they drew,
To Asa's camp three times four thouſand flew.—
Nor did Erpeel and Zelah's glory ſtay,
From thence two myriads held their deſtin'd way.—
Arm'd with bent bows the Elephites ruſh'd forth,
By levies choſe, to prove their martial worth.---
Them Baruch join'd, whoſe daring mind reveals
His glorious charge, by numbers at his heels:

Ophni,

Ophni and Gaba's corps with him deſcend,
Thoſe brilliant worthies tow'rds Mareſhah tend;
Twice twenty thouſand ceas'd their lands to till,
Led on by Baruch's apt tranſcendant ſkill.---
Zephirah and Zeralah take the field,
Long train'd to arms, and dext'rous with the ſhield.
Rais'd in thoſe days, and join'd by neighb'ring horſe,
Thrice threeſcore hundred boaſt ſuperior force.—
Inur'd to toil, liſted in Keniz' vale,
And precincts round, an hoſt devote their zeal;
Five times five thouſand bold Tirſhatah led,
To martial ſcenes, and deeds heroic bred.

While thus from far the Hebrew powers convene,
In danger dauntleſs, and through faith ſerene;
At Azmon's gates anointed Asa ſtay'd,
With all his troops, and waving ſigns diſplay'd.
The gifted hoſt awaits their king's command,
A vaſt, experienc'd, formidable band.
Charg'd with great ſpeed an herald paſs'd the throng,
Sublime Penuel, Miſhma's valiant ſon.
Then, to the king ſurrounded by his peers,
The trembling herald thus confeſs'd his fears:---
Before Mareſhah's walls, the ſouthmoſt bound,
The guard and bulwark of the country round;

Th' uncircumcis'd their ſavage forms diſplay,
And ſcenes of horror ſpread profound diſmay.
Great is their might; a multitude combin'd,
With various legends ſtreaming in the wind.
Make haſte, O king! with pow'r and wrath come down,
Oppoſe thy ſtrength, and ſave our frontier town.
In aid of Mareſh', with thy troops appear,
With force puiſſant wage deſtructive war,
Faint are our chiefs; diſtreſs'd in many a field,
In vain they fight, and, unrepriev'd, muſt yield.
Ah! ſtay not,---ſtay not---Judah's faithful boaſt!
Save thou our walls, or rich Mareſhah's loſt.
Except, great king! thy arms be there confeſs'd,
And royal ſtrength our adverſe foes reſiſt,
'Tis vain for Mareſh' in her forts to truſt.
I ſaw their tents extended far and wide;
Their iron cars, minacious Zerah's pride.
Thoſe eyes to-day beheld a ſwarthy band,
With fire and ſword lay waſte my native land;
Their vaſt defended camp amaz'd our hoſt;
Such matchleſs numbers give our hope for loſt.

He ſaid no more; the king expreſs'd his wrath,
With firmneſs anſwer'd, and reprov'd their ſloth.

How

How long will you Omnipotence diſtruſt?
When did our God forſake the wiſe and juſt?
Few though ye are, Jehovah can defend;
Our foes ſhall faint at his ſupreme command.
Be well aſſur'd I will not aid withhold,
Raiſe thoſe that ſink, and animate the bold:
Soon will I come; Jehovah is my guide,
My brandiſh'd faulchion ſhall abaſe all pride.
Go, and be ſtrong; with patient firmneſs wait;
Secure the towers, and guard each mural gate;
Inform your leaders, royal Asa's near,
And with him comes the Lord, the God of war.
Behave like men; 'tis for the truth we fight,
And great Jehovah will defend our right.
Haſte thou to Mareſh'; Zerah's threats defy,
For num'rous armies ſhall your wants ſupply.
My troops to form, I yet awhile muſt ſtay,
Their files to traverſe, and their arms ſurvey.
Doubt not my ſpeed; to me conſign your care;
With this vaſt hoſt we try th' event of war.
Perform the charge we give; I aſk no more;
Your ſtrict obedience vindicates my pow'r.
Ere thrice the ſun ſhall riſe with orient light,
Expect my troops, and wait the promis'd fight,
Our hoſt victorious, and the blacks in flight.

Beneath my ſword I judge their prince ſhall bleed,
If God be with me, and my arms ſucceed.

The monarch ſaid; the chief without delay,
Onward proceeds, and learns the ſafeſt way.
The Hebrew camp the herald leaves behind;
The anſwer giv'n prepar'd his ſpeech deſign'd.

And now the king his ruling peers addreſs'd,
While gen'rous ardour warm'd each martial breaſt,
We go, to ſave Mareſhah's tow'rs from fire;
Thus God commands, and this our tribes require.
Be ſtrong, be bold, for battle well prepare,
Exert your might in every poſt of war;
Myſelf, your king, an equal chance will ſtand,
The firſt in fight, as firſt to give command.
'Tis not for me to reſt in pomp at home,
While preſs'd by foes my faithful armies form.
Not long ſurpriz'd, my ſoul ſhall ſcorn to fear
The boldeſt chiefs that ever pois'd the ſpear.
Shrink not in fight; move forward all ye bands,
Your monarch leads, and the Most High commands.
Methinks I feel Jehovah's pow'r deſcend,
To brace my nerves, and your attempts befriend.

Unfurl

Unfurl your ſtandards; take the neareſt way;
Determin'd move, drawn forth in juſt array.
Slow be our march; in order tread the plain,
And ſtrictly keep the poſts your chiefs ordain.
Be ſure, all circumſpection now we need;
Pray as you walk; with ſtedfaſt faith proceed.
Thus ſhall the foes, in ambuſh deep conceal'd,
If ſuch they form, depart the covert field.
Their ſtrange deſigns abortive then may prove,
And God Almighty ſhield our cauſe above.
So may the bonds by men preſcrib'd, be broke,
And Judah freed from every Heathen yoke:
Thus charm'd with truth, imperial Asa ſpoke.

At once the regal ſtandard wide diſplay'd;
Its ſtreaming beauties form'd an ample ſhade;
Sonorous trumpets opening far and near,
Like peals of thunder through the clouded air,
Spread o'er the camp the dire alarm of of war.
As diſtant hills the doubling echoes blend,
The martial clangour rings around the land;
The ſoldiers ſhout; in deep'ning ranks they ſtand.
Conſpicuous ſignals waving in the wind,
And ſilver breathing flutes tranſport the warrior's mind.

Swift

Swift to their different poſts the captains ſteer;
Some lead the van, and ſome collect the rear.
Intent to pleaſe, depending on his God,
In his high car refulgent Asa rode.

From Azmon's height the matchleſs train withdrew,
Whoſe ſoaring hills ſoon leſſen'd to their view.
The mighty corps broke thro' th' adjacent mounds;
Far o'er the plains the marching hoſt abounds,
Thick as the ſands on ſcorch'd Arabia's ſhore,
When ſtorms impend, and circling whirlwinds roar,
Mount the thin air in clouds of driving duſt,
High wafted o'er th' inhoſpitable coaſt;
Or lodg'd in drifts, form an uncertain ſtrand
Along the coaſt, and cover half the land:
So num'rous were the Jews; ſo ſeem'd from far,
Acroſs the realm, the dire deſcending war.

But now, indulgent eve extends her wings,
And gloomy night ſucceeds the ſtate of things;
The camp inclos'd great Asa with his peers,
And grateful ſlumber intermits their cares.

7 AP 59

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

Ætatis 16.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF

KING ASA.

THE ARGUMENT.

THE herald convenes the chiefs of Mareſhah: reports the king's anſwer. The garriſon doubt of holding out till the arrival of the Hebrew army. Abinadab, the governor of the town, encourages them, and puts his troops in order. In the morning Zerah aſſaults the town. After three attacks, the king of Ethiopia, armed with two torches, ſets fire to part of the town. Night puts an end to the conflict. The Ethiopians retreat. ASA's *troops appear from the neighbouring hills. Satan appears to Zerah in the character of the prince of Sheba, and makes known the arrival of the Hebrew army.*



KING ASA.

BOOK III.

MEANTIME the herald, pent in Mareſh' walls,
To nightly council ev'ry leader calls:
Throng'd was the hall by captains fierce and ſtrong,
When thus with faithful words the chief begun:—
I reach'd the camp of our much honour'd king;
His peers around him form'd a martial ring.
With ſpeed impell'd, the mournful tale I told,
How ſunk the brave, and what depreſs'd the bold.
Unmov'd with fear the monarch grac'd his throne
Magnanimous, with valour yet unknown.
'Twas Heav'n upheld, when, with expreſſive wrath,
Imperial ASA thus reprov'd our ſloth:---
How long will you OMNIPOTENCE diſtruſt?
When did our GOD forſake the wiſe and juſt?

Few

Few though ye are, JEHOVAH can defend;
Our foes ſhall faint at his ſupreme command.
Be well aſſur'd I will not aid withhold,
Raiſe thoſe that ſink, and animate the bold:
Soon will I come; JEHOVAH is my guide;
My faulchion brandiſh'd, ſhall abaſe all pride.
Go, and be ſtrong; with patient firmneſs wait;
Secure the town, and guard each mural gate;
Inform your leaders royal ASA's near,
And with him comes the LORD, the GOD of war.
Behave like men; 'tis for the truth we fight,
And great JEHOVAH will defend our right.
Haſte thou to Mareſh'; Zerah's threats defy,
For num'rous armies ſhall your wants ſupply.
My troops to form I yet awhile muſt ſtay,
Their files to traverſe, and their arms ſurvey.
Doubt not my ſpeed; to me conſign your care;
With this vaſt hoſt we try th' event of war.
Perform the charge we give; I aſk no more;
Your ſtrict obedience vindicates my pow'r.
Ere thrice the ſun ſhall riſe with orient light,
Expect my troops, and wait the promis'd fight,
Our hoſt victorious, and the blacks in flight.
Beneath my ſword I truſt their prince ſhall bleed,
If GOD be with me, and my arms ſucceed.

Thus

Thus ſpoke the king.—Penuel then reclin'd,
And conſcious peace compos'd his warlike mind.
He ſilent ſat; 'twixt hope and fear they ſtrive,
In doubt to ſtand till Asa's troops arrive.
The devaſtation made by Zerah's hoſt,
And ſcenes of horror gathering round the coaſt,
Depreſs'd their minds; the people felt deſpair,
And dread the direful ravages of war.
Then from his ſplendid ſeat, obſerving, roſe
Abinadab, the ſcourge of Mareſh' foes;
To him the king the chief command had giv'n,
Lov'd by mankind, and favour'd much by Heav'n.
With aſpect grave their ſilence firſt he broke,
Suſpenſe awaits; when thus the hero ſpoke:—
Shall deep concern your martial ſouls depreſs?
Can hope be loſt, ev'n in profound diſtreſs?
In counſel once, ye oft were wont to ſpeak,
But now, alas! the ſlaves of fear, you ſhake.
Riſe, O ye princes! matchleſs captains riſe!
Belov'd of God! in friendſhip with the ſkies!
Call'd by the Lord to be a nation pure,
His praiſe to ſing, and only him adore.
Ah me! how oft have we forſook that rock,
That ſtrength ſupreme, which no man may provoke.

Forſake

Forſake not him; with all your hearts rely
On that Omnipotence which reigns on high.
Here fix your minds; if we are found ſincere,
The Lord Jehovah will remove deſpair.
In vain from far the ſons of earth combine
To ſhake our faith; we ſtand by pow'r divine.
In God's pure name, unmov'd I dare the fight;
In arms we meet at the return of light.
Each muniment with valiant ſoldiers line,
Secure the walls, and let our conduct ſhine.
While grateful darkneſs holds its ſilent reign,
And Zerah's bands are ſcatter'd o'er the plain,
Bright arms and various inſtruments of war,
By art procur'd, with double proof prepare.
Doubt not but when the morning ſun ſhall riſe,
With light diſplay'd amid the eaſtern ſkies,
Stern in refulgent arms yon prince will lead,
And o'er the realm his numerous armies ſpread.
When thoſe deſign'd, attempt the walls to ſcale;
Let none be ſlothful; all your foes aſſail.
If death's our lot, like heroes nobly die;
Stand firm for truth; in martial proweſs vie;
Your king, your country, every thing that's dear,
Demand your conduct through the toils of war.

From

From council haſte, to glorious action fly.—
This ſaid, he roſe, preventing all reply.
Diſmay, pale comrade, left the dauntleſs hoſt,
Fled every fear, and mean obſcure diſtruſt.
So when the low-hung clouds convolv'd are deep,
If chance ſoft winds the yielding æther ſweep,
They part, they ſcatter, vaniſh by degrees,
As zephyrs blow, and nod the folding trees.

From tow'r to tow'r the leading gen'ral flies,
Confirms the weak, the active mind employs.
Some bear the engines to th' appointed place;
Theſe mount the walls, and thoſe the bulwarks grace.
Juſt ſo the gard'ner plants the riſing grove,
As ſuits his purpoſe, or his friends approve:
Thus great Abinadab diſpos'd his band,
Who form'd their line by his ſupreme command.

Now in the eaſt the glorious lamp of day
Roſe from the deep, and bade the light diſplay;
When o'er the plains in brazen arms appear
Proud Zerah's hoſt, impatient ſons of war.
Then thus Abinadab his friends addreſs'd:—
Superior ardour glows within my breaſt:

Stand to your arms; advancing I deſcry
Aſcending duſt obſcure the vaulted ſky.
Fierce Zerah comes, and with him brings along
The prime of Afric, terrible and ſtrong;
Yet weak to us, whoſe minds the Lord will ſtay;
Th' eternal ſelf-exiſting cauſe of day!
In him I truſt, to his great name I bow,
And patient wait yon threat'ning warlike foe.

In dazzling armour furious Zerah blaz'd
Far o'er his peers; his might the nations prais'd:
Six fiery ſteeds drew his gilt car along;
Huge the ſtern chief, and like Alcides ſtrong;
His limbs gigantic plated ſcales infold;
His pond'rous mail was ſtiff with ductile gold.
An ample ſhield defends his martial breaſt;
Down his broad back deſcends his waving creſt;
His helmet bright reflects the ſolar ray,
Gleams o'er the field, and ſhines with borrow'd day.
A pond'rous ſpear imperial Zerah took,
Like ſome tall reed the lofty jav'lin ſhook.
With pride elate he views the diſtant walls,
And thus, inflam'd, to ev'ry leader calls:—

Com

Come, conqu'ring princes! ſpeed the ſanguine fray;
The gods will help; Mareſhah burns this day.
Yon tott'ring ſpires no human force can ſave;
The ſoldiers die; thro' blood and death be brave.
Prepare your engines; ſpoil yon ſtately town;
Commence th' attack, for Mareſh' is your own.

This ſaid, tranſported with preſumptuous heat,
With troops ſelect, he ſtrove to ſtorm the gate
In vain; the ſtern Abinadab withſtood,
By Heav'n upheld, and dipp'd his ſpear in blood.
The Jews ſucceed; repuls'd their foes retire;
Fierce Zerah raves, and trembling frowns with ire.
O'er-aw'd by ſome ſuperior pow'r, he turns,
Rob'd of his hope; his ſoul indignant ſpurns.
Thus when a tiger rends the tender lamb,
Arm'd with huge clubs, the ſwains defend his dam;
The flock protect, or ſave the kine from death;
Their blows repeat; the tiger pants for breath.
With glaring eyes, compell'd, at length he tires;
Growls when he turns, and from the fold retires.
So from the gate ſtern Zerah's guards withdrew;
The hoſt rejoin'd, but kept the town in view.
The furious king each guarded fort explores,
Here caſts his eye, and there directs his pow'rs.

Around the walls his eager horſemen fly,
Search ev'ry nook, and ev'ry gap deſcry.
Thus round the fold, while thoughtleſs lambkins ſleep,
The wolf rapacious ſeeks to kill the ſheep;
Each weaker place, intent on blood, he tries;
Marks well its height, and leaps with earneſt eyes.
Repuls'd, with anxious rage the beaſt returns;
Plies all his might, and, rack'd with hunger, burns.
Not with leſs diſappointment Zerah views
The dire attack, and thus aſſaults the Jews.
North of the town the guards but thinly ſtand,
There Ethiops preſs; a ſtedfaſt deſp'rate band.
Full fifty thouſand Afric's monarch choſe;
Here tends the hoſt, and there exclaim the foes.
From far the Hebrews ſaw the gath'ring ſtorm;
Along the wall the deep'ning cohorts form.
With numbers more, tranſcending thoſe above,
Towards the north proud Zerah's ſquadrons move.
Now wheeling to the right, the wings invade,
Here ſpeeds their force, and wond'rous ſtrength diſplay'd:
Diſpos'd in ſquares, the hoſtile archers ſtand,
And clouds of arrows prove the king's command.
Some engines point; while theſe attempt to ſcale
The recent breach, and thoſe in fight aſſail.

With

With clamorous noiſe the Lubim chiefs draw nigh;
With ſhouts, with pray'rs reſounds the ambient ſky.
This known, Abinadab, unmov'd with fear,
To whoſe good conduct Mareſh' truſts her care,
For ſtrength renown'd, a troop of warriors choſe
The ſchemes of hoſtile nations to oppoſe.
Far o'er the reſt his matchleſs courage ſhines;
Preſerves the town, and ſaves Mareſhah's lines.
When his huge ſpear with aim unerring flies,
Some captain falls, or ſome great warrior dies:
His glorious deeds the martial Jews admire;
God bleſs'd their arms, and made their foes retire.
O'er Zerah's hoſt pale languid fears he ſhed,
Depreſs'd the bold, or ſtruck the valiant dead.
In vain they ſtorm; the pow'r of Heav'n withſtands,
Averts their darts, and diſconcerts their plans.
By fierce Abinadab in conteſt ſlain;
Great captains lie extended on the plain.
Proud Zerah's ſelf, gall'd by his force, withdrew,
Recoil'd a ſpace, yet bade the fight renew.
With grief the king beheld his chieftains die;
Incens'd he ſaw the fatal jav'lins fly.
At bold Abinadab a ſpear he threw;
That prince reclin'd; the dart innoxious flew.

His guards preſs'd on, their monarch to defend;
Sav'd from that arm which elſe had brought his end.
In cubic phalanx wedg'd, the blacks advance,
And full in front ſtern Zerah pois'd his lance.

A grand aſſault upon the town was made;
In union firm the num'rous troops invade.
Then had not Heav'n upheld the Hebrew hoſt,
Their walls ſupported, Mareſh' had been loſt;
The blacks impetuous had poſſeſs'd the town,
And every Jew in glitt'ring arms o'erthrown:
But Heav'n's great King their cubic phalanx brokt,
By fav'ring that well-tim'd deciſive ſtroke,
When bold Abinadab in ambuſh lay,
Much to the northward of the covert way.

Repuls'd with loſs, imperial Zerah roar'd;
In fight annoy'd, yet ſcorn'd the Hebrew ſword.
With wrath inflam'd, inflate with ſtubborn pride,
He Heav'n blaſphem'd, and If'rael's hoſt defy'd.
The torch infernal rous'd extreme deſire,
Revengeful fiends preſumptuous thoughts inſpire.
Rage prompts his feet to vaſt gigantic ſtrides,
Supremely grand, each loit'ring prince he chides;

Reclaim

Reclaims his men, and fires the ſinking crowd,
With lungs like braſs, the king harangu'd aloud:—
Princes and potentates! ſcorch'd Afric's boaſt!
Your monarch's glory! now to valour loſt.
Return, for ſhame! renew the doubtful war;
Lo! Zerah lives, and breathes this vital air.
In vain we ſtrive the lofty walls to ſcale;
Arm'd from above the feeble Jews prevail,
But ſhall not long: your batt'ring engines bring,
Break down the walls to ſerve your mighty king.
Reſolv'd am I to wrap yon town in fire,
O'erwhelm their bands, and ſee their prince expire.
Shall then Mareſhah thus retard our might?
And ſink our fame in everlaſting night?
Not ſuch the ardour of a warlike ſoul;
'Tis ours the ſubject nations to controul.

Arm'd in an inſtant, dreadful chiefs appear
With maſſy iron bars, dire inſtruments of war.
The ſoldiers ſhouts the doubling echoes blend;
Drawn up with art, in graceful ranks they ſtand.
Supreme in ſtrength impetuous Zerah ſhone
Oe'r all the field; to brutal ravage prone.
With pride of heart he hails his men from far;
While brazen trumpets rouze the ling'ring war.

To arms the gloomy legions thick return,
And with freſh ardour all the ſquadrons burn.
Againſt the walls the blacks their might oppoſe;
From high the Jews o'erwhelm their active foes.
Fierce to the gate the Ethiopians preſs,
Elate with hope, and ardent for ſucceſs.
Huge ſtones incumbent, from the bulwarks fall,
And ſlay the raſh before Mareſhah's wall.
Proud Zerah foams to ſee his captains die;
Hurl'd from the tow'rs wide-waſting fragments fly.
Thus when dark clouds malignant bring the ſtorm,
Break nature's peace, and ſtately towns deform,
Aſtoniſh'd, from ſome hill the ſwains behold;
Impending horror makes their blood run cold.
They trembling mark the ſtrange diſorder'd ſky;
The raging winds and coming ſtorm they fly.
Obſcur'd with gloom the ſun withdraws his ray;
Diſtreſs prevails, and night excludes the day.
Rough Boreas riſing, ſhakes the ſolid ſhores,
Throws back the ſea, and in deep caverns roars.
The ratt'ling hail with ſpeed impetuous borne,
Lays proſtrate many a field of rip'ning corn.
Prone on the ground, rent by the tempeſt, lie
Aſpiring elms which rais'd their heads on high.

Here

Here limbs, here boughs, beſtrew the ſhatter'd ground,
And by the roots torn up, ev'n ſturdy oaks are found.
With terror ſeiz'd, the lab'rer views from far,
The dire effects of elemental war.
So Afric's troops o'erwhelm'd, by ſtones depreſs'd,
Stretch'd o'er the plains, the ſanguine ground careſs'd.
With gnaſhing diſappointment Zerah views
His ſoldiers fall beneath the conqu'ring Jews.
Their poſt to gain the bands behind ſucceed;
By maſſy ruins cruſh'd, the preſſing ſquadrons bleed,
And heroes ſink beneath th' enormous weight;
Unmov'd with fear, bold Ethiops meet their fate.

By rage impell'd, once more they ſhake the wall;
On their broad orbs the pond'rous fragments fall.
Held o'er their heads their ſhields a teſtude form,
From death to ſave, and break the' impending ſtorm.
Rank within rank, cloſe wedg'd in firm array,
Could prove their pow'r, and warlike force diſplay.

With inborn ardour furious Zerah burns,
The combat urging, every troop he turns;

Recalls

Recalls from flight, and bids his millions ſtand;
Condens'd they form at his auſtere command.
Thus o'er the plain the bearded corn appears,
When harveſt comes, and Ceres ſhoots in ears,
With joy the farmer marks his ripen'd crop,
Scans the rich field, and ſeems rejoic'd with hope.
Not leſs elate, ſcorch'd Afric's king ſurveys
Heroic deeds, where glitt'ring bucklers blaze.
With ardour freſh, the prince remounts his car,
Tranſcends in pomp, and leads the hoſt to war.
Thus 'midſt the ſtarry vault ſhines threat'ning Mars,
Known by his ſanguine ray and martial airs.
With haughty ſtrides forth ſtepp'd before the crowd
The ſwarthy monarch, and exclaim'd aloud,
Secure behind their walls ſhall Hebrews dare
The fell deſtruction of this mingled war?
Draw forth your bands; then try the force of arms;
You, or the Meroans train'd amidſt alarms.
To toil, when young, our infants we inure;
Expos'd to heat, extended on the floor,
No food they claim but what they firſt o'ercome;
With conqueſt pleas'd, they bring the victims home.
In pathleſs woods we ſeek the tuſky boar,
Or haunt the dens where rampant lions roar.

Such

Such are our lives, inur'd to blaſting heat,
Unmov'd, unchang'd amid the toils of fight.
When we but turn, wiſh'd conqueſt crowns our arms;
Thro' rocks we break, and ſhake with dire alarms
Regions immenſe, extended as our own;
Secure we live beneath the torrid zone.
Yield to my wiſh; in vain your chiefs withſtand
The flow'r of Afric, my victorious band.
If not, expect juſt vengeance on your heads,
Impending death Mareſhah's town o'erſpreads.
'Twas Heaven pronounc'd the land of Judah mine;
Faith bids me ſtrive, and all the pow'rs divine.
What god can ſhield you? who contend with fate?
Your deſtiny ſhall cloſe this dire debate.
Reſiſt not Heaven; the world aſſents to me;
You know my fix'd, unchangeable decree.

This ſaid, he ſtood contending at the gate;
Abinadab ſuſtain'd th' unwieldy weight.
With high diſdain the guard of Mareſh' burn'd,
When thus incens'd, the dreadful chief return'd:
Then muſt we yield to idols, ſtocks and ſtones?
Your lifeleſs gods, and ſenſeleſs, breathleſs drones.
With indignation warm'd, I tell thee no;
While life remains, my heart ſhall never bow.

Deception

Deception fond! do Ethiops rule by fate?
The Lord Moſt High can all your ſchemes defeat.
Shall God's elect ſuch vaunting heathens fear?
May wiſdom raiſe our minds above deſpair!
Tho' numberleſs thy hoſtile armies ſwarm,
Your beſt we dare, and wait the gathering ſtorm.
Learn, learn to boaſt amidſt thy ſlaves, not here;
Thou, nor thy threats, can faithful Hebrews ſcare.
Long train'd to arms your warlike thouſands bleed,
Thy captains fall, and more to death ſucceed.
Tempt not that God, who, when his anger burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns;
Lord of the world, unbounded and alone,
The God we worſhip fills his ſplendid throne;
He ſcorns the fragile prop of human truſt,
"And kings and heroes mingles with the duſt."
By him we ſtand; then learn the Jews to fear;
Turn from this gate, or die a victim there.

He ſilent ſtood; the chief no more replies;
Triumphant fire came flaſhing from his eyes.
The boaſting monarch ſtruck with dire ſurpriſe,
The riſing wrath of Mareſh' champion flies:
So from the tiger ſhrinks the timid ſwain;
The beaſt purſues, and drives him o'er the plain;

Fear

Fear adds ſwift wings; he nimbly runs, he flies;
At length ſome cot a ſhelt'ring roof ſupplies;
With hope the ſwain the neighb'ring houſe ſurveys,
There ſafe inclos'd, joy ſprings and dread decays.
Thus, 'midſt th' advancing ranks, the king thro' fear,
Indecent mix'd, and join'd the moving rear.
With loud blaſphemous ſhouts the blacks drew nigh;
A grove of ſpears at once aſcend on high.
Firm on the walls the Jews undaunted ſtand,
A ſtout, embodied, formidable band;
Extended o'er the plains, encumber'd far,
The pow'rs of Afric brave the ſhock of war;
From their drawn bows unnumber'd arrows fly,
And countleſs jav'lins ſing along the ſky.
The Jews unmov'd their brutal rage ſuſtain;
No Hebrew flung his pointed lance in vain,
To ſtern Abinadab battalions yield;
Each threat'ning ſtorm the matchleſs prince repell'd.
Beneath his force the heathen cohorts die;
When turns the chief, gall'd Ethiopians ſigh.
Not more diſmay'd, the fleecy flock behold
The wolf rapacious in the peaceful fold;
Precipitant, the bleating lambkins fly;
The beaſt purſues, and glories to deſtroy.

The

The ſheep are torn; the wolf inſatiate kills,
And with deep moan each trench with carnage fills.
Thus bold Abinadab ſpread death around,
More foes ſucceed, and ſtill maintain their ground.

When dreadful Zerah rais'd his brazen ſhield,
And ſhone conſpicuous o'er the ſanguine field,
His preſence ſet their glowing hearts on fire,
Rekindled wrath, and bade their hopes aſpire.
They ſaw him drive, arm'd with a blazing brand,
And o'er their heads ſhake his deſtructive hand.
Rais'd on his ſtrong and deep-reſounding car,
The king directs the ſavage ling'ring war.
Before him march'd a ſquadron arm'd with fire,
And vow'd revenge and devaſtation dire;
Elate with hope, fierce Zerah rides along;
His guards attending, thus the king begun:—
How long ſhall Hebrew ſtates, reſolv'd and free,
Withſtand that conqueſt which the gods decree?
Impell'd by heaven, with all-deſtroying brands
Your monarch leads, and Zerah's ſelf commands.
To fire and ſword yon hoſtile town I doom,
Remorſeleſs rage and flames ſhall it conſume:
Stop every paſſage; ſtorm each mural gate;
Unpitied let them bear their abject fate;

With

With watchful eyes ſurvey each bulwark o'er,
While different bands a fiery deluge pour.
This ſaid, between the ranks the monarch rode
Supremely horrid, like ſome fighting god.
His blazing torch gleam'd dreadful to behold,
While the ſpok'd wheels of his gilt chariot roll'd.
The diſmal ſtorm the Jews beheld from far;
Unmov'd, unchang'd, they feel the threat'ning war;
Combin'd in front, they range the Hebrew pow'r,
With pond'rous ſtones defend each ſtanding tow'r.

Meantime with wrath the furious blacks drew near,
And glowing brands divide the limpid air;
Dreadful they mount, they cleave th' aereal ſkies;
Clouds ſeem to burn, and various terrors riſe;
They hiſſing ſmite, and quench where'er they fall,
Elſe univerſal rage had fell'd the wall.
Thrice round his torch malignant Zerah whirl'd,
Then o'er the battlements his tremors hurl'd;
They catch'd, they burnt, the flames conſuming riſe,
And clouds of ſmoke obſcur'd the dark'ning ſkies.
Swift ſtor'd with water, numerous Hebrews run;
Prieſts urge the work, and few the danger ſhun.
So calm the wind, the tops of trees ſcarce nod,
The air was damp, and nature wrought for God.

The

The blacks alert, ſtill ply their waving fires;
At length conſtrain'd, Abinadab retires.
He penſive ſtood; then moves from tow'r to tow'r;
The foes ruſh on, and ſtrive to foil his pow'r.
With ſteady pace the yielding prince gave way;
And Hebrew troops awhile ſuſpend the fray.
On every ſide more thick the torches fall;
Aſcending fires inveſt Mareſhah's wall.

Meantime the night her ample wings diſplay'd,
And caſt o'er nature's works an awful ſhade.
Under her cloudy covert war retir'd;
And weary chiefs the gift of ſleep requir'd.
His peers in view, imperial Zerah ſpoke,
And thus their deep demur preventing broke:—
This day, my friends, the force of arms we try'd,
In deep'ning ranks you fought with martial pride.
Three bold attacks my troops undaunted made,
The fourth had conquer'd, and the Jews diſmay'd,
But ſacred night o'er earth her veil has ſpread.
Revere the goddeſs; now you need repoſe,
Till purple morn the coming day diſcloſe;
Then, when returning light the field diſplays,
And the ſun warms us with his orient rays,

Attend

Attend my mandates; all my words revere;
Let every prince for greater ſcenes prepare.
Shall this vaſt hoſt be by one town delay'd?
By every man my will muſt be obey'd.
To Sheba firſt the plunder I reſign;
All Mareſh' riches and her ſtores are thine.
Thy gifts I honour, ſince thy deeds declare
Thee vers'd in ev'ry ſtratagem of war.
Excite my troops to ſecond our deſires;
Force the beſieg'd, and wave their conqu'ring fires.
Should part be baffled, wiſdom muſt prevail,
And want and famine turn the doubtful ſcale.
The Jews are preſs'd; ſtorm every barrier gate,
Seclude proviſions, and command their fate,
Attack by day, and keep ſtrict watch by night.
While I with Lubim's prince inveſt the land,
Fire all their towns, and ſlay who dare withſtand.
This be to-morrow's taſk; but now we feaſt,
Receive refection, and immediate reſt;
Meantime let guards their ſeveral poſts maintain,
Watch thro' the night, and traverſe all the plain;
For this thrice twenty thouſand I ordain;
Change them three times, the bands in charge relieve;
Each troop ſhall arm, and reſpite each receive.

So will'd the king; his train the feaſt prepare,
While to their poſts the guards in turn repair.
And now beneath the regal tent they ſpread
High-ſeaſon'd dainties, and refective bread.
Obedient peers the grand pavilion fill,
And mighty chiefs await their monarch's will.
Their hunger ſheath'd, the ſparkling bowls go round,
While jocund muſic gives a grateful ſound.

But more intent Mareſhah's guards appear;
Oppreſs'd with wounds, and long fatigu'd in war,
Their ſtated troops the lofty walls aſcend,
Patrole the ramparts, and in arms attend.
With vigilance and care the brigades form,
Deſcry, approach, and move at each alarm.
Thus in the deſert waſte remote from men,
Surrounding dogs protect the folded pen;
When danger threats, they guard the peaceful ſheep,
Careleſs of harm, and lambkins while they ſleep.
The wakeful maſtiffs rouſe at every breeze,
The ruſtling thickſet, bruſh, and waving trees.
Juſt ſo in armour ſtood the warlike Jews;
And all the forms of lenient ſleep refuſe.

Now

Now horned Cynthia ſhone with borrow'd light,
And lucid planets deck'd the ſilent night;
The diſtant ſpheres to the blue zenith riſe;
A ſcene of glory breaks from all the ſkies;
When Asa's troops on adverſe hills appear,
And poliſh'd helms illume the devious air.
Mareſhah's guards beheld the joyful ſight;
No more they felt their wounds receiv'd in fight;
The long wiſh'd ſuccours waft their cares away,
And every ſoldier bleſs'd the coming day.
As when far ſpent with ſcalding heat and pain,
The weary trav'ller treads the duſty plain,
Bright o'er his head, with an unclouded blaze,
The ſun refulgent darts his fervid rays:
Acroſs the road the heat ſolſtitial gleams,
Th' itinerant faints, and rues the ſcorching beams.
With hope rejoic'd, a verdant grove he ſees,
And pleas'd beholds a walk between the trees;
Beneath a rock the dripping ſtreams diſtil,
And on the plain ſoon form a murm'ring rill;
A cool receſs, where ſportive zephyrs play,
And gentle breezes fan the ſcorching day.
As grows the ſcene before the trav'ller's eye,
So flow the bleſſings which compleat his joy.

The cryſtal ſpring his fainting ſtrength repairs,
His wants ſupply'd, reduce his anxious cares.
The Hebrews thus were pleas'd, ſo they revive;
And ſome on death's dark verge conſent to live.
Great Asa's mighty hoſt affects the Jews,
Like gen rous ſpirits to the ſtagnate bruiſe,
Or healing balſam to the deep-ſtruck wound,
In folding ligaments involv'd and bound.
After their march the troops ſome reſpite crave;
A meet refection ſerves the ſtout and brave;
Elſe had proud Zerah felt th' impending ſtorm,
And ſeen juſt Asa's blade his ranks deform:
But night forbad; in ſleep profound they lay,
Strech'd in their tents they wait the dawn of day.

Now awful midnight gave the camp to reſt,
And pleaſing ſlumber calm'd each anxious breaſt;
When, lo! with graceful mien, an airy ſhade,
Significant of war, in arms diſplay'd,
To Zerah's tent portentous ſhot along,
In form like Sheba, martial, wiſe and ſtrong;
That warrior's helm the mimic ghoſt aſſumes,
O'erlaid with gold, and black with waving plumes.
Down his brown neck the curling treſſes hung;
His warlike mien the king's attention won.

A ſparkling

A ſparkling corſlet flam'd before his breaſt,
And fulgid braſs his ſtrenuous body dreſs'd;
O'er theſe a variegated veſture flow'd,
That ſwept the ground, and ruſtled as he trod.
Before him blaz'd his vaſt refulgent ſhield,
The plated orb his ſinewy arm upheld.
In his right hand a pointed jav'lin ſhin'd;
When Satan thus made known his fraud'ful mind:—
Can Zerah ſleep? ſhall ſlumber ſeal thine eyes?
Awake, O king! and with my mandates riſe;
Recal thy laſt commands; march not from hence,
Nor quit this glorious cauſe, tranſcendent prince!
The gods diſpenſe but one conteſted day;
Ethereal pow'rs attend the doubtful fray;
For ſoon ſhall conqueſt recompenſe thy toils,
And give thee all Mareſhah's ſhining ſpoils;
Unbounded wealth thy labours ſhall reward,
Since Heav'n and we thy bold attempts regard.
Now all the hoſt of Judah treads the field;
Their monarch leads, but ſoon the palm ſhall yield.
Thy fame, thy glory, now becomes compleat;
The Jews ſhall die, and Asa meet his fate.
The more they ſtrive, the greater glory thine;
To late poſterity thy deeds ſhall ſhine.

The gods will ſkreen thee from ſuperior might,
And o'er the nations vindicate thy right;
True as the viſion I will then deſcend,
And in the worſt extremities befriend.
Riſe then to fight, of Heav'nly aid ſecure;
This be your aim, the gods require no more:
But firſt to council every peer convene,
Adviſe how beſt to cloſe this varied ſcene;
How moſt in war we Judah may diſtreſs,
And to our friends bring conqueſt, joy, and peace.
Thus ſpoke the fiend; then thro' the ſhades of night
The dire illuſion vaniſh'd from his ſight.

7 AP 59

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

Ætatis 16.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF KING ASA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Zerah awakes the prince of the Lubims, Sheba, and the reſt of his captains, to whom he diſcloſes his viſion, and demands their advice. The prince of Lubim and Sheba ſpeak their ſentiments. The plan of Sheba is adopted. The king preſents that hero with his father's ſpear. The morning being come, Aſa ariſes: his armour, ſhield, &c. are deſcribed: his army takes the field. An herald is ſent to Abinadab with the king's commands. The powers of darkneſs are aſſembled.



KING ASA.

BOOK IV.

NOW from his downy bed fierce Zerah roſe,
And anxious from his rich pavilion goes.
Not diſtant far the herald Miſraim lay;
Him to inform, the monarch held his way.
In great concerns Miſraim bore a part,
And knew the ſecrets of the royal heart.
Within the tent deluded Zerah ſtood,
And thro' ſurrounding darkneſs call'd aloud.
The herald heard; and rouſing at the word,
Roſe from his couch, obedient to his lord;
Then thus the king, waving his hand, decreed:—
Convene the nobles; through the camp proceed;
Bid peers to audience with all haſte repair;
To them celeſtial mandates we declare:

But

But while the leaders of the hoſt collect,
I to the Lubim prince my courſe direct,
And where bold Sheba ſpends his time in toil,
For arms renown'd, and ſchemes which kingdoms ſpoil.
The monarch ſaid.—The herald trips along;
Between the tents he hears a ſnoring throng.
Zerah himſelf was ſeeking Lubim's poſt
Amid the camp, extending down the coaſt;
Stretch'd on the earth with all his guards around,
Oppreſs'd with ſleep, Condronides he found;
Juſt by, refulgent through the gloom of night,
A grove of lances met the monarch's ſight.
At every tent was fix'd a beaming ſpear,
The wood was preſs'd in earth, the ſteel in air.
To Lubim, then, imperious Zerah ſpoke,
And thus abrupt, the ſolemn ſilence broke:—
Sleeps Lubim's prince, remote from anxious care,
While foes increaſe, and bring their levies near?
Awake, O monarch! from thy ſlumbers riſe;
Thou firſt of heroes, ope' thy warlike eyes.
'Tis Zerah calls; no phantom of the night
Diſturbs thy reſt, or ſheds a glimm'ring light;
'Tis Zerah's ſelf demands thy welcome aid;
No airy ſpectre, and no flitting ſhade.

Such

Such words awoke; the prince of Lubim hears,
Obſerves in haſte, and to his charge repairs.
In his right hand two glitt'ring darts he ſhook,
Lodg'd on the left, his pond'rous orb he took,
While o'er his ſhoulders hung the warrior's pride,
His veſtment grim, a lion's ſallow hide.

And now the kings approach'd bold Sheba's tent,
That prince they found on martial ſchemes intent;
Solicitous of fame, his ſlumbers fled;
Mareſhah's fall employ'd his ſapient head.
The depth of thought his eager mind explores;
Now here, now there, he ſtrives with all his powr's.
A plan to ſtorm the town the prince deſign'd;
Then ſtrong blockades and caution held his mind.
As when beneath the fair horizon, ſpread
With algid nitre, and aſphaltos fed,
In cloſe attrition the blue light'nings form,
And wav'ring flaſhes break from ev'ry ſtorm,
The fervid ſhaft with inſtant force expires,
The ſky flames thick with momentary fires:
Juſt ſo, thought preſſing thought, ſucceſſive roſe
In Sheba's breaſt, preventing calm repoſe.
Such were his toils, when now, perceiv'd at hand,
Before his tent the king and Lubim ſtand.

Smote

Smote with ſurprize the prince beheld their plight;
But knew them not thro' the dark gloom of night.
Then apt in knowledge, Sheba thus began:—
Say whence you are, of Heav'n, or mortal man?
Or why with thoſe intruſions come you here?
Stand off at diſtance, and your charge declare.

So ſpake the prince, and thus the king rejoin'd:—
Well pleas'd, my friend, I mark thy watchful mind.
Not without Heav'n's command to thee we came,
And thus traverſe the camp thy aid to claim;
I crave advice, illuſtrious ſon of fame.
No flitting ſhade diſturbs thy calm repoſe,
Nor wand'ring party of nocturnal foes;
'Tis Zerah calls; the Lubim prince is here;
The Ethiopian monarch, and thy bold compeer.

Then Zerah paus'd; and Sheba ſoon reply'd:—
Hail, firſt of men! thy martial country's pride!
Forgive my great offence, and now declare,
Why from their tents two kings are wand'ring here?
What ſecret ills have call'd your greatneſs thence?
What recent dangers form'd this new ſuſpence?
Say, have the Jews their muniments forſook?
Deceiv'd the guards, and thro' our ramparts broke?

Or

Or have the gods with viſions bleſs'd thy ſoul,
The gods who rule mankind without controul?
Have awful dreams the will of Heav'n reveal'd?
Or is there aught to crown our bliſs conceal'd?
Why ſtrays the king? are not his heralds near!
What ails Miſraim, who us'd thy charge to bear
To every prince, thro' all the files of war.

Here Sheba ceas'd; and thus the monarch ſaid:
The gods excel, and let them be obey'd.
Juſt now inſtruction was by Iſis ſent;
Clear to my view a god approach'd my tent:
He bade me all my warlike chiefs convene;
To them I haſte, to them diſcloſe the ſcene.
But think not Miſraim ſlow, becauſe not here;
He hails the hoſt, and rouſes every peer.
On ſure alarms he ſpeeds; while I with you
The force of theſe nocturnal themes purſue.

Stern Zerah ſtay'd; and, ruſhing from his tent,
Important Sheba with the monarch went.
A leopard's ſpotted hide the prince aſſumes,
And his wrought helmet black with waving plumes;
A pointed jav'lin grac'd his better hand;
The ſumptuous ſhield his ſinewy left ſuſtain'd.

Thus

Thus Sheba dreſs'd; the chiefs hard by they wake;
Then to the royal tent the winding paſſage take.
North of the throne the bands of Meroë lie,
Expos'd to ambuſh, and Mareſhah nigh.
Stretch'd tow'rds the weſt, extending down the coaſt
Slept Sheba's troops, a vaſt, puiſſant hoſt!
Far in the eaſt Lubimian legions lay;
In ſleep profound they paſs'd the night away.
Theſe, when the battle joins, wheel tow'rds the right,
While Zerah's ſquadrons in the centre fight.

To council now the king convenes his peers,
While darkneſs reign'd, or ſhone the twinkling ſtars.
When Zerah's tent was throng'd with chiefs of worth,
The thoughtful monarch from his throne ſtood forth:
Reclining on his ſpear the hero ſtands,
And thus beſpake the lords of Ethiop's bands:—
Juſt now, in ſplendour cloth'd, a viſion plain
By night approach'd; and in a martial ſtrain,
In form like Sheba's prince, the god began:—
Can Zerah ſleep? ſhall ſlumber ſeal thine eyes?
Awake, O king! and with my mandates riſe;
Recal thy laſt commands; march not from hence,
Nor quit this glorious cauſe, tranſcendent prince!

The

The gods diſpenſe but one conteſted day;
Ethereal pow'rs attend the doubtful fray;
For ſoon ſhall conqueſt recompenſe thy toils,
And give thee all Mareſhah's ſhining ſpoils;
Unbounded wealth thy labours ſhall reward,
Since Heav'n and we thy bold attempts regard.
Now all the hoſt of Judah treads the field,
Their monarch leads, but ſoon the palm ſhall yield.
Thy fame, thy glory then becomes compleat;
The Jews ſhall die, and Asa meet his fate.
The more they ſtrive, the greater glory thine;
To late poſterity thy deeds ſhall ſhine.
The gods will ſkreen thee from ſuperior might,
And o'er the nations vindicate thy right;
True as the viſion I will then deſcend,
And in the worſt extremities befriend.
Riſe then to fight, of heavenly aid ſecure;
This be your aim, the gods require no more:
But firſt to council every peer convene,
Adviſe how beſt to cloſe this varied ſcene;
How moſt in war we Judah may diſtreſs,
And to our friends bring conqueſt, joy, and peace.—
As parting beams, then thro' the ſhades of night,
The pleaſing viſion vaniſh'd from my ſight:

But

But ſay, ye warriors, when the ſun ſhall riſe,
And grateful morn illuminates the ſkies,
How ſhall we act with this huge hoſt in arms?
Or ſhall a part ſuſtain yon rude alarms?
Give your opinions, for your thoughts are wiſe;
Reſolve, ye chiefs! your monarch well adviſe.

Then his high throne miſguided Zerah ſought,
And plann'd the dreadful battle yet unfought,
With frowning aſpect Lubim's leader roſe;
A ſwarthy giant, ſtern, with wrinkled brows:
He thoughtful ſtood; the wond'ring peers beheld,
And wiſh'd to know his valour in the field.
Mute was each tongue, withdrawn was ev'ry plan;
Suſpenſe awaits; when thus the king began:—
Illuſtrious champions! whom the nations fear;
Heroes, conven'd! aſſembled princes! hear.
In wand'ring mazes are your leaders loſt,
Retir'd to think for this prodigious hoſt;
Doubtful how ſoon to make the Hebrews yield,
And vanquiſh foes in caſtles long conceal'd,
Leſt ſome relief from Asa ſave the town,
And Judah's monarch there reſume his throne.
This thought implies our int'reſt in the ſame,
To bar their union, and Mareſhah's fame.

Let

Let half our hoſt proceed in deep array,
When firſt the ſun ſhall glow with riſing day;
Let part oppoſe the ſtrength of Asa's band;
The reſt in arms before Mareſhah ſtand.
So muſt the town and all its lofty tow'rs,
At will ſubmit to Ethiopian pow'rs.
Our friends effective then may force the gate,
And wrap in flames yon pinnacles of ſtate.
The riſing ſmoke when Asa's troops behold,
Will ſcare the weak, while terrors ſeize the bold.
Then let our bands the grand attack renew,
Range o'er the plains, and kill each trembling Jew.
While thoſe triumphant from the town ſhall pour,
And ſpread a tide of ſlaughter round the ſhore.
Environ'd thus, the diſtant Jews ſhall yield,
And threat'ning Asa die upon the field.
Here muſt great Zerah's numerous perils end,
And we, ſuperior, rule the conquer'd land.

Thus ſpake the king, whom Lubim's hoſt obey'd,
With Zerah join'd in dreadful pow'r diſplay'd.
Penſive they ſat; in conſultation deep
The lords remain, while plebean ſoldiers ſleep.
At length fam'd Sheba's prince the throne addreſs'd,
The ſoul of counſel, and of ſtrength poſſeſs'd.

Majeſtic roſe the hero, ſheath'd in arms,
And martial ardour all his boſom warms.
Deſcended from that queen, who, years before,
The long laborious march from Sheba bore,
To hear the king renown'd for wiſdom far,
Great Solomon, prophetic David's heir!
She heard with tranſport, and return'd in peace.
Not ſo her grandſon, foe to David's race;
A thunderbolt of war, and miniſter of fate,
He promis'd ruin to the Hebrew ſtate.

Give ear, ye princes! the ſtern chief rejoin'd,
Regard the dictates of a martial mind.
On fame intent I left my native land,
And for brave Zerah rais'd a mighty band;
Expert in all the ſtratagems of war,
Skill'd when to leave, and when to mount the car.
My troops I led from Sheba's ſultry ſhore,
And one with you a train of ſorrows bore:
Permit me then to ſpeak; though Zerah reign,
Thou firſt of mortals! hear a warrior's plan.
Go on, victorious, ſince the gods decree
The palm of conqueſt and proſperity.
It well becomes the great to bear diſtreſs,
And leave to Heav'n misfortune or ſucceſs.

Let

Let no diviſion in our hoſt be made,
In union firm be all our might diſplay'd.
We hear the Jews in numbers crowd the field,
A force puiſſant, yet untaught to yield.
Think not with part to chaſe ſuch armies hence;
Strong are their men, and dauntleſs is the prince;
Their ancient worth the kingdoms round proclaim,
Their's Solomon, a prodigy of fame!
And Jeſſe's ſon, in arms a mighty name!
If ſuch the foes with whom we now contend,
Wiſdom itſelf ſhould ev'ry thought commend.
Our bold exertions may the gods ſucceed!
Courage and deep contrivance now we need.
Let godlike Zerah lead his native bands;
And Meroë's nobles ſecond his commands;
While I and Lubim our beheſts extend,
In ſecret moving tow'rds the riſing land,
Let Ethiop's armies bear the brunt of fight,
The Shebans weſtward, Lubim on the right:
In yon deep vale my counſel ſpeeds your might.
'Tis our's, conceal'd, to act by force and fraud;
So Afric's king our meaſures muſt applaud.
Attend, great prince! yon hollow ſtreights beware;
To miſs thoſe rocks be Zerah's proper care.

Left, pent in lanes, our troops engage confin'd,
And paſs the day without the fact deſign'd.
But while our monarch all his might employs,
Suſtains the foe, or Judah's hoſt deſtroys,
Myſelf and Lubim march behind the hills,
Climb pendent cliffs, and ford the mountain rills,
To flank the Jews a two-fold ambuſh pours;
A dire diſaſter! which no ſcout explores.
Be this the ſign:—When light divides the ſkies,
And the warm ſun ſhall to the zenith riſe,
We give th' attack; from coverts we deſcend,
And freſh to war oppoſe great Asa's band:
The gods aſſiſting then will raze the town,
And Mareſh' fall, by wrath divine o'erthrown:
All Heav'n combin'd will in the fray engage,
Diſpenſing death and more than human rage.

Here ſtaid the prince; his counſel all applaud;
And Sheba's leader men pronounce a god.
Fierce Zerah claſp'd the hero to his breaſt,
And thus th' impetuous homicide addreſs'd:—
What thanks can I to worth like thine impart?
Whoſe deeds may juſtly claim a warrior's part:
Go take the helm which my great grandſire wore,
And that huge ſpear my godlike father bore.

Now

Now Sheba's prince thoſe ancient arms ſhall grace;
Defence in war, and ornaments in peace.
Go, dread of Hebrews! ſcourge of ev'ry foe!
With martial rage and boundleſs fury glow:
Great in the field, and mighty to adviſe;
Bleſs'd with ſuch peers, I dare to conqueſt riſe.
Such matchleſs prudence, that deliberate mind
Diſdain'd in Afric's realms to dwell confin'd.
With daring thoughts, be thine immortal fame!
Thy glorious deeds our heroes ſhall proclaim.
Great was thy ſire, whoſe valour Sheba tells;
His famous acts the godlike ſon excels.—
Elate with joy, the boaſt of Afric ſpoke,
And ſoon the martial conſultation broke:
Diſſolv'd from counſel all to feaſt repair,
And take refreſhment for the coming war.

Now ſmiling morn roſe from her azure bed;
And o'er the ſkies a red ſuffuſion ſpread;
Bright Phœbus riſing, chas'd the night away,
And all the bluſhing orient flam'd with day;
When from great Asa's eyes ſweet ſlumber flew;
Firſt o'er his limbs a ſlender veſt he drew:
Then his reſplendent mail the hero lac'd,
And threads of gold the plaited cuiſhes grac'd:

His glitt'ring ſandals lighten'd when he trod,
And forth he moves, majeſtic as a god:
His dreadful helmet loads the monarch's head,
And nodding horſe-hair round its cone was ſpread:
The radiant baldric o'er his ſhoulder tied,
Suſtain'd the ſword that ſparkled at his ſide:
His ſpear enormous next the monarch takes,
The lofty jav'lin like an oſier ſhakes:
When his huge orb the dauntleſs hero rais'd,
The field around with Sol's reflection blaz'd:
The chief important, ſeem'd to poize the ſun,
Or balance ſyſtems, as he ſtepp'd along.
Ethereal flames appear'd to flaſh before,
And round the camp a fiery deluge pour.
Thus the ſmooth ſtream reflects Phœbean rays,
And recent ſuns in recent mirrors blaze.
Another world employs the trav'ller's eye,
And in the ſtream he ſees a limpid ſky;
The waves appear intolerably bright,
And paſſing waters dazzle human ſight.
Thus ſhone the boſs; but round the edge were wrought
Figures diverſe, expreſſible of thought.
Here impious Pharoah Abra'm's race purſues,
And ratt'ling cars ſurround the flying Jews.

Great

Great Moſes lifts aloft his potent rod,
The ſeas divide; the mighty work of God!
And o'er the heads of Egypt's legions roll'd;
This the ingenious artiſt form'd in gold.—
The brazen ſerpent in the deſert rais'd,
High on a croſs the wreathing emblem blaz'd:
The ſick around the ſkilful genius wrought,
And prov'd with art th' wond'rous ſuccours ſought.
Reſtor'd we ſee thoſe who the ſnake behold,
And ſeem to ſkip amid the burniſh'd gold.—
Here prieſts, in order, parted Jordan croſs'd;
Behind proceeds the Iſraelitiſh hoſt.—
Next proſtrate on the ground, made ſtrong of old,
Proud Jericho's defeat the buckler told;
With ſounding trumpets Hebrew prieſts went round;
The people ſhout, and caſtles meet the ground.
Pluck'd from their tow'ring height the temples fall,
And univerſal ruin bows the wall.—
There in the midſt of Heav'n the ſun ſtood ſtill,
Nor mov'd the moon acroſs Ajalon's vale.
Good Joſhua fought and ſpread the ſlaughter round,
Mow'd legions down, and ſtain'd with blood the ground.—
Wrought in another part great Barak ſhines,
Dreadful in war againſt proud Jabin's lines:

In his high car juſt vengeance leads him on,
O'er helmed heads he ruſhes through the throng.
Like tim'rous ſheep the bands of Cana'n fly;
The ſtrong purſu'd, (for Iſrael's God was nigh.)
This with ſuperior art the Hebrew forms;
And paints the clouds a magazine of ſtorms.
Asa himſelf with joy the work ſurveys,
And emulates immortal Barak's praiſe.—
In view fair wrought, Herculean Samſon ſtands,
With matchleſs force the gates of Gaza rends,
And heaves the poſts; the ſhield records his might;
Upon his ſhoulders hung th' unwieldy weight.
The double doors, Philiſtia's brittle truſt,
Begat diſmay beyond an armed hoſt.—
Engrav'd in braſs, the artiſt would retain
Great Samſon's ſtrength, ſuperior on the plain:
Without the ſword he kills; a bone deſtroys
Paleſtia's hoſt, and his ſtrong arm ſupplies:
The forceful bow and ſerry'd ſhields were vain,
Their ranks were broken, and their champions ſlain.
Preſumptuous chiefs array'd in plaited mail,
And gaſping giants their hard fate bewail.
The brazen helmet and the quiv'ring ſpear,
The harden'd corſlet but encreaſe their fear:

Thoſe

Thoſe uſeleſs arms in flight they caſt away,
Their former trophies ſoon became his prey.—
Mark there, emboſs'd with art, correctly wrought,
Improv'd by practice, which experience taught,
The ſhrine of Dagon, borne on columns wide,
The idol temple, heathen Gaza's pride.
Behold the floor with lords and nobles fill'd;
Upon the roof th' admiring croud beheld,
While Samſon prov'd his Naz'rite manual ſleight,
His ruling ſtrength, and moſt amazing might.
Bent on their own ſad fall, him they revile;
Manoah's ſon was mock'd in ev'ry toil.
God chang'd the ſcene; the ſtrange event behold
To life pourtray'd, and work'd in poliſh'd gold;
The temple falls, and lords on lords are roll'd.
Groans ſeem to heave, in mix'd confuſion dire;
Paleſtia's rulers die by Samſon's ire:
The fractur'd beams and ſculptur'd arches fall;
One mighty deſolation ruins all.—
Lo! met for fight unequal knights appear;
Goliah's bulk, and Jeſſe's ſon were there.
This on the margin of the ſhield was wrought;
In ſplendid pomp intrepid David fought.
Prone on the ground, ſupine, to birds a prey,
An headleſs trunk, the ſavage giant lay.—

Here

Here crown'd with conqueſt great Abijah ſhone,
His foes were proſtrate as his car roll'd on:
The plains were ſteep'd with Iſraelitiſh gore;
And ſwords and helmets ſpread the valley o'er.
Here arms, there legs, and breathleſs corps were found,
A ſcene of deſolation painted round.

This grac'd his ſhield, when Asa trod the plain;
Supremely dreadful to the muſt'ring train!
His helm conſpicuous glitter'd through the war,
And ſhone terrific, like the Sirian ſtar,
When from the heavens deſcend diſeaſes dire,
And plagues inflict their all-conſuming fire.
The waving horſe-hair dances in the wind,
Or down his back diſhevell'd ſtreams behind.
When fir'd with wrath he nods his plumy creſt,
Deſpair and terrors pain each hoſtile breaſt.
Then thus the king with ardent words begun,
To great Azanel, Tipſah's only ſon:—
Go, herald, go; the brazen trumpet ſound;
Blow from on high, and make the hills reſound.
Wake all my captains; let the legions hear;
Command the chiefs their armour to prepare:
Haſte,

Haſte, call my chariot; brace my royal car;
Put on the wheels, and bear me through the war.
This day, this glorious day, the foes ſhall fall,
And vaunting Zerah die near Mareſh' wall:
With mangled limbs the ſanguine plains be ſtrew'd,
And miles around be drench'd with hoſtile blood.
Thus ſaid the king; the martial trump he blows;
The ſoldiers heard, and diſtant captains roſe.

Now pointed ſpears gleam dreadful in the ſky,
War, horrid war! ſalutes the ranging eye:
Unnumber'd lances beam acroſs the field;
The ſquadrons move, and troops diſdain to yield.
Hoarſe on their ſhields they beat the din of war,
And join the mingling tumult from afar.
Majeſtically tall, great Asa ſhines,
Divides the crowd, and forms his martial lines.
The thronging armies, full, in ranks proceed;
Earth groans beneath them as the thouſands tread.
The ſhadowy legions cover all the fields;
Nought ſtrikes the eye, but helmets, ſpears and ſhields.
Thus when rough Boreas brings the driving ſnow,
A glimmering luſtre clothes the ground below;

His

His face the peaſant turns, but no where ſees
Fine verdant meadows and green folding trees;
Snow ſwells the deep, the flakes unparted lie,
They join, they thicken, as in rifts they fly.
Thus flock the Jews, and their great king ſurround,
Commanding valour from the riſing ground.
Now white with creſted helms the plains appear,
No ſpot is void amidſt the riſing war.
Firm down the hills the legions hold their way,
A deep'ning phalanx, perfect in array.
As o'er the level ſurface of the deep,
When winds tempeſtuous ocean ceaſe to ſweep,
Smooth as a lake appears the placid main,
A calm, tranſparent, navigable plain;
The tide moves gently tow'rds the winding ſhore,
Its ſurges fall, and echo feigns to roar;
Scarce move the waves; the peaceful waters flow
In fair ſucceſſion, ſpherical and ſlow.
With graceful order thus, a gath'ring ſtorm!
The valiant Jews intent their cohorts form.
Thus down the ſteep, or up the mountain's height,
The marching hoſt moves tow'rds the doubtful fight;
Man follows man, the troops in files proceed,
No dire diſorder ſtays their careful ſpeed.

Then

Then ſaid the king to Tipſah's ſacred heir,
Go, herald, go; my royal mandates bear.
Bid ſtern Abinadab protect the town,
His bands reſtrain, and guard the works alone;
Tho' ardent for the fight his troops may glow,
And with impatience wait our common foe,
Your king forbids; let him the walls defend,
And line the tow'rs with an experienc'd band.
Myſelf before Mareſhah's gates will fight,
And Hebrew legions dare fierce Zerah's might.
Tell him, I fear, leſt while we both engage,
Our force combin'd, and with united rage
Spread fell deſtruction thro' the hoſtile throng,
And break their ranks, ſuch meaſures may be wrong.
A part ſelect may wheel towards the town,
Force the defenceleſs gates, and Mareſh' be o'er-
thrown.
With fix'd attention mark the foes deſigns;
Guard ev'ry paſs, and regulate his lines;
Traverſe their ſchemes; all hoſtile might withſtand;
'Tis beſt within to keep his generous band.

Thus Judah's monarch ſpake; the herald flies,
Proceeds with haſte, and every member plies;

Behind

Behind he leaves the hoſt in firm array,
And to the town purſues his well-known way.
The lofty ſpires and palaces of ſtate
The herald paſs'd, and turn'd towards the gate;
Sublime in air the lofty turrets riſe,
The armed fortreſs ſeem'd to reach the ſkies;
Sol's orient beams the tops of houſes gild,
And pleaſing ſhadows move upon the field.
Grand was the proſpect as the chief drew near,
Where ſtood the guards already form'd with care.
Juſt then the bold Abinadab conven'd
The prime of Mareſh' and the ſoldier band;
In conſultation deep the princes ſate,
And divers orders grac'd the full debate.
Admitted near, the herald firſt began;
A ſolemn ſilence huſh'd each warrior's plan:—
Sent by the king, his royal words I bear,
And thou Abinadab thoſe mandates hear.
Thy lord commands thee to protect the town,
Thy bands reſtrain, and guard the works alone;
Tho' ardent for the fight thy troops may glow,
And with impatience wait our common foe,
The king forbids; do you the walls defend,
And line the tow'rs with an experienc'd band;

Before

Before your gates the king himſelf will fight,
And Hebrew legions dare fierce Zerah's might.
He fears, leſt while you both in arms engage,
Your force combin'd, and with united rage
Spread fell deſtruction thro' the hoſtile throng,
And break their ranks, ſuch meaſures may be wrong.
A part ſelect may wheel towards the town,
Force the defenceleſs gates, and Mareſh' be o'er-
thrown.
With fix'd attention mark the foes deſigns,
Guard every paſs, and regulate thy lines;
Traverſe their ſchemes; all hoſtile might withſtand;
'Tis beſt within to keep thy generous band.

The herald thus amidſt th' aſſembly cry'd,
And ſoon the fierce Abinadab reply'd:
The monarch's juſt commands I will obey,
And in the town from diſtant ſlaughter ſtay;
My long-try'd legions ſhall as guards remain;
Arm'd on the walls we will the blacks ſuſtain.
Inur'd to toil, behold them take their poſt,
And dare the rage of vaunting Zerah's hoſt,
Who by this arm in many a rank were gor'd,
When numerous captains fell around their lord.

The

The king himſelf could ſcarce my lance avoid,
Well aim'd it flew; but Zerah leap'd aſide:
In ruſh'd his guards, and ſav'd their king from death,
Or then had fail'd imperious Zerah's breath.
But now, perhaps, I may thy charge delay,
Or thou too long from matchleſs Asa ſtay.
Depart in peace; may God through danger ſave,
And keep from death the ſapient and the brave!—
Conſtrain'd, with haſte return'd his bold compeer,
I could, O friend! with joy thy actions hear:
Among the foremoſt, glory is your aim,
Which gives our conduct to the voice of fame.
Whole days with thee in converſe I could ſpend,
And hope in time when this dark ſtorm ſhall end,
Then to relate what deeds have been atchiev'd
Since Afric's hoſt within our land arriv'd.
With what attention could I hear thee tell
Thy great exploits on fam'd Mareſhah's wall!
I long to hear; but Asa order'd ſpeed;
By his command my feet from hence recede.
Now I conceive the ſhadowy wings draw near,
And Judah's armies round your walls appear.
Farewel, O prince! the monarch I attend,
To bear his orders to each armed band.

Dear

Dear friend adieu; may Heav'n diſpenſe a dread,
Avert our woes, and ſtretch fierce Zerah dead!
With faith unſhaken put thy truſt in God.
I came to cheer thy mind with future good;
But now the time to manly action calls;
War, horrid war! approaches Mareſh' walls.
Thus ſaid the herald; here Azanel ceas'd,
Then left the town, and ſhook his plumy creſt.
Now to the king the legate found his way;
Met Asa's hoſt, and waits the ſanguine fray.

But while the martial bands of Judah join,
And valiant chiefs in arms refulgent ſhine,
With racking envy ſtung, and tort'ring pain,
Indignant Satan ſaw the muſt'ring train.
Four fleet-wing'd cherubs his commiſſion bear,
And ſound alarm through all the ambient air,
Like thunders heard remote; the fiends they call,
From eaſt and weſt, from north and ſouth, from all
Their ſmoking altars on the terrene ball,
The grand beheſt infernal peers attend,
And from the doleful ſhades of death aſcend:
From black Gehenna's lake deep drench'd with blood,
Where impious Moloch's fiery image ſtood;

From Arnon's ſtream, and Sibma clad with vines,
Wild Abarim and Horonaim's ſhrines;
Where Aſcalon and Gaza's bulwarks ſtand,
The fiends ariſe at Lucifer's command.
Eckron and Gath their odious gods reſign,
And proud Damaſcus bids her idols join;
Where fair Sidonian virgins haunt the grove,
And chant Adonis' and Cythereas's love;
Where gorgeous Tyrians in rich purple dreſs'd,
And flowing garments, court the genial feaſt;
From thence the gods of luxury repair,
And quit thoſe manſions for the fields of air.
They whom the bold Aſſyrian pow'rs adore
On the fair confines of Arabia's ſhore,
Through all the wide delightful region fam'd,
With incenſe worſhipp'd, and with honour nam'd.—
Swift from Chaldean Babylon they came,
And left their altars near the ambient ſtream,
Where green Euphrates laves the fruitful ſoil,
And forms the pleaſing Babylonian iſle;
There fields delicious breathe a ſweet perfume,
And ſpicy groves diſpenſe a grateful gloom;
Extenſive proſpects ſtrike the ranging eye,
While laviſh nature waſts her wonders by.

What

What theſe avail? What all the joys of earth?
A land ſpontaneous pouring bleſſings forth.
High walls with brazen gates, and lakes ſerene,
And penſile gardens form'd a matchleſs ſcene.
Here ſtrange magicians did the court controul,
And baniſh virtue from the thoughtful ſoul;
For there, by baleful herbs and mutt'ring charms
The dire ſoothſayer knew the fate of arms;
And fables ſay, they rul'd the lab'ring moon,
Or from her ſphere night's radiant empreſs flung;
Infernal fiends their ſpells prevaling heard,
And when they ſpoke, in human forms appear'd.
Thus by permiſſion ſin could then delude
The abject world, but Heav'n preſerv'd the good.

On Tigris' verdant banks, by Ninus fram'd,
A city roſe, and Nineveh 'twas nam'd;
Plac'd in a fruitful ſoil, and far rever'd,
For arms renown'd, and by the nations fear'd.
To groſs idolatry their minds were prone,
They worſhipp'd dæmons, deities unknown!—
All quit their ſhrines, and leave the ſubject land,
To action call'd by Lucifer's command,

Who choſe at Suſa, worſhipp'd, to abide,
Memnonian Suſa! Perſia's glitt'ring pride!
Waſh'd by meand'ring Eule's rapid tide;
From Median rocks deſcends the rolling ſtream,
Till in the op'ning gulf declines its name:
Thence, and from Media evil angels fly,
With them the Bactrian idols haſte on high.—
They who on Oxus' frozen banks beheld
The martial Sogdians crowd th' embattled field.
From Arian mountains and bright Indus' ſtream,
The dire abandon'd pow'rs of darkneſs came.
They whom the num'rous Indian ſtates adore,
From where the op'ning ſeas of Perſia roar,
To narrow ſtreights on Taprobane's rich ſhore.—
Beyond the Ganges and the Indian bound,
Rivers unnam'd, and ſurging gulphs profound;
Where peaceful Seres in their ſilken looms,
Ambroſial groves, and wide capacious domes,
Far from the din of hoſtile tumult reſt,
With yellow fields, and plenteous harveſts bleſs'd.

Fanatic Egypt from her inmates freed,
Saw brighter ſuns, and happier hours ſucceed.
A laviſh plenty fructifies the ſoil,
As Hell's grim hoſt forſakes the fabling Nile,

Where

Where ſhrewd magicians cull their herbs in vain,
Mix blood with blood, and hail Abaddon's train:
The crocodile, the worſt deſtroyer then
Laid waſte the fields, and ſpoil'd the ſons of men,
Where hollow rocks the daſhing wave retain,
And ſpacious caves confine the bluſt'ring main,
As on the margin of the briny deep
A ceaſeleſs watch the ſteel-clad monſters keep,
And gorg'd with prey, for recent carnage weep.
Beyond the Tropic, where in ſummer days
The ſun on mortals darts direct his rays,
From Libyan ſands and warm Cyrene's plains,
And where fell Ammon o'er the deſert reigns,
Rouz'd at th' amazing call the fiends combine,
Whoſe ſcented altars ſmoke beyond the line,
Beyond the ſource of Nile's prolific ſtream,
From Europe hid, and unexplor'd by fame.

Among the firſt who left their gilded ſhrines,
And crowded temples, fraught with dire deſigns,
The numerous gods of Aſia-Minor came,
Whoſe marble altars raiſe to Heav'n their flame.
The ſpot where Tarſus deck'd the winding coaſt,
And from Pamphylia roſe th' infernal hoſt;

Where ridgy Taurus jarring ſtates divides,
And pours a river from its craggy ſides.

Drawn from the ſedge of Lycaonia's lake
And frontier hills, their courſe th' infernals take;
Where ſmiling Zanthus fructifies the ſhore,
And ſeas compreſs'd, 'twixt Rhodes and Lycia roar;
Where ſlow Meander traverſes the plains,
And in its labyrinth imbibes the rains;
Where Mycalè's recorded mountains ſtand,
And a huge barrier form acroſs the land.

Nor leſs obſequious mount the ghaſtly fiends,
Whoſe odious empire from th' Euxine extends
To where Caicus waſhes Phrygia's ſands;
Worſhipp'd on fam'd Scamander's flow'ry bank,
And by the ſwains who rapid Simois drank.
Beyond the ſnowy top of Ida's height,
Thro' yielding air grim angels ſpeed their flight,
Where bright Æſepus rolls along the plain,
And Practius' river amplifies the main.

They who provoke the ſons of Thrace to arms,
To diſcord prone, and bred amidſt alarms,

Where

Where gelid Hemus its bare mountain roſe,
From whence the blue Œagrian Hebrus flows.
On high beheſts infernal lords forſake
Their haunted groves near cold Aſtrudis' lake.
They who on broad Theſſalia's riſing ſhore,
Heard the renown'd and hoarſe Egean roar;
Where Titareſius from Olympian rocks
Its ſource derives, and waters Tempe's flocks;
Where ſilver Peneus glides along the field,
And neighb'ring meads a rich profuſion yield.

Emathian ſtates and rough Epirus rude
Emit the dark deſigning foes of good.
Some cloud the mind, and various themes ſuggeſt,
Prone to deceive, or fan the wrathful breaſt;
While others rouze the heart-diſtracting ſtorm,
Blaſt ev'ry joy, and anxious ſorrows form.
With groundleſs fears they fright the timid ſoul,
Bid jealous thoughts in human boſoms roll;
Breathe looſe deſires, and wake the mind to ſin,
Promote deſpair, and tempeſt all within.—
On high Parnaſſus ſtood the Delphian ſhrine,
The world around profeſs'd the work divine:
Far in the deep receſs from men conceal'd,
In myſtic verſe, Abaddon's crew reveal'd

Ambiguous truths, or fram'd preſumptive lies,
Kings to delude, and nations to ſurprize.
They who in thoſe myſterious fanes reſide,
And o'er predicting fallacy preſide,
To David's ſeed a rooted hatred bore,
And dreaded moſt Messiah's Heav'nly pow'r;
When he to ranſom ſinful men ſhall riſe,
On earth commune, and bow the bending ſkies;
Then muſt their fraud and baſe deception end:
This to prevent, the ſervile fiends attend,
Leave all their ſhrines, and air's vaſt ſteep aſcend.
O'er land and ſeas the pealing clangor rolls,
And rouz'd th' infernal lords beyond the poles;
The Pandemonian ſummons then they bear
Through ev'ry region of the atmoſphere.—
Thus all the pow'rs of death and darkneſs meet,
The plan of man's ſalvation to defeat.

THE END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

ÆTATIS 17.

THE

FIFTH BOOK

OF

KING ASA.

THE ARGUMENT.

Zerah's army takes the field: Satan beholds their number with joy, and orders his agents to encourage and ſtrengthen the Ethiopians. ASA, *ſeeing his enemies ſo numerous, prays for divine aſſiſtance. The two armies meet. The king of Judah kills many of his enemies. At length,* ASA, *ſurrounded by multitudes of the Ethiopians, is obliged to retire. Benhail takes the command of the army during the king's abſence. Satan ſpreads a gloomy cloud of darkneſs and terror over the valley of Zephatah. The armies engage with various ſucceſs.* ASA *returns. Zerah avoids him. The Lubims and Shebans pour down from the hills, flank the Jews, and involve them in great diſtreſs.*

KING ASA.

BOOK V.

PROUD Zerah's hoſt in conſummate array,
All clad in armour hail the riſing day:
Spread far and wide, the heathen force extends
For many a mile, and trampled o'er the lands.
Rais'd like a god, tranſported Zerah ſhines,
Fir'd with revenge, and fraught with grand deſigns.
Conceal'd by Meroë's troops the Shebans wheel,
In ſecret moving round Zephatah's vale.
Not leſs impatient, Lubims trac'd their plan,
Behind the covert of th' extended van;
Thro' dreary ſhades and winding paths they go,
Mount rugged cliffs, or climb the mountains brow
By tracts obſcure, found to deceive the foe;

Till

Till ſafe arriv'd, the lofty ſummit gain'd,
They wait the ſignal and the king's command.
With latent force an ambuſh they prepare,
And ev'ry honour of the conflict ſhare;
While Zerah's legions fill'd the plains around,
Poſſeſs'd the hills, and trod the level ground.
As when in Egypt vermin plagu'd the land,
Sent from on high at God's ſupreme command,
No leaves nor vegetation then were ſeen,
Spoil'd were the fruits, anotamiz'd the green:
When clouds of locuſts hover'd in the air,
Devour'd the corn, and made the mountains bare.—
This Satan ſaw; in folded clouds involv'd,
The fiend ſuperb the grim conclave diſſolv'd;
With odious pomp the prince of Hell began,
Death to procure, and laſting woe to man:—
Behold, ye gods! eſſential race of heav'n!
And mighty lords! to us the world is giv'n.
Freedom we claim, freedom in juſtice ours;
Whom none can foil; refulgent g'orious pow'rs!
To rule and govern, to our being belongs,
To ſpirits of heav'n, æthereal laſting thrones!
Deſcend to conquer, with reſentment riſe,
O'erwhelm the juſt, the darlings of the ſkies:

Then

Then all our fears depart.—Did I ſay fear?
Gods cannot die, nor mean ſubjection bear.
You ſee how Zerah's legions take the field,
A firm battalion; can ſuch warriors yield?
This day ſhall Asa feel the torturing ſword,
And plagues infernal be o'er Judah pour'd;
Wrapp'd in confuſion, Zion's praiſe ſhall fall,
And daring Ethiops mount her well-built wall.
Thus may we the deſign of Heav'n fruſtrate,
And man's ſalvation in effect defeat.
We ſhall, ye gods! avert the prophecy,
And David's words enraptur'd, falſify.
Fate be for us; with mortal men we ſtrive,
Reptiles of duſt! on earth deſign'd to live.
By various modes condenſe the troubled air,
Or change the regions of the atmoſphere.
By ſecret art crude nature we controul,
Derange the mind, or terrify the ſoul.
Ye gods aſſiſt, when tott'ring Zion bends!
The pride of Salem in one moment ends:
With ſpeed deſcend; direct fierce Zerah's dart,
And deep, deep lodge it in fell Asa's heart.
The dragon ſpake; th' apoſtate lords obey,
And o'er the field of conflict ſtretch'd their ſway.

Swoln

Swoln was each heathen breaſt with raſh diſdain,
When fiends infernal ſcan'd the fighting plain.
With horrid ſhouts, and hoarſe tumultuous cries,
The jarring nations rend the diſtant ſkies;
With wrath impatient, Zerah's van drew near,
Inflam'd with malice, and eſtrang'd from fear:
Preſumptive rage tranſports their daring king,
Elate with pride his harſh reſentments ſpring.
Rais'd on his ſtrong and deep-reſounding car,
The furious monarch thus provok'd the war:—
Princes of Afric! heroes in the field!
To victory born, by heav'nly pow'rs upheld,
Take courage now; the gods from high deſcend,
Breathe recent vigour, and their proweſs lend.
You reign with me; the Jews can never ſtand;
So fate decrees, and conqueſt needs command.
Methinks I feel ſuperior ſtrength divine
To brace my nerves, and make my conduct ſhine;
Methinks ſome wonder ſtrengthens every limb,
And bids my troops to laſting ſplendour climb.
Now let the wings to right and left diſplay,
Unfold the van, and Iſrael's hope betray.
I mean to try what Asa's troops will dare,
The might they boaſt, their rumour'd ſkill in war.—

Thus

Thus Zerah ſtorm'd; the martial peers attend;
Acroſs the ſpacious vale the wings extend.
With human art infernal pow'rs combine;
While bent on death the ſhadowy ſquadrons join.

Unmov'd, great Asa mark'd the riſing war;
Travers'd their ſchemes, and hail'd his friends from far.
"Stern in the flank, or graceful in the van,
"In terrors clad, exults the godlike man."
Each troop exhorts, the diſtant rear ſurveys:
Fires theſe, and thoſe attach'd to royal praiſe.
Now in the right the monarch gives command,
Then forms the left, and bids the legions ſtand.
Around, his eyes the thoughtful champion throws,
Explores the field, and ſees his numerous foes.
Smote with ſuſpenſe the pious hero ſtands,
To Heav'n a ſuppliant, points his folded hands.
Implores that Being who reigns above controul;
The ſelf-exiſting cauſe, and guardian of the whole!
With thee, O Lord! can numbers ought avail?
By grace upheld, though feeble, we aſſail.
With pow'r, Most High, Almighty God, deſcend,
Save thine from harm, and Judah's hoſt defend;
On thee, alone, thy people will depend!

Oh,

Oh, may thy mercy condeſcend to ſpare!
In thy pure name this multitude we dare.
Oh, let not man againſt thee, LORD, prevail!
Thou art our GOD; without thy help we fail.

When ASA pray'd, OMNISCIENCE heard the pray'r,
A peal of thunder ſhook the ambient air;
He felt the ſign; then mounts his brazen car,
And burſts impetuous on the ſcenes of war;
Borne on ſublime, inflam'd with high diſdain,
His ſounding chariot bears him o'er the plain.
Like light'ning, flaſh'd his broad revengeful ſword,
And round the field incumbent ſlaughter pour'd.

Lo! front to front the dreadful armies ſtand,
In fair array moves each experienced band.
Raiſ'd o'er the crowd the tow'ring kings appear,
The boaſt of Afric, and Abijah's heir.
Now ſtorming rage and horrid diſcord roſe,
And barb'rous ſhouts the din of fight diſcloſe;
Deep-ſounding chariots ſhake the trembling ground,
Diſturb repoſe, and roll deſtruction round;
Confuſion, death and horror change the fields,
And brandiſh'd ſwords recoil from adverſe ſhields;
No more the vales or fruitful plains delight,
There's no retreat but one promiſcuous fight.

Dire

Dire grew the tumult; far enforc'd the ſound
Of iron chariots rolling o'er the ground.
Thus when two clouds in Heav'n's unmeaſur'd way
Meet near the Baltic, or the Caſpian ſea,
With rain replete, and awful thunder fraught,
On men beneath untimely night is brought.
A ſolemn gloom! the dark expanſion rends,
While light and ſhade convulſing nature blends,
Curl'd are the waves, turn'd up the whelming deep,
The billows foam, and ſtorms the ocean ſweep;
Confus'd the air: So through Zephatah's vale
Diſtreſſing groans and painful ſhrieks prevail.
Here Zerah raves; there godlike Asa fires,
And all his troops with matchleſs wrath inſpires.
Fierce o'er the ſcene of blood each monarch ſtands,
Begirt with heroes and ſurrounding bands.
With ire tranſported, vengeful Asa glows,
And pours, like lightning, on his numerous foes.
Who firſt, who laſt, deſcriptive muſe declare,
A victim fell to thund'ring Asa's ſpear.
What mighty men, the dupes of raſh diſdain,
Could dare abide that terror of the plain?

Firſt dauntleſs Cerox, then Tathbujah died;
The Hebrew jav'lin foil'd each captain's pride;

Cerox the great, for wiſdom far renown'd;
And ſtern Tathbujah with green laurels crown'd.
Three times ten thouſand did thoſe chiefs command,
To form the van, and make a deſp'rate ſtand:
No more they live; reclin'd in crimſon gore,
A prey to death, the heroes breathe no more.—
Then on Madai the conqu'ring Hebrew fled,
And ſtruck the boaſting Hypagenon dead.—
Low in the duſt the bold Creombros lies,
Transfix'd he fell, and darkneſs clos'd his eyes,
Conſpicuous once the valiant champion ſhone,
And dar'd in arms Abijah's warlike ſon.—
Swift at his foe the king diſcharg'd his ſpear,
And ſmote the ſtern Leocridon with fear;
Back he recoil'd; the jav'lin held its way,
And the tall chief depriv'd of chearful day.
He, vers'd in pomp, at Zerah's table fed
On royal dainties, and refective bread;
Reſerv'd to grace the courtly feaſt no more,
The mighty champion rolls in duſt and gore.—
Reſolv'd as fate, impetuous Asa turns,
His heaving breaſt with wrath indignant burns,
The ranks laid bare, he broke the front array,
And through the vanguard cut his fatal way.

With

With firm deſigns, inſatiate, forc'd on blood,
The plains with men the dreadful monarch ſtrew'd:
So, midſt the flock, the lion uncontroul'd,
Spreads wide deſtruction through the fenceleſs fold.
Diſmay'd, confus'd, the ſheep and ſhepherds fly,
Fall unreveng'd, and unavailing die.
A ſanguine torrent foams along the rills,
And blood and ſlaughter ev'ry corner fills.
Thus, devaſtation Asa pours around;
His ſpear enormous gluts the thirſty ground.
Beneath his ſword the flow'r of Afric die;
A pile of death obſtructs the monarch's eye.—
Fir'd with revenge Tontiffridas drew near,
And at the king diſcharg'd his maſſy ſpear;
Harmleſs and vague the pond'rous weapon flew,
The Hebrew orb ſuſtain'd the hoſtile blow.
Blunt from the boſs the jav'lin did rebound,
Its point revers'd, and tore the ſanguine ground;
Then favour'd Asa's well-aim'd vengeance fled,
And through the Ethiopian's buckler ſped;
Nor plates nor folds its rapid courſe could ſtay,
The ſteel reſiſtleſs held its deſtin'd way;
The deep-ſtruck dart the heathen's midrif tore,
His ribs transpierc'd, and drank the vital gore:

With ſecret anguiſh Ethiop's lords beheld
Their gloomy champion breathleſs on the field.

Proud Satan mark'd where bath'd and ſtain'd with blood
Imperial Asa ſheath'd in armour ſtood.
Malignant then, the furious dæmon flew,
Where raging Zerah Iſrael's captains ſlew.
In Miſraim's ſhape the fiend the king addreſs'd,
And breath'd freſh ardour in his dauntleſs breaſt:—
What profits here thy wide-deſtroying ſword?
While there by foes thy frontier ranks are gor'd:
Lo! like a torrent, Asa drives along,
Fear bows the weak, and terror ſhrouds the ſtrong.
Haſte, fire thy troops, renown'd Tathbujah dies;
Involv'd in duſt the ſtern Creombros lies.
See where Leocridon and Cerox fell;
Wide burſting rage and horror thought repel.
Riſe then, O Zerah! in thy perſon fight;
Be ſure the gods will vindicate their right.
Thy laſting glory claims my conſtant care;
Lo! Asa vaunts, no friendly Hebrew near.
Torn from his guards amidſt an hoſtile throng,
Falls by thine arm Abijah's hateful ſon.

Haſte

Haſte, meet thy foe, e're ſome bold chief advance,
And ſnatch that honour from thy fated lance.—
Thus Satan ſpoke in Miſraim's form and voice,
And rous'd revenge, which Zerah courts by choice.
Chariots and charioteers await their lord,
And legions move at his deſpotic word.
Thouſands of heroes throng around their king,
Fierce to his aid a train of warriors ſpring:
This pleas'd the prince, when thus inflam'd with pride,
With joy tranſported, Afric's monarch cried:—
Your utmoſt force undaunted chiefs I claim,
At once to blaſt and end the Hebrew name.
Sent by the gods, Miſraim now began,
Inform'd my ſoul, and dignify'd my plan.
Heaven bade me riſe, and Asa rout of courſe,
And ſave our bands, o'erwhelm'd by Hebrew force.
There—there he raves: environ'd by his foes,
The daring prince with boundleſs fury glows.
Fate breathes ſucceſs, and bids your king not fear,
For gods propitious will direct my ſpear.
I long to ſtrike the king of Judah dead,
And free the world from that o'erwhelming dread.

'Tis Heaven commands,—my mind ſome god inſpires,
And all this hoſt the promis'd boon requires.
Come on ye chiefs, for Judah ſeems our own,
And we ourſelf aſcend the Hebrew throne;
This day we conquer; this ſhall be the laſt;
We now determine; all retreat is paſt.
The gods vouchſafe to grant but this day o'er,
And we ſhall rule the land from ſhore to ſhore.—
Th' impatient king his ſwarming bands addreſs'd,
And rais'd freſh hope in every warlike breaſt.
The monarch bids; his ſounding chariot flies
Where ſlaughter'd heaps around great Asa riſe:
From far the Hebrew marks the gathering ſtorm,
His diſtant foes a convocation form;
At bay, Judea's righteous Monarch ſtands,
By hoſts environ'd, and by hoſtile bands;
Confiding moſt in Heaven's eternal ſire,
The pious champion braves infernal ire;
With holy faith the king ſurveys the ſkies,
And, in the pure receſs of his own heart, he cries;
Almighty God! thou guardian of the juſt,
In thee alone do I repoſe my truſt;
Effulgence bright! eſſential God of pow'r!
Preſerve thy people in this needful hour.

'Twas

'Twas thou, O Lord! ſupported Jeſſe's ſon;
Thro' perils ſav'd, and gave him Iſrael's throne;
Let not I pray, th' uncircumcis'd prevail,
By wond'rous deeds thy ſacred name reveal.

A gloomy train! the banded foes advance,
And ſtern in front, fierce Zerah ſhook his lance.
Meantime proud Satan propagates deſpair,
And prov'd the righteous with diſtreſſing fear.
Perplexing thoughts the crafty dæmon choſe;
By every means he magnified their woes;
Inwardly preſs'd by dark ſatanic wiles,
Temptations ſtrange, and unremitted toils,
In various conflict now the king contends,
With Satan here, and there with adverſe bands.
In vain with art their pond'rous jav'lins fly,
And barbed arrows cloud the azure ſky;
The gleaming ſteel the Hebrew orb ſuſtains,
Or ſhot beſide, falls uſeleſs on the plains:
In vain they combat, crouding champions burn,
Great Asa's proweſs raſhly to o'erturn.
In one grand line, the heroes join from far,
While Judah's monarch boldly braves the war;
Long time the king maintain'd his dang'rous poſt,
Wounds Ethiop's peers, and foils a mailed hoſt;

At length fatigu'd, engag'd with recent foes,
His ſhield deep bor'd, his armour try'd with blows;
The prince with ſcorn indignant, ſlow retires
To give command, as Heaven his ſoul inſpires;
Ev'n in retreat he dignify'd the deed,
And ſlew his foes with caution and with ſpeed.
Thus on the margin of the Belgian Rhine,
When men and dogs purſue the brawny ſwine,
Oft his rough temper ſpurns continued flight,
And boils with rage to dare th' unequal fight:
If chance ſome hound more hardy than the reſt,
A yelping cur, aſſault the rampant beaſt,
With fatal wrath back turns the griſly boar,
And his huge tuſks the bold adventurer gore:
So thund'ring Asa meaſures back the land,
From fight recedes, and joins his native band;
Perplex'd with toil and preſs'd with brazen arms,
The King awhile forſakes the dire alarms;
Sav'd by his guards, and welcom'd by his friends,
From off the files of war the hero ſtands.---
Meanwhile proud Satan with malicious ire
Fills Zerah's breaſt with every harſh deſire,
Vents all his ſpite on Judah's trembling hoſt,
And fires his vaſſals like himſelf to boaſt.

The

The Ethiopian king attention here demands;
His peers around, he wrings his reeking hands;
Infernal influence bade him hail the crowd,
And on the minds of Hebrews brought a cloud;
Obedient ran the blacks, an hideous throng!
Condens'd in form, to laſting malice prone,
Fierce on the Jews the grim battalions pour,
And Judah's tribe ſuſtains th' invading pow'r:
Juſt ſo the waves, when bluſt'ring Auſter roars,
In ſurging columns waſh Trinacrian ſhores;
Waves above waves in wat'ry mountains riſe,
And foaming billows laſh the clouded ſkies;
The wind impels; the deeps confus'd obey;
Loud from the beach rebounds the boiſt'rous ſea.
The ſhores ſuperior, each attack ſuſtain,
And the fix'd iſland breaks the roaring main.
Stern Ethiops ſhout, impetuous Zerah ſtorms,
Proud Satan fires, and Hell deſtruction forms.—
Prince of the Hebrew van, great Benhail blaz'd,
Vicegerent captain, o'er the legions rais'd.
Guide of the cohorts, which the weſt ſupply'd;
On his ſuperior ſkill the Jews rely'd;
Arch'd o'er his brows reſplendent glories riſe,
And glowing greatneſs ſparkled in his eyes.

Dreadful

Dreadful in arms, conſpicuous on his car,
The matchleſs prince explor'd the deeds of war.
The foremoſt line imperious Zerah dares,
Urg'd on his guards, and fought among his peers;
A furious paſs the Gentile hero made,
Leap'd from his ſeat, and brandiſh'd his wide blade;
In Mamluch's breaſt his murd'ring faulchion thruſt,
And laid the Hebrew captain in the duſt.
Two thouſand men from towns remote he led,
His band diſpers'd and wander'd round the mead.
In ruſh'd the blacks; they fill'd the vacant ſpace,
Maintain'd the breach, and taunt the Jews diſgrace.
Then to their aid reſiſtleſs Benhail fled,
Supreme in arms, and Meroe's worthies bled.
The fight extends; both armies glow with rage;
In doubtful conflict various corps engage.
From adverſe ranks projected lances ſped,
Each arrow wing'd increas'd the num'rous dead.
Triumphant prince, vindictive Benhail roſe,
With might endu'd, the heathens to oppoſe,
Far beaming light his brazen buckler ſhone,
And ſolemn terrors crown'd his tott'ring cone:
In arduous toil engag'd, diſpenſing fear,
The dreadful champion rais'd his fatal ſpear;

Clad

Clad in refulgent arms the warrior ſtood,
The breach reſtor'd, and ſhed a tide of blood.
He mark'd where huge Calmunnah rul'd the war,
And o'er the plains impell'd his rapid car;
Deſtructive, fierce, his lance diſtain'd with gore,
With hoſtile might confounds the Hebrew pow'r.
A giant vaſt! with matchleſs bulk endow'd;
O'er recent carnage proud Calmunnah rode.
Him from afar, undaunted Benhail ſaw,
Mark'd where he rag'd, terrific, without law;
None but himſelf his pond'rous lance could wield,
And bear aloft his deep ſix-folded ſhield.
Not Zerah's might this rampant lord could throw,
Uſe his broad ſword, and bend his tough yew bow.
Such was Calmunnah, ſuch his boundleſs ire;
Himſelf could make full fifty men retire.

With indignation fir'd, great Benhail came,
By glorious deeds to gain immortal fame;
Exclaiming loud, his genuine worth appears,
Demands reſpect, and rallies Judah's peers:—
Oh, laſting ſhame! ſay, ſoldiers in diſgrace,
Shall God's elect fear Ethiop's vaunting race?
Be ſtrong, ye chiefs! be bold.—The hero ſaid,
And Judah's legions from diſperſing ſtaid.

Calmunnah

Calmunnah heard, and, fill'd with high diſdain,
Leap'd from his car, and ſhook the yielding plain;
Swoll'n with ambition, danger was his pride,
While ſtorms of anger raiſe their partial tide.---
Whoe'er thou art, by whom commiſſion'd here;
Know Zerah rules, and Iſrael's leaders fear;
Before my lance have hoſtile captains fell,
And kings and heroes crowd the ſhades of Hell.
Be prince or chief, the ground ſhall drink thy gore,
And birds diſperſe thy bones about the ſhore.

Calmunnah thus: the ſtern Benhail replies,
Exert thy beſt; let all thy fury riſe.
Go, ſon of arms, fright thoſe whom giants ſcare,
Thee will I mark, and hang thy trophies there;
By Heaven upheld, I ſcorn thy hapleſs might,
And while we parle, addreſs myſelf to fight.
Great kings may boaſt, and thou may'ſt hope our fall;
But thus ſubdu'd, we will not yield to thrall.---
He ſpoke no more: the giant, fill'd with rage,
Frown'd with contempt, and haſten'd to engage.
They both advance, conſtrain'd by recent ire:
Bent on revenge, impelled by fierce deſire,

Benhail

Benhail alights, and gives his ſquire the reins,
Rings his try'd arms, and ſhook the neighb'ring plains.
Troops fled amaz'd; the ſhiv'ring blacks retreat,
And think thoſe bleſs'd, who ſhun th' impending fate.
Wedg'd up in front, reſolv'd, Calmunnah ſtood,
Diſtain'd with gore, like garments dipp'd in blood;
Scorn ſtrains his voice, and anger goads his mind,
While his fell ſoul the doom of realms deſign'd.
Hither the eyes of diſtant worthies turn,
The tow'ring chiefs with ruthleſs fury burn.
Firſt, huge Calmunnah's thund'ring jav'lin fled,
Benhail reclin'd, it miſs'd the warrior's head;
Impetuous, fleet, the weapon held its way,
And ſnatch'd the bold Meremoth's ſoul from day.
Prone ſunk the ſquire, and dropp'd the Hebrew reins,
Preſs'd native earth, and dy'd the crimſon plains.
Fix'd in his breaſt remain'd the quiv'ring ſpear,
And ſmote the Hieroſolym chiefs with fear.
With vengeful eyes the ſubject prince beheld
His charioteer, now breathleſs on the field;
Rage, with full ſwing, his fatal jav'lin threw,
The dart whizz'd on, and o'er Calmunnah flew,

Great

Great Benhail's jav'lin roſe ſublime in air,
At length on Zamblah lights th' impetuous ſpear.
Swift on his head the Hebrew preſent fell,
And ſplit in twain the Ethiopian's ſkull.
Long dwelt this prince in Meroe's regal town,
Belov'd at court, and for his valour known:
To him the king, when all the legions join'd,
The charge of ſixty thouſand men conſign'd.
With ſtreaming eyes his friends beheld him dead,
And on the ground diſpers'd his ſhatter'd head.
Then great Benhail his ſhining faulchion drew,
And all collected on Calmunnah flew;
That prince enrag'd, before him held his ſhield,
While his broad ſword ſpread terror round the field.
Well form'd by uſe, he meditates a blow,
And hopes the conqueſt of his Hebrew foe;
In cruel fight the panting heroes ſtrive,
Their ſwords rebound, the combatants ſurvive.
Thus when two bulls, fir'd with deſpotic rage,
In earneſt fight, with doubtful ſtrength engage;
They drive, they ſweat, they tear the verdant ground,
Force head to head, and aim one fatal wound;
A while on each propitious fortune ſmiles,
And the bulls roar with unremitted toils.

This

This aims a blow, obſervant that defends,
Their horns confin'd, the dire concuſſion ends.
The gazing herd await the rueful ſight;
And long ſuſpends the ſcale of undetermin'd might,
So great Benhail, and Afric's daring peer,
In arms contend, and prove their ſkill in war;
As conqueſt varies, each their death preſage;
An equal match, they glow with equal rage.
The coat of mail ſuperb Calmunnah wore,
Securely cloth'd his reſtiff body o'er;
Up-born ſublime, his buckler flam'd before.
The folds to pierce, in vain great Benhail tries;
At length a gap the ſkilful chief deſcries.
Between the wreaths, where his ſtrong armour join'd,
His neck ſecured, or bound the plates behind,
There aim'd the Jew; his might impell'd the blade,
Eſcap'd the ſhield, and a wide paſſage made
Betwixt the braſs: the gather'd folds gave way;
Great Benhail ſtrives, and clos'd the deſp'rate fray.
Deep in Calmunnah's throat he plung'd his ſword,
And one vaſt entrance thro' his wind-pipe bor'd.
Prone falls the chief; the groves return the ſound,
As his huge carcaſe preſs'd the ſanguine ground;

The

The ſoil beneath confeſs'd th' incumbent weight,
And hills and vales his painful throes repeat.
Stupenduous! thus inclines the mountain oak,
Its ſolid texture rends, and groans at every ſtroke;
O'erwhelmed ſinks the tough unſhrowded tree,
And low on earth reſigns its dignity.
With ſecret joy men contemplate its ſize,
And few preſume to ſcan the weighty prize;
With ſuch amaze the Hebrew bands beheld
The reſtiff Ethiopian load the field;
Sad horror ſeiz'd on every warlike mind,
When huge Calmunnah's breath diſſolv'd in wind;
Inanimate, the boaſted champion lies,
And ſleep eternal clos'd the monſter's eyes.
Swift on his breaſt victorious Benhail leaps,
And of his arms the Gentile hero ſtrips;
Claim'd his broad ſhield, and roll'd his pond'rous ſpear,
The head he ſever'd, and ſuſpends in air,
His brazen car and fire-producing ſteeds,
The ſpoils remain of Benhail's matchleſs deeds.
Hoſts dread the glance of that tremenduous eye,
And heaps on heaps in dire confuſion fly;
O'er troops half dead the Hebrew chariot rolls,
And rampant courſers daſh out heroes' ſouls.

But

But now ſatanic pow'rs their force impart,
To daunt the mind and torpify the heart;
Infernal influence Afric's hoſt upheld,
And ſpread a diſmal gloom around the field;
Elſe Benhail's might had made the ſtrong to fall,
And ſlain the bold before Mareſhah's wall.—
When great Messiah opes the gates of Heav'n,
Headlong, rebuk'd, proud Satan ſhall be driv'n;
Hell then muſt fear, and all its pride ſhall bow,
What God will reign the ſubject world ſhall know.
Beelzebub, and every fiend, muſt fall,
And evil angels quit the terrene ball;
Preſerv'd from rage, and all malignant ire,
The righteous ſoul to goodneſs ſhall retire.
Tho' for a time the Hebrew king denies
His will to ſway, till Heav'n ſhall bid him riſe,
When ſent of God, that inſtant Zerah dies.—
And now Benhail a ſolemn pauſe receives,
As lour the clouds, his prudent ſpirit grieves.
Oh! what is man? the martial champion cries,
A child of duſt! behold what ſcenes ariſe!
Bright for a while our fading glories ſhine,
And men confeſs the hand of God divine.
Stay, ſays his word; the dreadful fight forego,
And but endeavour to repel the foe.

'Tis when the Almighty wills, his ſervants riſe,
Then ſanguine heaps ſalute the warrior's eyes;
Alone as man, juſt vengeance I defer,
For human prudence may extremes prefer.
I am content a while from rage to ſtay,
God rules the world with unremitted ſway.
King, ſage, or prieſt, true wiſdom is the rule,
Superior greatneſs ſoars above controul;
Beyond us mortals, Heav'n ordains the way,
And, call'd of God, his people muſt obey.—
Thus, 'midſt his wrath, conſiderate Benhail ſaw
A time for worſhip, and a mean for law.
Not Satan's ſchemes can make the prince deſpair;
His faith ſupports above the gulph of fear;
Prudence and valour ſhine in him confeſs'd,
And thoughts intrepid warm his grateful breaſt:
No ſcenes of blood, nor ſable ſhades of night,
Could change his ſoul from due regard to right;
'Tis only Heav'n can make his hand decline;
What form'd his practice, men admit divine.
At length reſolv'd, rais'd by celeſtial light,
He led the van, and kenn'd th' impending fight!
Firm in his place, with fortitude of ſoul,
A central peer, his mind reſents controul.

No

Nor ghaſtly ſhapes, nor forms gigantic ſcare
That prince of arms, eſtranged to every fear.—
Like a pent torrent Ethiop's legions throng
In columns deep, and man drove man along.
There, chiefly there, where conquering Benhail rag'd,
And Afric's bands with human ſtrength engag'd,
Foul dæmons rav'd; the Lubims move in light,
And in broad day ſome part of Judah fight;
Check'd by the ſhade, th' intrepid chief no more
Could waſte their ranks, and on the Meroans pour.
This Zerah ſaw, and plac'd his bowmen there,
And brought his archers from the diſtant rear.
Stretch'd out in length, all orders form'd the line,
And troops on troops beyond the tempeſt join.—
In deep'ning ſquares, and made by God more ſtrong,
The martial Jews abide the barb'rous throng;
With ſpears protended, and with ſerry'd ſhields,
The weſtern legions tread thoſe dang'rous fields.
Now the firſt rank of Judah's daring foes
Their ſinews ſtrain, and bend their tough yew bows.
Seven thouſand darts at once obſcur'd the ſky,
Which, ſtopp'd by Hebrews, full twelve hundred die.

This Benhail ſaw, and calling aid from far,
The ſlain replac'd, he rectify'd the war.
Scarce fill'd the breach; when the next tire began,
Sprung from behind, and blaz'd amid the van;
Then roſe in air a myriad arrows more,
And dy'd the ſand upon that plaintive ſhore.
Now dropp'd the ſhield, their bucklers beam'd in vain,
Or uſeleſs roll'd, diſfigur'd o'er the plain.
Then great Benhail ſix bands of archers choſe
To ſtem the torrent of invading foes,
And heal the breach that Ethiop's ſkill imparts;
Drawn to the barb, he bids diſmiſs their darts.
The prince commands; his ardent troops obey,
To ſave the baffled line, explore the way;
Amidſt the gloom their ſharpen'd arrows fled,
And ſtretch'd the foremoſt Ethiopians dead:
Diſmay'd and maim'd, the ranks behind retire;
For Afric's legions felt reſiſtleſs ire.
When flew their death, the heathens ſcarce beheld,
Till whole arrangements load the ſanguine field.
Diſgrace remov'd, the Jews no longer fear,
They range in form, and face the diſmal war;
Like Heav'n's Aurora in the northern ſkies,
Offenſive meteors jarring hoſts ſurpriſe.

But

But righteous ſouls amaz'd, depend on God,
Still own him ſov'reign, and his grace applaud;
Good Benhail's faith prefigur'd what ſhould come;
He knew the Lord above th' impervious gloom:
Yet Ethiops fought beyond the gath'ring ſtorm,
And in a wedge with martial ardour form.
The ſcene increas'd, impending horrors riſe,
And wrath infernal ſeem'd to rend the ſkies.
Deep-folded clouds eclips'd the ſolar ray,
And round the zenith glades ſulphureous play;
A torpid languor bound the ſtagnate air,
And tranſient gleams divide the hemiſphere.
Some Jews retire, o'erpower'd by numerous foes,
And ſtrange diſmay in certain ſquadrons roſe.
Intrepid Benhail, ſingly bleſs'd with hope,
On all occaſions animates his troop;
By dæmons ſkreen'd, his daring courage vain,
The furious blacks on every ſide ſuſtain.
Incumbent ſhade obſcur'd the hero's way,
When thus the chief laments the waning day:—
O Lord, ſhall death and pow'rs demoniac reign?
Shall heathen kings their odious cauſe maintain?
I crave thine aid; or if thy word ordains
The Jews to fall, and dye their native plains,

Yet hear, oh hear, thou moſt tremenduous
God!
Who in the Heavens haſt fix'd thy bleſs'd abode;
If nor our pray'rs nor ſupplications move
Thy permanence divine, eternal God of love!
Yet give, oh give the bleſs'd return of light,
Nor ſink our hope in this unuſual night;
If death demands, and thou ſuch toils decree,
Let our afflictions bear the face of day;
We aſk no more.---The faithful champion cried,
Heav'n cheer'd his mind, and thunder'd on his
ſide.
Th' eternal ſign his ſtedfaſt ſoul receiv'd,
Confeſs'd the pow'r, nor more in private griev'd.
Reſolv'd as free, intrepid Benhail ſtands,
'Mid hideous foes and fierce barbarian bands;
Each deſp'rate ſtorm the Hebrew captain dares,
And the dark ſhout of Afric's legions hears;
At him their darts and feather'd weapons fly,
While evil agents all their malice ply.
But fix'd, ſedate, unterrify'd with fear,
Religious Benhail roſe above deſpair.
The blacks advance; their preſſing cohorts throng,
Exact in files, and made by numbers ſtrong.

Where

Where Benhail fights, a mortal conflict grows,
Spears claſh on ſpears, and bows incline to bows;
Thick flew their jav'lins round the warrior's head,
While fleet-wing'd darts o'ercaſt th' enſanguin'd mead.
In vain they fly; the pious hero ſtands,
And breaks th' aſſault, or ſhields his native bands.
Thus in the deep, ſome huge unſhaken rock
Repels the wind, and ocean's whelming ſhock;
Sublime the waves and ſurging billows riſe,
And ſtorms deſcend, collected from the ſkies.
Not all the ſea when bluſt'ring Auſter roars,
And opes a recent magazine of ſtores,
Can move the cliff; the forceful tide is broke,
The water foams, the mountain bears the ſtroke.
So godlike Benhail ſtands the brunt of all;
Beneath his feet the darts innoxious fall.---
Nor could the Jews the furious blacks ſuſtain,
Where tow'ring Zerah ſcours the ſanguine plain,
In terrors cloth'd, and fraught with fell deſigns,
The king of Afric burſt the Hebrew lines,
Alarm'd the rear, and laid their legions low,
Drove thro' their ranks, and ſeem'd the prince of woe.

Some by the ſlinger's art impreſs the ſand,
Or die unaided in their native land;
Part by the ſpear, or brandiſh'd faulchion fall,
And one vaſt tide of ruin threatens all;
Confuſion reigns, diſorder ſtrews the fields,
Here ſwords are left, and there forſaken ſhields,
Where once confeſs'd the martial art was found,
And ranks of ardent ſoldiers trod the ground,
In perfect order moving, form'd entire,
With courage ſtedfaſt, and undaunted fire,
Extreme diſmay and ſtrange diſtraction reigns,
A ghaſtly ſcene inveſts the reeking plains;
As when impatient ſwains reſume their toil,
And claim ſome ancient wood, reward, or ſpoil,
With ſpeed they lay the ample foreſt low,
And lofty tops of tow'ring cedars bow.
Where pleaſure once and rural beauties ſhone,
Delightful ſhades! a green receſs at noon!
The axe deſtroys, deform'd the trees appear,
And ſongs of birds no more enchant the ear,
Laborious peaſants laſting work ſuſtain,
Cleave ſtubborn oaks, and make the woods a plain.
So fiery Zerah led deſtruction on,
Here ſwept the bold, there proſtrate laid the ſtrong;

The

The cries of wounded men aſcend in air,
And ſcenes of horror maſk the face of war.
The Jews diſtreſs'd, their broken cohorts fly
The various forms of deſolation nigh,
Remorſeleſs hate and dark infernal ire
String Zerah's nerves, and make his heart aſpire.
Swoll'n with diſdain, he holds his deſtin'd courſe,
And dire revengeful malice guides his force.
In pomp ſublime, his brazen chariot bears
The furious chief o'er helms and glitt'ring ſpears.
Clouds, diſmal clouds, each Hebrew mind obſcure,
Their ſenſes wander, faith gives place to fear,
And many a warrior's breaſt imbibes deſpair.
Imperious Zerah pours the ſlaughter round,
And loads with mangled corps th' enſanguin'd ground,
With pow'r reſiſtleſs, as when whirlwinds blow
From ſome ſteep rock, or craggy mountain's brow,
In wanton ſport, and circling eddies toſt,
Inferior themes in riſing winds are loſt.

While thus tranſported Zerah proves his might,
Gloomy as death, and black as devious night,
The herald's heart addreſs'd Abijah's ſon,
With anxious thoughts Azanel thus begun:—

Why

Why, monarch, here doth Iſrael's glory ſtay,
To glean the ſpoils of unreſiſted ſway?
Since fate forbids, what conqueſt can we gain?
Can Judah's princes force this endleſs train?
This mighty taſk to wonders muſt belong;
For know we combat with the brave and ſtrong.
Roll round thine eyes, ſurvey th' embattled plains,
What univerſal dread! what horror reigns!
See where, oppreſs'd, yon trembling Hebrews die,
There, unreſiſted, Zerah's guards deſtroy.---
Great is their boaſt, their furious monarch taunts,
Blaſphemes the Lord, and utters painful vaunts.
If God be with thee, riſe without delay,
But ſpeak the word, thy ardent troops obey,
Where Zerah raves confin'd, we block his way.
Scarce thro' the dark, diſtracted, duſky air,
I ken the rage of this terrific war.
Behold our bands, behold their adverſe flight,
To death compell'd, no more they view the light,
Their faith deſcends to one eternal night.
What ſhall I ſay? what will my prince adviſe?
The Lord alone can ſilence my ſurpriſe.---
Azanel paus'd; the righteous king return'd,
While all his ſoul to mix in combat burn'd:---

With

With ſecret joy I fan each warm deſire,
Thy glorious deeds my preſent wants require.
Suſpend thoſe fears; in me there's no delay;
I claim the fight, and long to force my way
Thro' yon grim ſquadrons, wedg'd in firm array.
Towards Benhail direct my rampant ſteeds,
I feel the war, and danger proves our deeds.
'Tis not in words or ſpeeches we contend,
But arms and God muſt ſave this ſuff'ring land.
Be ſtrong; ye peers, unterrify'd behold,
Impending woe commands us to be bold.---
What means yon gloom? Why ſpreads yon duſky ſhade?
Have death and night their horrid ſkreen diſplay'd?
Is Hell broke looſe? hath Satan torn the ſky?
God is our refuge, and his pow'r is nigh.
If Satan rage, if Beelzebub defies,
The Lord Most High can ſave me from ſurprize.
To prove our faith, Jehovah gives them pow'r;
By his permiſſion threat'ning tempeſts lour.
Lean on his word; can ſacred virtue fail?
By him ſuſtain'd, my feebler troops prevail.
In mercy, God this darkneſs may diſpel,
And air's black tyrant be reduc'd to Hell.

My

My faith is ſtrong, my judgment ſcorns to fear,
But ceaſe, the glorious conflict is my care.

The king no more; his rattling chariot flies,
Each generous ſteed with winged ſwiftneſs vies;
Behind proceeds a long refulgent train,
In armour bright, the mirror of the plain.
Their poliſhed ſteel thro' all the valley ſhone,
And tribes of heroes guard Abijah's ſon:
So when black clouds and night obſcure the day,
Till winds ariſe, and chaſe the clouds away,
Light ſeems abſorb'd; then Cynthia's glories riſe,
And ſtars unnumber'd grace the azure ſkies.
What ſcene ſo brilliant! beauty cheers the ſight,
Where Luna ſhines conſpicuous thro' the night:
Fair in her train refulgent planets roll,
And dart their radiant luſtre round the pole.
The various moons of Jove attend his orb,
And in his ſervice a pure light afford,
While ſome ſpectator thro' his tube ſurveys
The riſing greatneſs of their argent rays
With ſecret pleaſure and profound amaze.
So ſhone from far the grand tranſcendent train,
And arms and chariots brighten'd all the plain;

Thus

Thus fill'd with joy the yeilding Jews beheld
Their glittering jav'lins gleam acroſs the field;
No more they fly, their ardent ſpirits dare,
The various ſufferings and diſtreſs of war;
Each ſoldier graſps his ſpear, or lifts the ſhield,
Reſolv'd to conquer; no mans wills to yeild;
Imperial Asa claims a warrior's place,
In terrors clad and formidable grace;
Superior glory crown'd his regal head,
And ſteadfaſt courage all his conduct ſway'd;
With inſtant help he vindicates his bands,
Abuſe reforms, and iſſues wiſe commands.---
Then, ſeen at diſtance, thro' the duſky air
He Zerah kens, diſpenſing abject fear;
Thither with ſpeed the Hebrew monarch tends,
O'er growing heaps his dreadful car aſcends;
From far incens'd, and fill'd with high diſdain,
He ſaw his bands in flight, unable to ſuſtain
A multitude of foes; the king exclaim'd,
While all his ſoul with in-born ardour flam'd,
Where will ye fly? Is Judah's glory loſt?
Your ſtrength too weak to ſave your native coaſt;
No more doth honour claim the doubtful fight,
Retrieve diſgrace, and turn your feet from flight...

Return,

Return, I ſay; ſucceſs attends the brave;
From cruel death your wives and children ſave.
If nor your prince nor kindred this obtains,
But ſtill unmov'd your diſregard remains,
Die unreveng'd—unpity'd be your fall,
In foreign bonds for ever mourn your thrall. --
Thus loud and ſtern, the god-like hero cried,
Rous'd by his voice, whole legions crowd his ſide.
This troubled Zerah; rack'd with ſpite he ſtands,
Demanding aid from all his num'rous bands.
Th' obedient peers increaſe his golden train,
While troops on troops impair the duſty plain.
With mutual rage the rival kings contend,
Nor this can gain, nor that can long defend.
Now horſe to horſe and man to man they fight,
And thouſands bleed, a ſad heart-rending ſight!
Shields clung to ſhields, with helmet helmet clos'd,
Darts meet on darts, and lance to lance oppos'd.
Dire was the conflict; for on either ſide
The valiant fell, and many an hero died.
As o'er their prey rapacious wolves engage,
Man murders man, and wounds and ſlaughter rage.
Diſtreſs'd with ſhadows, Asa roll'd his eyes,
Not far remote, the Gentile king he ſpies;

His

His bulk ſurvey'd, contemn'd his martial ire,
And ſaw incens'd his Hebrew bands retire.
Before th' advancing line the monarch came
With ample ſtrides, his viſage all on flame.
His lance in haſte impetuous Asa threw,
The lance awry with erring fury flew.
A ſtrong illuſion held the warrior's mind,
An unſubſtantial form, and fleet as wind.
That inſtant Zerah mounted his high car,
And left behind the long ſuſpended war.---
This from the clouds indignant Satan ſaw,
And ſtretch'd the gloom to his extended law.
Such deep'ning ſhades, by various changes giv'n,
Were interſpers'd to foil th' elect of Heav'n;
But other woes, far worſe repulſe impends,
Nor ſoon diſlodg'd are Ethiopian bands.
O'er all the field diſtreſs and death prevail,
And diſmal ſcenes include Zephatah's vale;
To Afric partial, recent troubles riſe,
A ſharp probation! Judah felt ſurpriſe;
O'er all the hoſt a ſhadowy concave rolls,
Their ſtrength to baffle, and o'erwhelm their ſouls.
Now reach'd the ſun his full meridian height,
Involv'd in clouds, and wrapp'd in weeds of night;
When from the mountain tops the Lubims pour,
And ſpread a purple tide around the ſhore.

Fierce

Fierce from the woods the crafty blacks deſcend,
And ſling a rattling tempeſt o'er the land.
So falls Nigara down incumbent hills,
A ſheet of froth the neighb'ring valley fills;
From diſtant lakes the foaming waters roar,
Divide the rocks, and plow the nether ſhore.
Like aqueous ſteams by Parian ſtone repell'd,
The Lubims muſter'd on th' adjacent field.
With rapid ſpeed the Sheban corps attend,
A grim, reſiſtleſs, tall, experienc'd band.
Extended o'er the plains the Lubims fight,
And Sheba ſhouts, diſpenſing endleſs night;
They charge impetuous on the Hebrew rear,
And flank the wings with unſuſpected war.
Compact and firm, the brazen centre ſhook,
Thro' well ſupported files the heathens broke,
Nor could the Jews withſtand the gathering rage,
And with the blended forms of death engage.
Gor'd were their ranks, their valiant champions ſlain,
And blood and horror amplify'd their pain;
A ſcourge for ſin, to cleanſe the nation's ſtain;
Yet undiſplay'd, relenting grace preſerves,
And for conſpicuous vengeance Afric's pride reſerves.

7 AP 59

THE END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

ÆTATIS 17.

THE

SIXTH BOOK

OF

KING ASA.

THE ARGUMENT.

The ALMIGHTY *ſeeing the diſtreſs of the Jews, predicts the excellency of the goſpel diſpenſation, and commands the* MESSIAH *to interpoſe for the aſſiſtance of his people: he deſcends. Satan, in a preſumptuous ſpeech, arrogantly aſſumes the government of the world; and pretends to have prevented man's ſalvation. The* MESSIAH *ſuddenly appears. The powers of darkneſs fly into the abyſs. The* LORD *ſmites the Ethiopians, ſo that they are put to flight before* ASA *and before Judah.* ASA *purſues his enemies; makes a great ſlaughter of them; kills Sheba and the prince of the Lubims; and laſtly, Zerah himſelf.*



KING ASA.

BOOK VI.

MEANWHILE, above this earth and circling ſtars,
Each wond'rous ſyſtem of revolving ſpheres,
Th' ALMIGHTY FATHER, wrapp'd in glory, ſate,
And ſaw malignant ſpirits in debate;
The pow'rs contending on the ſanguine field,
From his pavilion the MOST HIGH beheld.
With rapture warm, his wiſdom ſaints proclaim,
And in ſymphonious numbers laud his name;
There glowing ſeraphs without end rejoice,
And angels join in one harmonious voice,
Celeſtial anthems warbling round the throne;—
With grace divine primæval goodneſs ſhone;

Conſummate brightneſs grew beyond compare,
And all the courts of Heav'n his wonders ſhare:
Eſſential light, unſpotted, bleſs'd the day,
Where no diſſenting maculations ſtay.
Supreme in mercy, the Most High began,
And thus the cauſe of ſubſtance drew the plan:
Effulgence! Lord of all things! truth divine!
My ſon, Messiah! filial love be thine;
Man's ſureſt hope, his great Redeemer reigns;
Be thou the cleanſer of infernal ſtains;
Check the apparent force of Satan's rage,
Preſuming evil;—uncontroul'd, engage;
Preſerve my people, ſtay their adverſe flight,
And interpoſe with arms of matchleſs might.
Yon horrid gloom and glaring ſtreams ſurvey,
Diſperſe thoſe curtains from refulgent day.
Reign thou where Satan, 'midſt the foremoſt lines,
Veil'd in a cloud, with horrid envy ſhines;
His miniſters, a vile contemptuous train!
With Hebrew blood dilute Zephatah's plain.
Reveal my vengeance where the Lubims glow,
Diſtreſs the Shebans, drown their hoſt in woe.
Proud beyond law preſume the powers of hell
Againſt eternal goodneſs to rebel.

Abad-

Abaddon's crew contemn our juſt decree,
Menace the world with laſting miſery.
Shall then the ſaints, the few that worſhip right,
Be loſt, be baffled, or ſubdu'd in fight?
Muſt Iſrael's glory, prov'd in Asa, fall?
And dark infernal malice force the ſoul?
Are men no more? Will then no ſaviour riſe?
No ſure protector vindicate the ſkies?
Admit, my Son, the race of Adam loſt,
Man's dereliction muſt thy offering coſt:
Lord of the world, thou art its Saviour ſent,
The one Redeemer which my love hath meant.
O'er all below, exceſs and pride prevails,
Relentleſs evil every good curtails;
The Prince of Air and his falſe ſlaves combine
To waſte the earth, and break Messiah's line.
The time ſhall come, ſuch is my fix'd decree,
When thou the world from ignorance ſhalt free;
To ſpread my light, deception be diſpell'd,
And grace divine to every ſoul reveal'd.
My ſpirit ſhall reign; eternal goodneſs flows
To all mankind, which no exception knows.
Thoſe who have long in abject darkneſs ſate,
And mourn'd in wilds, diſtreſs'd, diſconſolate,

To them the ſun of righteouſneſs ſhall riſe;
Their hearts inflam'd, ſhall offer ſacrifice.
Thro' thee, O Son, my parable is love;
Men, tho' finite, ſhall tread the courts above;
Waſh'd from their ſins, baptis'd with heav'nly fire,
Thy ſure protection ſhall mankind inſpire.
Renew'd from Zion tribute ſhall aſcend,
Dark prodigies and idol prieſts have end.
No more ſhall men at Delphi's ſhrine enquire,
Nor paſs their offspring thro' grim Moloch's fire;
Their prieſts ſhall not divine, nor kings procure
Such evil means to gain deſpotic power.
External forms, all preference I deny;
No laws ſhould force the conſcience to comply.
Fiends will perſuade, and Satan ſurely tempt,
But all the faithful are from force exempt.
No miracle ſhall wild exceſs defend;
Each living ſoul ſhall on my grace depend;
Impatient warriors ceaſe to crowd the plain,
Nor ſtrenuous heroes lead a martial train.
To dreſs the plough the faulchion then ſhall burn,
And uſeleſs ſpears to pruning hooks transform.
Zion ſhall ſmile; her ſuff'rings take the wing;—
In the wild waſte refreſhing ſtreams ſhall ſpring;

Like

Like Paradiſe her ſolitude ſhall grow,
Her barren fields with verdant herbage glow.
Where grief and lamentations oft were found,
Succeeding joy and melodies abound;
The blind ſhall ſee, the deaf ſhall hear a ſong,
The lame ſhall walk, the dumb addreſs th' admiring throng.
Then will I cleanſe and wipe their ſins away,
And round the humble ſuppliant ſpread the day.
From Jeſſe's root, a ſacred rod ſhall blow,
A glorious branch, grafted on Judah, grow.
Wiſdom and knowledge, join'd with holy fear,
And quick diſcernment, make the world revere.—
Thou wilt not judge like man, with outward eyes,
Thy ſoul ſhall ken the moſt conceal'd diſguiſe;
Unbiaſs'd by report, with truth reprove,
And judge the poor in equity and love.
The wolf then with the bleating lamb ſhall dwell,
And drink ſecure, at the deſcending rill;
The ſpotted leopard with the kid ſhall graze,
And mount the cliff in thoſe auſpicious days;
The calf and the young lion, join'd in play,
The child ſhall lead; a ſtranger to' diſmay!
The horned cow be peaceful with the bear,
And ſavage beaſts forget their former war;

The lion ſtraw with the huge ox devour,
And all be peace in that unrivall'd hour;
The ſucking babe on aſps receſſes play,
His hand on cockatrice's dwellings lay.
None then ſhall harm, nor monſters dare deſtroy;
O'er all my holy mountain ſhall be joy;
To thoſe on earth ſalvation is gone forth,
Rewards deſcend for men of ſpecial worth.
In Christ the word, God, merciful and juſt,
The diſtant iſles ſhall gladly put their truſt.
Behold the Heavens, extended far and wide,
And earth beneath, inglorious in her pride;
Th' expanſe and ſtarry vault as ſmoke ſhall fly,
The world wax old, and all its glories die;
But my ſalvation ever ſhall remain,
And righteouſneſs its equal cauſe maintain.
Vengeance is mine; the vile ſhall read their doom,
And moths and worms the boaſt of man conſume.
E'er time ſhall end, the goſpel I decree
Shall clothe the earth, as waters ſpread the ſea.
Awake, O ſpirit! O arm of ſtrength awake!
Art thou not he who made the dragon quake?
For the redeem'd the ſongs of Zion wait,
Their hearts rejoice, and ſorrow leaves their ſtate.

The

The good man's hope the great ſhall ne'er ſurpaſs,
For human praiſe is like the wither'd graſs.
Ariſe, deſcend, the hour of grace is come,
Diſpel from Judah yon impervious gloom,
Before ſurrounding ſhades inveſt the earth,
And darkneſs groſs obſcure thy ſacred birth.
My ſpirit ſhall rule; thy name a light ſhall riſe,
Which kings ſhall bleſs, and worſhip with ſurpriſe;
Kingdoms ſhall ſeek thy all prevailing day,
And barbarous nations court th' æthereal ray;
Thy ſaints from far in mercy ſhall abide,
And Zion's maids be cheriſh'd at thy ſide;
Thy fame ſhall ſpread, the cauſe of truth expand,
Till kings believe, and do thy juſt command.
To thee the powers of Midian ſhall be join'd,
And diſtant Sheba know th' eternal mind;
They from their ſun-parch'd ſoil ſhall incenſe bring,
And univerſal praiſe laud Sion's KING.
The fleecy flocks which Kedar's mountains range,
And rams which graze Nebaioth's verdant plains,
Shall miniſter to thee; their flame aſcend,
And all their off'rings my acceptance find.
The ſea-bred iſles in deep ſuſpence ſhall wait,
And Tarſhiſh' lofty ſhips thy power relate;

From

From far to bleſs mankind, tranſport their gold,
In ſhining heaps of yellow riches roll'd.
Such is my will; the ſtore of Heaven be thine,
In Lebanon, the fir-tree and the pine;
The box ſhall beautify my choſen place,
And boundleſs glory fill th' abode of grace.
Before thy feet the proſtrate world ſhall fall,
And Zion claim the laſting praiſe of all:
Be thou her God; reduce the dreams of fate,
And oracles make void beyond debate.
Thee I pronounce of kings the ruling word,
The guide of men, their Saviour, and their Lord.
To thee the knees of Gentile kings ſhall bow,
And Judah's ſons the ſame Redeemer know.
For braſs I'll bring unmeaſur'd heaps of gold,
Where iron grew, fair ſilver coins be told;
Their wood ſhall be as braſs, with pearls emboſs'd,
And precious ſtones adorn the ſea-waſh'd coaſt.
Fair peace on earth ſhall thrive, wrath rage no more,
Nor waſting wars diſturb that peaceful ſhore.
Salvation on their walls ſecure ſhall reſt,
Praiſe rap thy gates, and warm the grateful breaſt;
The ſun no more, in Zion, radiate light,
Nor the full moon adorn the ſilent night;

Thy

Thy ſun ſhall not go down, thy moon decline,
But one eternal day confeſs'd be thine.
Offence remov'd, let every man be wiſe,
And truth ſincere approach the yielding ſkies;
The ſmall expand, the little ones ſhall grow,
And all be peace and righteouſneſs below.
But mark the war the powers of darkneſs wage;—
With Satan's pomp and all his hoſt engage:
Proclaim, O Son! ſuch meaſures I withſtand;
For ever bleſs'd thy kingdom ſhall extend.
Since I am God, the vain ſhall rage no more;
Yon fiends expell'd, my peace on earth is ſure;
On rocks transfix'd, or in thy whirlwinds hurl'd,
Thoſe powers ſhall ceaſe to harm the terrene world:
In vain they rant; aſcend my fervid car;
Go turn the juſt eventual ſcales of war;
In terrors cloth'd, born on each tempeſt ride,
Confound our foes, and blaſt inſulting pride.

Thus, from on high, the great command was giv'n,
Then univerſal ſilence reign'd in Heav'n;
A ſolemn pauſe! from his eternal throne
Obedient roſe the everlaſting Son.

Three

Three bright æthereal ſhafts his hand compreſs'd,
In panoply divine the Godhead dreſs'd!
Messiah mounts his dazzling orb of light,
Involv'd in glory, and array'd with might;
Beneath his feet the forked lightning pours,
Awful and loud the gathering thunder roars!
The empyrean ſhook; the car ſpontaneous roll'd
O'er ſparkling gems, and radiant ſtars of gold.
Ineffably ſublime, the Lord proceeds;
Inſtinct with ſpirit, his chariot chants his deeds;
In lucid robes attending thouſands ſhone,
And choirs cherubic ſtrains immortal ſung;
Symphonious numbers warm'd the glowing ſcene,
And ſongs of triumph made his ſaints ſerene:
Celeſtial beauties glance from every wing,
While raptur'd hoſts the grand proceſſion join;
Angels, archangels, round the chariot throng,
As o'er th' æthereal plains the viſion ſwept along;
Regions immenſe, and nameleſs wonders paſs'd;
The burniſh'd gates of Heav'n reveal their truſt;
Thoſe ſtedfaſt doors of adamantine ſtone,
With bars cerulean, like vaſt columns hewn!
Adorn'd with orient pearls, the portals ſhine
Indiſſolubly firm, a work divine!

As

As Christ approach'd, the folding valves diſplay,
And rocks of agate to his ſpeed gave way;
The chariot fled, the gates ſpontaneous clos'd,
And to the void the King of Life expos'd.
Wrought by divine command, thick clouds ariſe,
And awful tempeſts bear him down the ſkies;
'Twixt circling ſtars the power effulgent ſails;
On wings of wind attend the fervid wheels.
By central ſuns, and ſyſtems bright and gay,
The Godhead holds his pure unmeaſur'd way;
On meteors born, deep circumfus'd in gold,
Swift down the ſteep of Heav'n the chariot roll'd.
At once from far this terrene globe appears,
'Midſt orbs of light, enclos'd with radiant ſpheres,
Sublime in air th' æthereal manſion ſtood,
And trembling earth confeſs'd th' approaching God.

Juſt then, exulting, o'er Zephatah's vale,
Infernal fiends and hideous forms prevail;
In dire convention met the pow'rs of air
Diſpenſing death, ſad harbinger of war;
Swoll'n with contempt, the prince of darkneſs roſe,
And thus with taunts revil'd the lab'ring Jews:---
Fair ſons of light! eſſential mighty gods!
Offspring of Heav'n! natives of bleſs'd abodes!

The

The long-wiſh'd hour is come; revolves the day
For ſin to rule, and Hell its pow'r diſplay.
Hail, ſweet revenge! the men of Salem die,
Their ſtrong battalions feel mortality;
Their fall is ſure; Judeah ſcarcely ſtands;
A ſumptuous prey to ſtrange barbarian bands!
O'erwhelm'd, and ſcattered round the well-fought field,
All Iſrael bleeds, and Zion's glories yield.
Survey your proof, that bleſs'd, that pleaſing ſight;
The race of promiſe leave the gathering fight,
Or yield ſubmiſſive to infernal might.
Behold, with Zerah, various nations join'd,
The blacks in front, the Lubims cloſe behind;
Mark where Benhail, by our device reſtrain'd,
By Heav'n forſook, ſcarce keeps his choſen band.
Lo! Asa flies, neglects his battered ſhield,
His darts innoxious ſing around the field;
Fatigu'd in fight, and prov'd by various wiles,
He covets reſpite from increaſing toils.
No help he finds; his wav'ring thoughts are vain;
His heart ſhall bleed, and his vex'd ſoul complain.
This day in arms, great Zerah, fierce and ſtrong,
Bright as a meteor, guides th' embattled throng;

Black

Black fate attends; my miniſters are there,
And ſhed around diſmay, and dark deſpair.
Stern through the breaking ſtorm mine arm prevails,
Sure conqueſt follows where the king aſſails.
Exult, ye pow'rs! the world is now your own;
Mankind we rule, in air muſt be our throne:
At our command, the ſtorm conflicting grows,
The loud wind travails, and the foreſt bows;
The low hung vapours our high word fulfil,
And blazing fires perform my deſtin'd will.
If the ſweet ſcented grove, or murm'ring ſtreams,
Can ſheath our pain, or quench thoſe conſtant flames,
The dire extreme of guilt! this day we urge
Eternal vengeance from Messiah's ſcourge.
Where'er we fly, lo! Hell fierce burns within,
And laſting torments prove the force of ſin.
No joy we know, but what revenge prepares,
And wracking envy's deep corroding cares.
Still be it ſo—ſince we can govern man,
And blaſt with hate, what God in love began;
Since to our realms this beauteous ſpot pertains,
Theſe moſſy fountains, and thoſe teeming plains.
To us, as gods, odoriferous incenſe burns,
And mortals rev'rence your cœleſtial forms;

High

High to our names extenſive temples riſe,
Th' undoubted lords of thoſe inferior ſkies.
At will we ſkim the buxom fields of air,
Traverſe the globe, and fix our worſhip here.
'Tis mine to give th' unerring laws of fate,
Adviſe mankind, and ſave each ſinking ſtate.
Delphos is mine, great Ammon's prieſts are ours;
Thrones, dominations, princedoms, virtues, powers.
No more, ſublime, eſſential ſpirits! fear
Messiah's reign, nor David's promis'd heir.
Prediction is refell'd; did we believe?
Yes;—ſure to foil the laws that Heav'n would give.

The dragon ſpoke: their ſanguine forms approve;
But mark the ſharp vindiction from above.
Bright o'er their heads, Messiah's glory ſtood,
And boundleſs terrors prov'd the power of God;
O'erwhelm'd they ſaw, curl'd as the yielding deep,
Fiends roll'd on fiends, from out of darkneſs leap,
Hurl'd headlong, flaming from their nitrous ſtate;
In vain the gulph of chaos ſkreen'd their flight.
Thrice thro' the air the bolts of vengeance flew;
Amazement held the frighted realms below;

Thrice

Thrice Heav'n's afflicting thunder ſhook the ground,
And thrice the deep return'd the repercuſſive ſound.
No dæmon could ſuſtain Almighty ire;
O'er flaming hills reclin'd th' æthereal fire.
From far conflicting mortals felt the ſhock,
The mountains tremble, and the rivers rock;
The clouds condens'd, confeſs'd ſuperior might,
Groſs darkneſs fled, and all the ſhades of night.
The ſtrong meridian ſun reviv'd the plain,
Refreſh'd the vales, and warm'd the foaming main.
Once more the fields to lovely proſpects riſe,
And placid nature works without diſguiſe;
The vivid landſcapes grew ſerenely bright,
And all the ſparkling zenith blaz'd with light.
The blacks ſurpris'd, their murd'ring legions ſtay;
God ſmote the nations with profound diſmay.—
And now his work perform'd, Abaddon quell'd,
The Gentiles put to flight, the faithful Jews upheld,
Messiah reaſcends the pathleſs ſky,
Reſumes his throne, and reigns for man on high.

To Benhail's poſt retir'd Abijah's ſon,
And thus in rapt'rous ſtrains the king begun:—
Fear God, my friend; redreſs compleats our joy;
Heav'n aids our arms, and Providence is nigh.

Omnipotence regards his people's right,
Diſpels the darkneſs to renew the fight;
Far hence the late incumbent ſtorms are driv'n,
That ſtrange offenſive gloom diſpers'd by Heav'n;
Fair day returns; revive the ling'ring war:
My mind exults, and feels its former pray'r.
We ſaw from high the fervid lightning pour,
And heard the ſolemn awful thunder roar;
A ſure preſage to Majesty divine!
Temptations vaniſh, and our hearts refine.
Serene and ſtrong my mental functions grow;
With all the fire of raptur'd chiefs I glow.
Rejoice with awe; this ſignal day is ours;
Omniscience rules, and foils barbarian pow'rs;
Confeſs'd in love, we own the ſaving hand;
O'er all, Jehovah reigns in Iſrael's land.
Lo! aid divine preſerves my drooping hoſt,
And drives the nations far from Judah's coaſt.
Thro' many a rank increaſing terror reigns,
The blood congeal'd, flows languid thro' their veins;
In vain their chiefs conjure the flying bands
With hope preſumptuous, and with ſtern commands.
O'er yon proud hoſt Almighty vengeance rolls,
Their ſtrength he withers, and unmans their ſouls.

Struck

Struck with diſmay, now Zerah's troops ſhall yield,
And ſlaughter'd myriads preſs the loaded field.
This ſword, high brandiſh'd, ſhall lay waſte the war,
And groans of wounded heroes ſound from far.
Haſte, Benhail haſte; exert thy well prov'd might;
Combin'd in arms, with zeal renew'd for fight,
Undaunted riſe, the force of toil divide;
Suſtain thy part, and combat by my ſide.

The monarch ſaid, and inſtant, with a bound,
Leap'd from his car, and ſhook the lab'ring ground.
The blacks retreat, aſtoniſh'd nations fled,
While ſparkling glories beam around his head,
And lambent lightnings round his temples play;
His armour ſheds intolerable day;
His ardent eye-balls dart heroic fire,
And in his boſom glows reſiſtleſs ire.
Bright as the ſun his buckler flam'd before,
His red right hand a direful jav'lin bore.
Even mailed champions fly the reeking dart,
And dread the death that vengeance muſt impart.
His pond'rous faulchion glitter'd by his ſide,
In many an hero's panting boſom try'd.
Thus arm'd, the dreadful monarch ſhot along,
Round all the field the moving radiance ſhone.

As when a blazing meteor from the ſkies
Alarms the nations and excites ſurpriſe,
Acroſs the ſpace of Heav'n the wonder glares
With light ſuperior to the brilliant ſtars,
Preſerv'd, unhurt, exulting in his might,
The Hebrew champion vindicates his right.
An hoſt attends; the favour'd Jews admire,
While, panic ſtruck, the trembling blacks retire.
Upheld by God, the prime election roſe,
And vengeful rally'd on their conq'ring foes;
Fierce on their ſhields they ring the din of war,
And join the mingling tumult from afar.
In arms refulgent, Iſrael ſtrives again,
Their radiant cohorts tread the duſty plain;
Heroic ardour flam'd in ev'ry breaſt,
And dauntleſs courage was their manly truſt;
Wide, and more wide, the martial ferment grows,
The warm infuſion no fix'd bound'ry knows.
Thus long compreſs'd, and damp with wat'ry fumes,
The flame nor mounts, nor the pil'd wood conſumes;
The red coals die, from liberty confin'd,
While flags the air, and ſinks the bluſt'ring wind.

At

At length refreſhing zephyrs kindly blow,
And gentle breezes ſkim the vales below;
The dry wood burns, the crackling flames aſcend,
And ſparkles bright with conſtellations blend.

Meanwhile, reſiſtleſs thro' the ſhudd'ring train,
Revengeful Asa ſcours th' enſanguin'd plain:
Death mark'd his ſteps; he ſtay'd for no debate,
O'erwhelm'd the bold, and made the foe retreat.
Brandiſh'd aloft, deſcends the ſlaught'ring ſword,
And many an adverſe ſquare battalion gor'd.
Tho' Judah's king dealt certain fate around,
Some deſp'rate blacks maintain'd the riſing ground.
Great Asa ſtorm'd; endu'd with ſtrength divine,
The godlike monarch broke the foremoſt line.
Thus thro' the thicket burſts a furious boar,
With ſlaughter ſtain'd, imbru'd in canine gore;
Affrighted horſemen fly his vengeful ire,
And many hounds diſmay'd, aloof retire;
Some bark at diſtance, while the boldeſt yield
To his dire ravage thro' th' extenſive field:
So warriors died; reſiſting legions fall,
Their iron bulwark and their brazen wall:
Imperial Asa drove the crowd along,
A vain, inglorious, diſſipated throng!

While thus terrific great Abijah's heir,
Suſtain'd by God, ſmote Zerah's hoſt with fear,
Condronides beheld his waſting ſword,
But thought it vain to meet Judeah's lord.
As round the vale his eyes the Lubim threw,
Confuſion, death, and vengeance, roſe in view.
In queſt of Sheba's prince, diſmay'd he rides
Thro' broken ranks, and many a ſquadron chides.
At length, in arms the prince deſir'd he found,
Intent on fate, and in command profound:
Alive, unhurt, th' aſtoniſh'd hero ſtood,
His armour ſtain'd, reveal'd the man of blood.
Abrupt, in haſte, th' impatient chief began,
To Sheba's lord the king propos'd his plan:—
Illuſtrious prince! great ſon of Afric! ſay
What end awaits this dire tumultuous fray?
In vain we ſtrive; our proweſs is withſtood;
The world in arms muſt bow to Iſrael's God.
Alone, no more, this dreadful fight I dare;
Let ſome brave chief my toilſome labour ſhare.
Riſe, martial prince! let all our force be join'd,
My ſword with thine in order be combin'd.
Aſcend my chariot; Sheba, guide the reins,
Drive through the war, and ſcour the diſtant plains;

For

For well thou know'ſt to curb the fiery ſteed:
'Tis thine to act with caution and with ſpeed.
Be ſure, my friend, this laſt extreme demands
Might far ſuperior to our numerous bands;
No reſt, no reſpite may impoſe delay,
My legions tremble, and abhor the day.
Impetuous Asa ſhakes the van and rear,
O'erpow'rs an hoſt, and makes a nation fear.
May Zerah live! may Iſis guide my dart!
And we prevail, as gods may ſtrength impart!

Thus ſpoke the king; the prince in haſte reply'd,
Unconquer'd chief! thy country's dauntleſs pride!
Well have I weigh'd the plan, thoſe mandates giv'n,
By which we move, and wait the will of Heav'n.
What man alone can Asa dare withſtand?
Whoſe boundleſs rage has waſted half the land.
'Tis thine the beaming lance with force to throw,
Or with the faulchion diſconcert the foe.
The winged ſhaft no leſs records thy might,
Sprung from the bow, drawn by thy manual ſleight.
We grant this fatal day exceeds our wit,
The ſword may ſave when the laſt lance is hit.
But why this long delay? the fight I claim,
Reſolv'd to purchaſe life, or laſting fame.

I long to meet yon fierce confounding Jew,
And cruſh his malice to the ſhades below.

Here ceas'd the prince, and mounts the chariot's height,
The groaning axles bend beneath their weight;
A king and prince! the well ply'd laſh reſounds,
O'er arms and death the rattling chariot bounds:
With furious ſpeed th' important chiefs advance,
Each pois'd the ſhield, and graſp'd a pond'rous lance.
With ſtrength endu'd, great Asa ken'd from far
The gath'ring tumult and diſtreſs of war.
The tawny lion, thus, when dogs and men
Oppoſe his rage to drive him from the pen,
Round the wide field reverts his glaring eyes,
And ſcorns the danger when new troubles riſe;
In his broad breaſt impatient fury boils,
And royal courage wafts him o'er his toils:
He ſhakes his curling mane, his tail rolls round,
His ſides are laſh'd, he roars and ſtrikes the ground.

Now met for fight the tow'ring chiefs appear;
Two furious blacks and great Abijah's heir.
Firſt Lubim's prince the conflict ſtern began,
Launch'd from his arm the whiſtling jav'lin ſang

With

With force tempeſtuous; Asa's plume it tore,
And high in air the waving honour bore.
His reeking lance the monarch pois'd on high,
His aim was ſure, then bade the vengeance fly;
It bor'd his ſhield; the point reſiſtleſs glides
'Twixt Lubim's lips, and his white teeth divides:
Then pointing upwards cleft his jaws in twain,
And reach'd the ſeat of ſenſe, the curious brain.
Earth met the king, his ſounding armour rung,
And, glad to ſeize it, dreadful Asa ſprung;
But ruthleſs Sheba ſhields his ſlaughter'd friend,
Half hid, and breathleſs, on the yielding ſand.
So the fond tigreſs ſkreens her whelps from harms,
Saves her young tigers from ſevere alarms.
Whene'er the king aſſails, the prince withſtands,
His charge protects, and calls his ſwarthy bands.
A rugged ſtone the royal Hebrew heaves,
And preſſing forward the ſtern Sheban braves;
The rifted rock the monarch bore on high,
Then ſwift at Sheba bade the ruin fly.
Right on his breaſt deſcends the pointed ſtone,
Ras'd the tough ſkin, and crack'd the ſolid bone.
He reels, he falls, ſalutes the yielding plain,
And groans, the ſad companion of the ſlain!

Thus,

Thus, when from high the kindling bolt deſcends,
And finds reſiſtance e'er the turret rends,
The ſhaft deſtructive ſtrikes the tott'ring walls,
The bulwark trembles, and the manſion falls.
A ſhatter'd ruin! deſolate and low,
Scarce can mankind the ſmoking relicts know.

The Shebans fled, a general rout enſues,
The Hebrew hoſt, a ſhadowy length! purſues.
Three chariot ſcyth'd battalions arm'd, from far,
Then with prodigious havock plow'd the war;
They, like a torrent, ſwept the level plain,
O'erwhelm'd the mighty, and deform'd the ſlain.
When thus victorious Asa hail'd the band,
Harſh, ſtern, and loud, proceeds a dire command.
Ye men of Salem hear: th' Almighty deigns to aid
Our righteous cauſe, and guides this fatal blade;
By hope impell'd, exert your utmoſt might,
Revenge your loſs, and vindicate our right;
Ceaſe from the ſpoil, forego the deſtin'd prey,
While vengeance rages, and you meet the fray.
To death I doom their flight, no reſt I give,
While Zerah breathes, and warlike Ethiops live.
The monarch frowning ceas'd; his guards attend;
A ſtern, impatient, formidable band!

The

The conqu'ring Jews on Ethiopians fall,
And death in ev'ry form purſues them all;
Great Asa thunders thro' the pallid train,
O'erturns the bold, and thouſands ſmites with pain
And univerſal ruin.—So when ocean rends
The yielding dyke, and o'er the beach aſcends,
As roil the waves, the nodding woods are torn,
And down the flood a heap promiſcuous borne;
The foaming tide reſiſtleſs roars along
O'er rugged rocks, and looſe disjointed ſtone;
Black craggy fragments, with a ruſhing ſound,
And herds and flocks pervade the deep profound.
Thus devaſtation rag'd, and mighty woe;
New toils increas'd the hapleſs ills in view.
Wide waſting vengeance ſpread the direful fight,
Heart-piercing groans, keen death, and wild affright.
Meantime, proud Zerah mark'd the rueful war,
Thro' the dire wrath of ſtern Abijah's heir;
Th' unwelcome ſcene his eyes incens'd beheld,
His chieftains heartleſs, and his proweſs quell'd:
Abaſh'd, with fear complain'd his mighty ſoul,
While thro' his mind theſe cogitations roll:—
Say, whence this change? why flies my num'rous hoſt?
And why their ſtrength and wonted courage loſt?

This

This day I ſaw th' impetuous Lubims pour
From diſtant hills, and ſhook this hoſtile ſhore;
Superior Shebans flank'd our deſp'rate foes,
And Ethiopians fell'd th' oppoſing Jews.
By us inclos'd, they left their uſeleſs arms,
And waſting fury rag'd with dire alarms;
Scarce ſav'd with life, their king my lance purſu'd,
By fate ordain'd to ſhed his royal blood.
Not without hope theſe mighty numbers came,
Conqueſt was promis'd, and immortal fame.
Will Heav'n withdraw thoſe honours we have try'd?
Their gifts reverſe, and vilify our pride?
Or is ſome god incens'd, no victim ſlain?
Is there an off'ring loſt to Iſis' ſhrine?
For us the gods reſerv'd this fertile land;
Thoſe realms are Zerah's, by divine command.
This promis'd kingdom, conquer'd, is our own,
Gain then, ye Meroans, this conteſted crown;
Fate gave you arms, a god inflam'd my breaſt,
And Ammon deſtin'd this our place of reſt.
Not of myſelf I came; a god impell'd,
Celeſtial viſions Heav'ns commands reveal'd.
In dreams confeſs'd, the gods pronounce their will,
My mind their mandates would by war fulfil.

A train

A train of woes and various toils are paſt,
The land ſeem'd conquer'd; ſhall they reign at laſt?
My troops exulting, drain'd the promis'd ſtate,
And ſaw the joys of all directing fate;
But now apparent ills my bands await.
The well arm'd Jews reverſe the god's decree,
Combat with Heav'n, and change ev'n deſtiny.
My troops are ſcatter'd round the well-fought field,
And Afric's ſons to ruthleſs Hebrews yield.
What elſe remains? I fear my Lubim ſlain,
And Sheba breathleſs loads the furrow'd plain;
My braveſt chiefs beneath their vengeance fall,
Such direful fury ſaves Mareſhah's wall.
With ſtrength immenſe, and huge two-handed ſway,
Their monarch's ſword directs the deſp'rate fray.
Choice dictates flight, my mind perſuades to fly;
But conſcious honour bids me nobly die.
In deep ſuſpence I ſtand, 'twixt hope and fear,
And ſcarce my ſoul abſtains from black deſpair;
But yet I find an awful glimm'ring light,
An hope of conqueſt, and a thirſt for fight.
Heav'n yet may help; the gods can now defend,
And ſtretch fierce Asa breathleſs on the ſand.

What

What tho' he did exult? ſure he may feel
The keen vibration of all conqu'ring ſteel;
Ere night her duſky wings expand, I truſt
To lay that Hebrew champion in the duſt.
Prediction warms my breaſt; Iſis decreed
That by our arm that dauntleſs prince ſhould bleed.
My troops are numerous yet; my lords abound;
Reſolv'd I ſtand, alert, without a wound.
Inglorious ſhould I fly, or ſound retreat,
'Twould ſave my bands, and ſtay their death and fate.
Nay—rather let the hoſt approve my might,
And fan once more the dying flames of fight.
The long diſputed point our arms may gain,
And, crown'd with laurels, Jordan's ſtream obtain;
It beſt befits my ſtate your ſouls to raiſe,
And claim, by matchleſs deeds, immortal praiſe.
Hail, glorious thought! my ſcheme attention draws,
Muſt death await my injur'd country's cauſe?
If no kind god avert the hapleſs doom,
And fate conſign me to the ſilent tomb,
Contented I obey.—The monarch ſaid,
And chiefs and heroes haſtened to his aid.

Th'

Th' obſequious peers command their hoſtile train,
And troops refulgent mark the tepid plain.
His guards aſſiſt; the Jews perceive a ſtorm,
A feint to rally, and the ranks reform;
Rais'd on his rattling car, fierce Zerah rode
In pomp high born; a vaſt incumbent load!
From far the monarch's fulgid armour ſhone,
And tranſient glories grac'd his nodding cone;
As when bright fires acroſs the meadows rove,
Or lambent ſport beſide a neighb'ring grove,
The ſwain purſues and courts an unctuous light,
A ſudden flaſh illumines the dark night.
Awhile the meteor ſome ſad wanderer chears,
Expiring, flames, and, ſtruggling, diſappears.
So Zerah led his hoſt; thus pleas'd they view
Their deſp'rate king the languid fight renew.
Array'd in ſteel, the prince exclaim'd aloud,
His guards excited, animate the crowd.
Smote by great Asa's ſpear, Miſraim bleeds,
And o'er the dead a ghaſtly ſcene ſucceeds.
With ſwift reſentment Zerah then drew near,
Nor longer ſhunn'd great Asa's fatal ſpear;
Stern from his rattling car the monarch ſprung,
And thus approach'd Abijah's dauntleſs ſon:—

Prince

Prince, lo! we meet! at length let war ſuſpend,
Thy claim reject, and quit this ſuff'ring land;
Withdraw yon troops, preſerve the hoſt from fate,
Leave thoſe waſte fields, and ſave a martial ſtate.
Learn then, at Heav'n's reveal'd command I come,
The meſſenger of death! attend thy doom,
And every god's decree.—Thus ſpake the foe,
Then aim'd from far the meditated blow:
Thro' five thick plates the maſſy jav'lin held,
But ſtopp'd and loiter'd, by the ſixth repell'd.
Great Asa ſaw his brazen buckler bor'd,
When thus, in ſecret, he addreſs'd the Lord:—
O! thou ſupreme and univerſal God!
Look down with mercy from thy bleſs'd abode:
Help, Lord, my arms; in this dire conflict aid,
Let Zerah's perſon bend before my blade.
Deep in his daring boſom lodge my ſpear,
O! thou efficient cauſe of power and fear!—
So pray'd the king, and rais'd his arm on high,
The lance purſu'd its Heav'n directed way,
Nor plates, nor folds, the fatal point could ſtay.
So launch'd from far, impends the whiſtling ſtone,
With might reſiſtleſs from an engine thrown;
If chance ſome grove or broad expanded oak,
Amid its leaves receive the direful ſtroke,

The

The branches fall, a ſhatter'd ruin ſpeeds,
As in its arch the curving maſs proceeds;
With rending force the rapid ſtone deſcends,
Reſiſtance ſcorns, and to the centre tends.
Thus, thro' the ſhield the ſteel wide gaſh'd a wound,
And bow'd the Gentile monarch to the ground;
His heaving breaſt receiv'd the pointed dart,
Deep drove, and rooted, in his fibred heart.
Proſtrate he lay; thick darkneſs clos'd his eyes
In laſting night; fierce Zerah bleeds and dies.
Then Asa, fir'd with ſtern heroic joy,
Ador'd the Lord, and found his preſence nigh.

Jeruſalem rejoice, the hero ſaid,
Behold th' Almighty pow'r of God diſplay'd!
With grateful hearts proclaim Jehovah's praiſe;
He cuts the thread of life, or grants a length of days.
Why did the Gentiles rage? Why bled the brave?
Did conqu'ring Hebrews fair Mareſhah ſave?
O'erwhelm'd in fight, preſuming Ethiops fall;
Lo! Zerah's death ſecures our ſtate from thrall.
The nations fly; God wafts the ſtorm away,
And gives to Judah this auſpicious day.

To Gerar's utmoſt bounds your foes purſue;
Waſte all their cities, and their forts ſubdue;
For hoſtile groans let no bold Hebrew ſtay;
Death be his lot, who ſhuns this flying fray.—

So ſaid, o'er ſhields and helmed heads he rode,
O'er hills of ſlain, and thro' a ſtream of blood.
Reſiſtleſs in purſuit, from ſhore to ſhore,
Six fiery ſteeds the king, victorious, bore.
Aloft, triumphant, in his dreadful car,
He clear'd the field, and clos'd the mighty war;
As when an angel by divine command
Pours devaſtation round a ſinful land.

Ætatis 18.

7 AP 59

FINIS.

2

POEMS

DESCRIPTIVE AND MORAL;

CONSISTING OF

IMITATIONS, | PASTORALS,
TRANSLATIONS, | NARRATIONS,

AND

Various Reflections on the Beauties of Nature, &c.

By T. MAY.

HENLEY:

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

☞ The Compositions in this Collection, and in the POEMS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, are placed agreeable to the Order of Time in which they were written, even where Figures are not annexed.

PASTORALS,

IN IMITATION OF

AND

TRANSLATIONS FROM

VIRGIL's ECLOGUES.

☞ The Reader will pleaſe to remember that the following Attempts were never compared with any of the juſtly celebated Tranſlations of this Author; they were written, while a Lad at School, from no other Motive than a Deſire to improve in the Language, and the Pleaſure of imitating ſo agreeable a Writer, of whom he had then no Tranſlation.


BRITISH MUSEUM

POEMS, &c.

PASTORAL I.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S EIGHTH ECLOGUE.

DAMON AND DAPHNIS.

OF Damon and of Daphnis, ſhepherd ſwains,
The numbers, muſe! record in ſylvan ſtrains;
How Damon firſt, with Niſa's beauty fir'd,
Forſook the fold, and to the grove retir'd.

Scarce had Aurora brought the morning light,
And chas'd away the devious gloom of night,
When mournful Damon, from his ruſtic bed,
Roſe, ſighing deep; and far from home was led
Into a diſtant wood; while love's corroſive cares
Sore rack'd his mind, and bred perpetual fears.

In grief immers'd, and thoughtleſs of his flock,
(While his ſad heart fell diſappointment broke)
Thus, leaning 'gainſt a tree, the ſhepherd ſpoke.

DAMON.

Thou laſt bright ſtar! that mounts th' ethereal way,
Oh Luciſer! drive on the lingering day,
While I complain to all the gods above,
Myſelf deluded by fair Niſa's love.
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain.
Ye ſolemn powers, who rule and govern love,
And all who fear the wrath of angry Jove,
With every whiſpering grove, and purling ſtream,
Collective with the rural gods, by name
Pan, Faun, and Bacchus; all ye nymphs give ear,
And kind, regard an injur'd lover's prayer.
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain.
Mopſus! receive thy due; to thee ſhe's given;
Such the decree of over-ruling Heaven.
Mopſus! now light the nuptial torch, and go
In peace, perhaps, majeſtically flow.
Niſa me ſcorn'd, becauſe my beard was long,
My eye-brows thick, unſkill'd in paſt'ral ſong;

Untrain'd

Untrain'd to ſtrike the lyre, or blow the flute,
Or to the tuneful reeds mellifluent numbers ſuit.
My ſolemn vows ſhe treats with proud diſdain,
Mocks when I ſigh, and ſmiles at all my pain.
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain.
How oft with thee, pleas'd, in my tender years,
Have I, through perils, gather'd our ſweet pears!
'Twas then that lovely form I ſaw, and pin'd;
How gaz'd the ſoul! what frenzy rapt my mind!
Nor of the whip, nor frequent threats afraid,
I at your feet the hard earn'd preſent laid.
If ſhe but wiſh'd, preventing Damon flew;
All toil was pleaſure, and all bliſs was woe,
Rather than her approving ſmiles forego.
The ſavage wolf flies from the bleating lamb,
The roving tyger from the pregnant dam;
And now ſhall oaks robuſt bear golden fruit,
Griffons and horſes (different natures) ſuit!
Begin, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain;
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain.
The alder here emits the violet,
And ſhrubs with amber now begin to ſweat.
Shall owls contend with ſwans in lofty rhime?
And bards untaught, celeſtial muſic chime?

Obſerve the change; a latitude unknown!
Pain words creates, to dreſs each fault'ring groan,
And hapleſs love prepares a mournful tone.
Could I, like Orpheus, call the dancing woods!
Or, like Arion, rouſe the deepeſt floods!
Now ceaſe, my pipe, the ſoft Mænalian ſtrain,
Niſa I ſought, but ſought, alas! in vain;
Forlorn I breathe, a wretched, mournful ſwain.
Thus Damon.—Next, O muſe! repeat the ſong
And ſoft complaints of fair Aluca's ſon;
A beardleſs ſhepherd, whilom blithe and young.

DAPHNIS.

O thou, the lucid glory of the ſkies!
Incline thine ear, and heed thy ſuppliant's cries;
Conſider and avenge a ſhepherd's cauſe,
And deeply ponder love's unequal laws.
Ye heavens! ye ſtars! and elements of fire!
Compleat my joy, and grant my heart's deſire.
Ye woods! ye groves! and ever murm'ring ſprings!
Regard your poet when in ſongs he ſings.
Ye pendent rocks! reverberating ſeas!
Now crown your Daphnis with the laurel bays:
Perhaps you'll not refuſe your ſuppliant this;
But oh! I aſk, yet aſk in vain for bliſs;
Speed fair Belinda to her lover's arms;
Belinda come! with all thoſe pleaſing charms.

Ye

Ye powers! who rule the golden realms above,
And all who fear the wrath of angry Jove,
With pity view the ſorrows of my breaſt,
A troubled ocean, never more at reſt!
Ye mighty gods! to whom of right belong,
The nameleſs beauties of celeſtial ſong;
Who, free from envy, o'er our plains preſide,
Direct our counſels and our labours guide,
Say, why to me is every hope deny'd?
Ye nymphs and fauns! thou pow'r from whence began
Each ſoothing art, and ſoft harmonious ſtrain,
Hail, ſylvan god! propitious, ſmiling Pan!
Pan loves the country, and our flocks he feeds;
Pan taught to join with wax harmonious reeds.
Ye winds and waves conſpire to find my joy,
Nor ſcorn the numbers of an hapleſs boy:
Speed fair Belinda to her lover's arms;
Belinda come with all thoſe pleaſing charms!
How long will ſhe deſpiſe her weeping lord,
Nor one kind ſmile for all his tears afford?
Hail blooming fair! regard a lover's pain,
Nor blaſt thy ſhepherd's hopes with proud diſdain.
Ye lucid fountains, ſpeed Belinda home,
Though ſhe o'er Lybian ſands ſhould unattended roam.

Ye

Ye nine celeſtial ſiſters! aid my ſtrain;
Let vows and pray'rs to mortals ſpeak my pain.
If you can tell what 'tis to cheriſh love,
Fail not the virgin's ſtubborn heart to move.
But now I ceaſe; my ſoul forego to pine;
Time calls to labour; daily toils are mine;
To tend the flock, or prune the curling vine.
Adieu, ye muſes! here ſuſpend the ſtrain,
Slights, tears and vows, ſighs, frowns and proud diſdain.
Oh! ſpeed Belinda to her lover's arms;
Belinda comes; a blooming heaven of charms!

Æt. 13.

A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S FIRST ECLOGUE.

Attempted in the ſame Number of Lines as the Original.

MELIBÆUS.

OH Tityrus! reclin'd beneath a beech,
On a ſoft pipe you chant the ſylvan ſtrain;
Our country's bounds, and much lov'd plains we leave;
Our country fly; at eaſe beneath the ſhade,
The woods you teach fair Amaryllis' name.

TITYRUS.

TITYRUS.

A god this leiſure, Melibæus, gave.
By me a god he always ſhall be deem'd;
And oft a lamb, cull'd from my flock, ſhall ſtain
His altar. He firſt gave my kine to rove,
Me on the reed to tune my favourite lays.

MELIBÆUS.

I envy not, but rather would admire;
O'er all the country round confuſion ſpreads.
Lo! ſick I drive my kids, and this ſcarce drag,
Which midſt the tangling hazles late brought forth
Two twins, hope of my flock! but, ah! expos'd
To rugged flints. This evil (had my mind
Been not averſe) the rending oaks foretold,
And from the hollow holm th' ill-boding crow
Predicted. But declare who is that god.

TITYRUS.

The city they call Rome, poor fool! I thought
A town like our's, where oft we ſhepherds us'd
To drive the tender offspring of our flock.
Thus whelps like dogs; kids like their dams, I knew;
And great with ſmall compar'd. But ſhe as far
O'er other cities rais'd her towring head,
As the tall cypreſs tops the pliant ſhrub.

MELIBÆUS,

MELIBÆUS.

And what important cauſe had you at Rome?

TITYRUS.

Freedom, though late, my ſtupid ſloth beheld;
What time the razor mow'd my grizly beard;
Yet ſhe regarded, and at length arriv'd,
Since Amaryllis charms, and Galatea flies.
I own, while Galatea rul'd my heart,
Nor freedom's hope, nor care for wealth had I.
Though many a victim thinn'd my leſs'ning fold,
And cheeſe for that ungrateful town was preſs'd,
Yet ne'er my hand return'd with braſs replete.

MELIBÆUS.

I wonder'd why with tears you heaven implor'd,
Oh Amaryllis! and for whom you will'd
Th'ungather'd fruit to hang; thy ſwain was gone.
Thee, Tityrus, the pines and fountains, and
Theſe very woods, invited to return.

TITYRUS.

What could I do, by ſervitude detain'd?
Nor elſewhere ſo propitious ſeem'd the gods.
Here, Melibæus, firſt that youth I ſaw

To whom for twice ſix days our altars ſmoke.
Here firſt to me a ſuppliant, he reply'd,
Swains, feed as once your oxen; yoke your bulls.

MELIBÆUS.

Oh fortunate old man! henceforth thy fields,
For thee enough, remain, though naked ſtones,
And marſhy ruſhes choke the paſture lands;
No foreign food thy teeming ewes ſhall hurt,
Nor near contagious evils thine infeſt.
Here 'mongſt the well known ſtreams and ſacred founts
Mayſt thou the cool delightful ſhade enjoy!
And lo! yon willow hedge thy paſture's bounds,
Whoſe fragrant flowers Sicilian bees explore,
Shall with ſoft murmurs frequent ſleep invite,
And from the ſteep the pruner's voice reſound.
Nor ſhall the hoarſe wood-pigeons, your delight,
Nor from th' aerial elm the turtle ceaſe to coo.

TITYRUS.

Sooner ſhall nimble ſtags in æther feed,
And ſeas leave naked fiſhes on the ſhore;
Sooner, both realms travers'd, the exil'd Parthian drink

The Arar's flood, the German Tigris' ſtream,
Than from my breaſt his image ſhall decay.

MELIBÆUS.

But we far hence to Afric parch'd muſt go,
Some Scythian wilds explore, or ſwift Oaxe' ſtream,
And Britian, wholly from the world disjoin'd.
Oh! when ſhall I, a length of years elaps'd,
My country's bounds, my turf-crown'd cottage, poor,
My ſmall domains, with admiration ſee?
Theſe cultur'd lands ſhall impious ſoldiers claim?
My corn, the ruffian? To what woes hath war
Us wretched ſwains reduc'd! for whom we toil?—
Graft, Melibæ, thy pears; in order range the vine;
Depart, once happy flock; my kids, depart;
No more may I, in ſome green cave reclin'd,
You pendent from the brambly rock behold.
No ſtrains I'll chant; round me my kids no more
Can bitter willows crop, and flow'ry ſhrubs.

TITYRUS.

This night, at leaſt, with me, on verdant leaves
May you repoſe; ripe apples we'll ſupply,
Soft cheſnuts, and of curds a copious ſtore.
Behold from far the village chimneys ſmoke,
And lengthning ſhadows from the mountains fall.

Æt. 13.

A TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

The poet applies the prophecy of the Cumean Sybil concerning our Saviour, to the Son of C. A. Pollio.

SICILIAN Muſes! gain a loftier ſtrain;
The woods and lowly ſhrubs delight not all,
Nor does the Tam'riſk. If we ſing the woods,
The woods are worthy of a conſul's ear.
Now comes the final age, long ſince foretold
In the Cumean Sybil's ſacred ſtrains;
And time's vaſt ſeries now revolves again;
The Virgin and Saturnian days return;
From Heaven deſcends a recent progeny.
Do thou, oh chaſte Lucina! at the birth
Of him propitious prove, by whom at firſt
The iron age ſhall ceaſe, and o'er the world
A golden one ſhall riſe. Apollo reigns.
While thou art conſul, Pollio! ſhall commence
This boaſt of ages, and the mighty months
Begin to roll. Beneath thy auſpices,
If any footſteps of our guilt remain,
Remov'd, they'll free the world from laſting fear.
He'll lead the life of gods, and ſhall behold
The heroes ſocial with celeſtial powers,

And

And he himſelf by them in Heaven be ſeen.
He with his father's virtues will controul
The peaceful world. But, firſt, of culture void,
An early preſent ſhall the earth produce;
The creeping ivy with the ladies glove
Shall every where ſpring forth; Egyptian beans
And gay Acanthus clothe the fruitful ſoil.
With udders fraught with milk, the goats come home;
Nor ſhall our herds enormous lions fear.
For thee even cradles pleaſing flowers ſhall pour;
The ſerpent then, and ev'ry pois'nous herb
Shall ſurely die; th' Aſſyrian ſpikenard grow
In every ſoil. But when thou canſt peruſe
The praiſe of heroes, and thy father's deeds,
And know what virtue means, then ſhall the fields,
A gradual growth, with yellow harveſt teem,
And midſt uncul'tur'd thorns the bluſhing grape
Shall hang, and oaks with dewy honey ſweat.
Some veſtiges of fraud will then remain;
The merchant thence ſhall paſs the treach'rous deep,
And men with walls extenſive towns ſecure,
Or round the ramparts dig a trench profound.
Another Tiphys and an Argo ſtrong
Shall bear ſelected heroes o'er the main;
And other wars ſhall be; again to Troy

Some

Some great Achilles ſtern in wrath be ſent.
Then, after ripen'd age hath made thee man,
The dauntleſs ſailor ſhall renounce the ſea
Nor ſhips commercial change the wealth of realms.
In every land will all things grateful grow;
No more the harrow tear the patient ſoil,
Nor luſcious vines require a pruner's knife.
The ſturdy plowman ſhall unyoke his bulls,
And wool no more with various dies deceive.
Amid his flow'ry paſtures, then the ram
Shall with bright gloſſy purple, and the gay
Refulgent ſaffron of the marigold,
His fleece delightful tinge; and ſcarlet rich
The grazing lambs ſpontaneous then will clothe.
The Parcæ, joining with the nod of fate,
Have to their ſpindles ſaid, Oh come ſuch times;
Aſſume great honours; now the æra dawns;
Bright race of gods, the vaſt increaſe of Jove!
Behold the world nods with a convex weight;
This earth, the tract of ocean, and the vaſt
Profundity of heaven;—behold how all,
Rejoice at the approaching golden age.
Oh may the lateſt part of ſo long life
Remain to me, and breath as may ſuffice,
To ſing thy deeds. Not in harmonious ſtrains,
The Thracian bard or Linus ſhould excell,

Though one his mother, and his father one
Should deign to aid; to Orpheus Calliopea
And fair Apollo teach his Linus verſe.
If Pan himſelf with me ſhould dare contend,
Judged by Arcadia, Pan himſelf ſhould yield.
Arcadia, judge; begin, ſweet babe, to know
Thy mother by a ſmile; for full ten months
Long ſickly qualms thy tender parent bore.
Begin, ſweet boy; on whom parental love
Has never ſmil'd, nor deigns a god him to
Receive at table, nor a goddeſs on the couch.

Æt. 13.

PASTORAL II.

CONON, THE DESERTED WARRIOR;

OR,

MILITARY GLORY TRIUMPHANT OVER AN INGLORIOUS PASSION.

This Paſtoral was written after reading Virgil's Tenth Eclogue, of which it is a remote Imitation.

ERATO, who of all the Muſes nine
Art the moſt fatal, aid in this deſign,
To ſing of love. Be this the laſt I ſing;
What Muſe to Conon can deny the theme!

Yet

Yet ſuch an one as may fair Sylvia read,
And, form'd to pity, deign t'incline her head.
While friſking goats ſhall crop the tender thyme,
Let us in Conon's favour make a rhyme.
What thick ſet woods detain'd you from the fight
Of Conon, when he mourn'd his fair delight?
Who left the hero and refus'd his love
And ſcorn'd thoſe ſighs which flinty rocks might move?
Firſt, rough Sylvanus check'd his mournful ſtrain,
And ſtrove with healing words to ſoothe his pain;
For treacherous Sylvia follow'd one whoſe arms
Had brought no honour, and who fear'd alarms.

Laſt in the train appears the god of day,
His might the bow and feather'd ſhafts diſplay;
With aſpect calm, the radiant power began,
And thus in martial ſtrains addreſs'd the godlike man.

Oh Conon! grace once more the duſty field,
Nor let thy ſoul to love's ſoft paſſion yield.
Say, ſhall a woman's ſmiles unman thy mind?
Endure with patience what juſt heaven deſign'd.
Wilt thou unknown, in foreign regions mourn,
Becauſe untoward Sylvia won't return?

Haſte! bid a long farewel to all thoſe cares;
Men rouſe to action in their country's wars.
That courage which hath foil'd the braveſt foes,
Muſt now repel th' influx of nameleſs woes.
A ſcene of arms becomes a martial race;
Scorn mean diſguſt and ſoar above diſgrace;
Then ſhall a coward ſhare thy matchleſs fame,
Whoſe mighty deeds have gain'd a laſting name.
Fly from this deſert, court the ſanguine field;
Array'd in mail, diſplay thy various ſhield.
Illuſtrious leader of th' Athenian line!
Once more in brazen arms reſulgent ſhine;
Riſe in thy wrath, and vanquiſh all who dare,
Reſiſt thy progreſs through the mingled war;
Reſt not content with ſloth, to ſorrow loſt,
While heaving groans reſound from ev'ry coaſt.
Vindictive hero draw that conquering ſword,
And move ſuperior to thoſe ſcenes abhor'd.
Shall wars ſtern chieftain brook this mean diſguiſe?
That martial boſom heave with amorous ſighs?
And briny tears flow trickling from thine eyes?
Can tears avail? Athenian, brave and ſtrong,
What power impels the tide of grief ſo long?
Go forth to action; reaſſume thine arms;
Diſdain to weep, nor yield to female charms,

If

If honour fails to move a ſoul ſo baſe,
And glorious worth can cheriſh mean diſgrace,
Yet may your country and your parents dear
Perſuade their hero to command in war!—

Then Conon, ſighing, with majeſtic grace,
(While tears ſucceeding tears, roll down his manly face,)
In broken accents, thus, (oh! piercing to obey
The ſtern beheſts of the bright god of day:)
'Tis true, fair Sylvia ſlights my conſtant love,
Which to avenge, I call on gods above;
But let falſe Sylvia through vaſt deſerts go,
Or traverſe rugged hills, o'ertopp'd with ſnow.
What if ſhe trace the cold Sarmatian land?
There, cruel froſt ſhall ſpare her tender hand.
Ye powers! who rule the world, and heaven above,
Be witneſs, if I ever fail to love;
Protect our Sylvia with ſuperior might;
She ſoftneſs claims, thoſe charms which muſt delight.
Can I, deep plung'd in abſolute deſpair,
The painful burden of a general bear?
The woods and purling ſtreams are my retreat;
I crave releaſe from every glorious feat.
No more we thunder round the ſanguine plain,
And drive through ſeas of blood, o'er hills of ſlain;

No more I raiſe aloft my flaming ſhield,
Nor lead our warriors to the duſty field;
My days ſhall waſte in ſolitary moan,
In groves, near fountains, ſorrowful, alone.
Are then the bold Athenians plung'd in war?
Do hoſtile troops their fertile meadows ſhare?
That my vindictive arm they would regain;
Say, can the martial trumpet ſoothe my pain?
Can glory give me joy? à mortal man!
In vain we covet life beyond the deſtin'd ſpan.
Would reaſon rouſe my ſoul to dire alarms?
A ſlave to love, and blooming Sylvia's charms.
Can friends or honour ſpeed me to the war?
No! Sylvia claims my moſt diſtinguiſh'd care.

To whom, Apollo, thus, incens'd, reply'd:
Oh think how oft to heaven haſt thou apply'd,
And claim'd compaſſion from the powers above,
Becauſe once ſlighted by falſe Sylvia's love!
The ſacred mandates of th' ethereal king,
And gods conven'd, to mortal ears I bring.
Dare you reſiſt the great eternal will,
And ſcorn the powers on the Olympian hill?
Ceaſe to provoke th' almighty father's rage,
With whom, in vain, the gods combin'd engage.

Attend

Attend the ſtern decree; receive advice;
Let docile wiſdom hence direct your choice.
The king of heaven will crown his hero's days
With graceful laurels and immortal praiſe;
He wills to raiſe your glory to the ſkies;
Hear, and obey; behold the matchleſs prize;
Haſte to the field at Jove's ſupreme command,
Or fell deſtruction waits thy native land.
See where yon eagle mounts th' expanded ſkies,
With fan-like talons, and indignant eyes;
Hence timely know, unleſs thou ſoon wilt turn,
The dreadful wrath of Jove begins to burn.

Here Conon interpos'd:—We change our mind,
And will that noble part by heaven deſign'd;
The ſanguine field of death once more I claim,
And yield my actions to the voice of fame;
Th' inſulting foe ſhall then with ſorrow find
My ſpirit acts untam'd, though Sylvia prove unkind.
This arm, once rais'd, ſhall cruſh to ſhades below
The beſt, the nobleſt chief, that moves my foe.
Ye bold invaders of th'Athenian power,
Me ſhall you feel in that tremendous hour,
When by our jav'lin ſlain, the wiſe and brave,
And trembling coward, find an equal grave;
Athenian cares ſhall reſt on me alone;
Th' indignant waves beneath my navy groan;

My deep'ning phalanx in the crimſon field
Shall force the haughty Spartan pow'r to yield.
In me let martial conduct always ſhine,
Undaunted courage, clemency divine.
Adieu ye woods, and ſolitary moan!
Heaven wills,—I rouſe—declare your Co-
non's gone;
Lead on Apollo, and we ſtay for none.

Æt. 13.

PASTORAL III.

THYRSIS;

OR,

THE ABSENT DESPONDING LOVER.

WHAT time the cuckoo from the woodland
maze
The wiſh'd return of vernal airs diſplays,
As walking penſive, in the breath of morn,
I trod the pearly, dew-beſprinkled lawn,
To ears intent, a lover's ſighs were borne.
Thus mournful Thyrſis to the verdant plains,
The purling ſtreams, and whiſp'ring groves
complains.

THYRSIS.

THYRSIS.

Hail ſpring ethereal! fraught with gay delight,
Whoſe ſtriking verdure charms the raviſh'd ſight.
'Tis thine to pleaſe, when Sol protracts the day,
And ſporting lambs around the meadows play,
Or crop the tender graſs, at eaſe recli'n'd,
When cooling zephyrs gently move the wind.
Or ſhall my feet proceed acroſs the lawn,
Where joyful birds ſalute the op'ning dawn?
And chant the notes of love from every ſpray;
Melodious prologue to the riſing day!
Be this my grateful taſk; remote from men
My ſearching eyes the plains around ſhall ken,
And traverſe various walks, intent on thought,
While to my mind fair ſcenes of bliſs are brought,
And pleaſures once admir'd, and deem'd divine,
When ſhe could every lover's heart refine,
Renown'd Selima, graceful, and benign.
Lo! active fancy all her form pourtrays,
While every accent ſpeaks unheeded praiſe,
And celebrates that worth, in whom are join'd
Each grace of perſon, and the gentleſt mind;
Her aſpect meek, her ſoul ſerenely gay;
A juſt reſerve and air her charms diſplay.

But far from hence the penſive virgin flies,
Chears other lands, and brightens other ſkies,

While

While here forſook, bewilder'd, and alone,
Beſide the limpid ſtream, I pour my ceaſeleſs moan,
And muſing, tread thoſe once frequented plains,
O'er all whoſe pride fell diſappointment reigns.

In vain for me the luſcious nect'rine blows;
In vain expands the complicated roſe;
The polyanthus ſmiles, and tempts my hand
Its velvet beauties from the ground to rend;
The primroſe ſcented bank, where vi'lets blue
And yellow cowſlips blend their varying hue,
No more can give delight; no more I feel
Relief ſalubrious from the flow'ry vale.

The ſlow meand'ring brook, and hoarſe caſcade,
The wood-crown'd hill, and ſpacious graſſy mead,
But fan the flame of love; and to my mind
Thoſe pleaſing days recall,—Selima kind;—
When bleſs'd with her, beneath yon hazel ſhade,
My flute the ſhepherd's ruſtic tale diſplay'd,
And durſt preſume, in unavailing lays,
To chant the fair one's ill-attempted praiſe;
When from her lips I heard the words of truth,
Such wiſdom charm'd me in ſuch blooming youth.
Time was—'tis paſt—thoſe ſcenes no more return;
With frequent ſighs my ſoul for ever mourns,

Diſconſolate

Diſconſolate and loſt. Could tears but flow—
But tears to ſome can no relief beſtow.
In vain we ſtrive to weep; thoſe eyeballs turn
Like iron globes, or folds of ſtubborn horn;
While deep within the manſion of my ſoul
The poignant ſeeds of laſting anguiſh roll.
How ſtrong reflection amplifies my woes!
And every ſcene the depth of ſorrow ſhows!
Black melancholy ſpreads her wings around,
And hapleſs ſchemes this lab'ring mind confound,
Such toils await. Lo! many leagues apart,
Roves the lov'd object of my fonder heart;
Far hence ſhe goes; the conſcious vallies ſmile,
And plenteous crops enrich her native iſle;
The ſun reſplendent ſhines; the moon by night
To conſtant lovers lends her welcome light,
And with benigneſt radiance mounts the ſkies,
When the Cærulean opes a thouſand eyes.

Amid the devious, ſympathetic grove,
The penſive ſwain ejects the ſigh of love.
Their queen confeſs'd the flow'ry nations greet,
And pour their fragrant tribute at her feet.
Vaſt ranging herds the green-clad valley fill,
And flocks, wide-ſpread, adorn each graſſy hill.

In

In ſmooth, ſucceſſive, labyrinthal maze,
And ſerpentine, the ſhining river ſtrays
To claim her kind regard. All Nature ſtrives,
And ſpring prolific every ſhrub revives.
The playſome kid may dance, lambs nip the graſs,
While fleeting hours in gay ſucceſſion paſs;
The browzing goat, unſtinted, crops the thyme,
Or up the flow'ry ſteep delights to climb;
The ſtately ſwan ſails garrulous and gay,
And all his motions graceful pride diſplay,
Pleas'd with the cryſtal brook. Each bird his mate
Enamour'd finds, and hails his bliſsful ſtate.
Thus all creation round can feel delight,
Bleſs'd in their kind, and happy in their might;
While I bewilder'd rove from place to place,
And every former haunt and winding alley trace.
To ſorrow's gloomy train abandon'd, now
Muſt Thyrſis every pleaſing theme forego,
And drink a large, and bitter draught of woe.
When painful abſence wounds the lover's breaſt,
Grief damps his joy, and mourning breaks his reſt.

No more the ſhepherd ſaid; intent on love,
With all the powers of nature Thyrſis ſtrove;
A gloomy ſadneſs cloth'd his low'ring brow;
His eyes were fix'd; his motions quick and ſlow;

A melancholy

A melancholy abſence held his mind,
His quiv'ring lips dropt ſentences disjoin'd;
Pale livid cheeks the ſemblance bore of guilt;
Such was the pain the love-ſick ſhepherd felt;
So deep the ſhafts of Venus pierc'd his heart,
The ſoul immortal trembled with the ſmart.

Such is the pow'r of paſſion, ſuch of love,
When reaſon fails our better ſenſe to move.
Taught by this long deſcriptive tale, beware
T' imbibe the glances of th' angelic fair.

PASTORAL IV.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S THIRD ECLOGUE.

LYCIDAS, AMYNTAS, PALÆMON.

LYCIDAS.

SOHO! to whom belong thoſe wand'ring ſheep?

AMYNTAS.

Egon's they are; he gave them me to keep.

LYCIDAS,

LYCIDAS.

Ah! ragged ſheep of an unhappy ſwain!
While he Neæra courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I the damſel ſhall obtain.
Of ſtreaming milk you rob the bleating lambs,
And of their food deprive the fleecy dams.

AMYNTAS.

Stop! not ſo faſt! that haſty tongue reſtrain;
Dare you to meet my face, litigious ſwain!
Say, when you ſaw me do this ſhameful thing,
With errant lies you make the vallies ring.

LYCIDAS.

Did I not ſee thee, conſcious, haſte along?
And ſkulk behind an hedge, a thief, though young?
Hark! lo I challenge! ſatisfy the wrong;
The field of conteſt is a paſt'ral ſong.
The bard triumphant then ſhall claim a kid;
A ſhepherd's bett; thou coward don't forbid.
On well join'd reeds for glory we contend;
Palæmon comes, to both a generous friend,
A judge unbiaſs'd; juſtly he'll decree,
And give the beſt the palm of victory.

AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS.

A kid I dare not ſever from the fold;
Each night and morn their number muſt be told.
I have at home a ſire and ſtep-dame too,
Both count the flock, and what there is, they know.
But, oh! may heaven avert the laſting ſhame!
Brand, brand me not with that much hated name
A coward! rather let the earth divide,
And in it's womb my trembling members hide.
With thee I dare attempt harmonious rhyme,
With thee, I ſay, preſum'd in verſe the prime;
And on my part depoſit this carv'd bowl,
By all admir'd; my own without controul;
The labour'd work of fam'd Alcimedon,
A name to each Arcadian ſhepherd known.
Here nicely carv'd, refulgent cluſters ſhine,
But juſt exceeded by the natural vine,
There form'd with art, ſee creeping ivy twine,
And in the midſt, two images erect. Conon,
And what's his name? to diſtant nations known,
Who firſt this earth diſpos'd in various ſtates,
And pleas'd, at length his mighty taſk compleats;
Hence learn the time the verdant graſs to mow,
And when to join your oxen to the plough.

LYCIDAS.

LYCIDAS.

Amyntas, ceaſe! boaſt not of cups too long;
Two bowls are mine, made by Alcimedon,
With twiſted handles, exquiſitely wrought!
A laſting proof of labour and of thought.
See where, emboſs'd, melodious Orpheus ſtands,
And holds his harp divine in his celeſtial hands.
Lo! rabid wolves, and dancing woods around,
See ſavage nature tam'd, and court the pleaſing ſound.
My lips ne'er breath'd upon its poliſh'd edge;
Of hapleſs love, a monumental pledge!

AMYNTAS.

Anon, proceeed no more, the time delay;
Each ſhepherd's verſe, Palæmon! hear, we pray;
You well can judge, bleſs'd with a generous heart,
And wiſdom may th' immortal gods impart.

PALÆMON.

Begin the ſong, and ſeated on the ground,
Enjoy the fragrance waſted all around;
Unſparing bounty! mark the op'ning year,
While artleſs muſic ſhakes the waving air.
See goddeſs Flora, fair white-handed queen!
With every beauty paints the lovely ſcene,
The meadows various, and the trees with green.

Behold

Behold the golden ſpring progreſſive roll,
And genial ſeeds unbind the mellow ſoil.
Begin Amyntas; in your turns go on,
As moſt conſiſtent with Apollo's ſong.

AMYNTAS.

Of Saturn's matchleſs ſon I claim the love;
With him begin; all nations worſhip Jove;
Hence waving crops enrich the fruitful plain,
Hence grows the verdant graſs, and ſwells the bearded grain.

LYCIDAS.

Not leſs Apollo claims the poet's praiſe;
Freſh warmth inſpires, and animates my lays;
To him, the patron of celeſtial ſong,
The charms of muſic and of verſe belong.

AMYNTAS.

Say ſhall Aſpaſia, that young playful girl,
At me, unmark'd, freſh gather'd apples hurl?
Then, while the red'ning bluſh her cheek oe'rſpreads,
As light'ning ſwift, towards the covert ſpeeds.

LYCIDAS.

Hail, ſparkling Delia! bleſs'd with heavenly charms,
Whoſe every grace the coldeſt boſom warms;
Where Venus' beauty and Minerva's art,
To one, and ſhe alone, the gods impart.

AMYNTAS.

The black ey'd Phyllis hath poſeſs'd my heart;
She claims the whole, ador'd in every part;
But what, alas! to me, is fond deſire?
In vain my boſom feels love's active fire,
While modeſt Phyllis hides her charming face,
And ſcorns for ever man's deſigning race.

LYCIDAS.

Haſten, ye heavens! my much lov'd Delia home,
How long, ye gods! muſt ſhe far diſtant roam?
Behold the juicy pear, or downy peach,
What ever more her milk white hands can reach;
She unreſtrain'd ſhall eaſe the curling vine,
Would gentle Delia be for ever mine.

AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS.

Tell where and when we may the ſtars behold,
When up the vault of heaven the ſun hath roll'd,
If you, gay ſwain, can find the latent place,
And vers'd in ſcience, this ſtrange wonder trace;
If you, I ſay, th' enigma can explain,
A fine young heifer ſhall reward your pain.

LYCIDAS.

Come, dext'rous bard! a recent thought diſcloſe,
Say where a flow'r, for ſuch a flower there grows,
Which not unknown to every ſon of fame,
To this late age records a warrior's name;
Then may young Phyllis, graceful and benign,
Conſenting damſel! be for ever thine.

PALÆMON.

'Tis not with me, this conteſt to decide,
Alike have both in pleaſing numbers vied;
To each, unvanquiſh'd, I adjudge the prize;
Truth will I ſpeak, a ſtranger to diſguiſe;
Your fleecy flocks are ſatiate, count the lambs;
Make haſte my lads, and form the wonted dams.

PASTORAL V.

PHYLLIS.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT.

ADDRESSED TO HER PARENTS.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S FIFTH ECLOGUE.

STREPHON AND NISA.

STREPHON.

HAIL, beauteous fair! may heaven my hopes ſucceed,
Would Niſa deign to take the paſtoral reed;
To pleaſing muſic chant the ſhepherd's ſong,
To loftier themes ſublimer ſtrains belong.
This grateful ſhade invites the rural muſe,
Beneath this ample beech, my ſeat I chuſe,
Benign retreat! while up the vault of heaven,
The flaming courſers of the ſun are driven,
And to the reedy pool, or ſtanding lake,
Yon lowing herds the winding paſſage take.

NISA.

'Tis mine, gay youth! in melancholy ſtrains
To tune a mournful dirge around the plains;

Yon

Yon ancient beech records the luckleſs tale,
And tells the world whoſe fate my lines bewail;
The theme not leſs concerns thyſelf than me,
To both ally'd by conſanguinity.

STREPHON.

Say, charming maid! for Strephon longs to know
The ſecret cauſe of ſuch conſpicuous woe,
Why ſtands a lucid drop in both thine eyes?
Give me, with you, in pain to ſympathiſe.
Suſpence is torture; ſpeak thy mind at large;
Say, doth my fair forego her wonted charge?

NISA.

Ye woods and groves! by numbers vocal made,
Ye whiſp'ring holms, and every grateful ſhade,
With me lament the death of Phyllis dear,
Dear to her parents, and my only care;
My great concern. From food, ye herds! decline;
And ſympathiſe, ye rocks! in grief like mine.
Let paſſing waters now forget to flow,
And wand'ring ſtreams arreſted, ceaſe to go.
Sweet Phyllis dies, from tranſient ſcenes remov'd,
By all her neighbours and her kindred lov'd.

Ye powers rever'd by Albion's healthful ſwains,
And all who paſs the deep, or tread the flow'ry plains,
My mournful muſe aſſiſt, and aid my dolorous ſtrains.

'Tis not for love, nor love's enchanting theme,
The patronage of every bard I claim.
Death ſtruck the darling object of my ſoul,
Her haſty flight my uncouth numbers dole.
Let harmleſs ſheep, and playſome kids deplore
Her fate, who ſmil'd when they approach'd her door.
Ye trees, bow down to earth your lofty heads,
Let gloomy ſorrow clothe the barren meads;
Intent to hear, let roving tygers ſtand,
And may the ſavage lynx his wrath ſuſpend;
Ye flow'rs forget to bloom, ye winds to blow,
And nature's works their wonted charms forego.
Soft Philomel! huſh'd be thy evening tale;
Henceforth the fate of innocence bewail;
'Tis thine, when ſilence holds the world below,
And groves reſponſive ſpeak the ſtrains of woe,
Alone, unſeen, to paſs the tedious night,
And mourn thy own hard caſe, remote from light.

No

No more my kids ſhall climb the pendent rock;
No more at eaſe I tend the bleating flock;
With pleaſure view them crop the tender graſs,
While fleeting hours in grateful tranſport paſs.
Farewell, ye priſtine ſcenes! no more for you
The noiſe of pomp, and ſplendor I eſchew;
Once more, ye fair engaging joys, adieu!—
But what can numbers? how ſhall words expreſs
The deep-felt woes of moſt profound diſtreſs?
When all the powers of eloquence are join'd,
Can language paint the feelings of the mind?
Grief once predominant, the boaſted pride
Of grand expreſſive figures muſt ſubſide:
Too big for utterance ſwells the painful heart,
While heaving groans more force than words impart.

STREPHON.

Thy ſtrains expreſſive, poeteſs ſublime!
In all the varied guſts of ſorrow ſhine,
And far tranſcend each labour'd thought of mine,
As doth the pureſt gold mean braſs exceed,
Or as the pine excells the ſlender reed.

Yet I my verſe alternate will ſupply,
And welcome Phyllis to th' ethereal ſky;
The much lov'd daughter of our common ſire,
Not leſs ſhould my reſponſive lays require.

NISA.

Can poets find a more delightful theme?
Can ought more juſtly Strephon's tribute claim?
Say can the firſt of noble ſubjects cloy,
An infant's entrance to the realms of joy?
Sure, ſhe's as worthy of a paſtoral ſong,
As of an epic, great Anchiſes' ſon.
Amyntas once thy grateful muſe could praiſe;
Who like Amyntas grac'd the laurel bays?

STREPHON.

Young Phyllis enters heaven's expanded gate,
And raptur'd feels her happineſs complete,
While golden planets roll beneath her feet.
She marks th' extent of heaven's auguſt abodes,
The di'mond manſions of ſeraphic gods!
The cryſtal pavement of th' empyrean court,
Where endleſs trains of wiſdom's ſons reſort!

Celeſtial

Celeſtial pow'rs! in each capacious mind,
The pearls of might and happineſs are join'd;
Where wiſdom, beauty, goodneſs, all combine,
An inexhauſted plenitude divine!
In their ſoft features ſweet complacence reigns,
And every look the pureſt love maintains.
More ſwift than thought, exalted angels fly
Acroſs the vaſt expanſion of the ſky,
Or ſoftly gliding, ſmiling, ſkim along
The ſtar-pav'd acceſs to th' eternal throne;
Or, where beneath their feet, enamouring ſcene!
Perpetual flow'rs in varied beauty ſpring,
And laſting verdure blooms; they ſpend their hours
In heaven's tranſcendent ſhades, or amaranthine
bow'rs.
Since thus preferr'd in lucid robes of day,
Thric happy Phyllis leaves terreſtial clay,
Decline to mourn. Ye humble vallies leap,
And may the doleful plains foreget to weep;
Salubrious nature yet again revive,
And vernal ſcenes in fair progreſſion thrive.
Again the bard ſhall court the whiſp'ring grove,
And fruitful fields repeat the voice of love.
Where limpid waters ſcoop the mellow ſoil,
Or hoarſe caſcades reverberating boil,

Be't

Be't mine once more, contemplative to walk,
And with calm ſolitude enraptur'd, talk.
Again the labourer mows the yielding graſs,
And through the curling crab the ſun ſhall paſs;
Refulgent Ceres ſhow'r her ſaffron grain,
And well-bound ſheaves adorn th'extenſive plain;
The purple grape ſhall grace the bending vine,
And loaded trees in gay profuſion ſhine.
Once more, delighted, in the ruſtling wood,
Of various birds the green obſcure abode,
May lovely Niſa far from towns retire,
And, loſt in thought, to heavenly themes aſpire;
Or more ſupine, and charm'd with grateful eaſe,
Of pendent fruit diveſt the nut-brown trees.
Again alternate, let harſh winter come,
And nature's beauties change their wonted bloom;
Th' arreſted ſtream in adamant confin'd,
Shall bear the ſporting boy, or vacant hind,
Through fields of æther fall the driving ſnow,
Till hoary garments clothe the vales below.

But longer far than men ſhall hunt the boar,
Or grim wild beaſts with tort'ring famine roar;
Than playſome fiſhes love the ſilver flood,
Or ſhaggy bears traverſe the gloomy wood;

Than

Than ranging bees explore the ſav'ry thyme,
Or birds aſcend aërial heights ſublime,
Shall favour'd Phyllis reſt in heaven's abodes,
With ſaints converſe, and talk with demi-gods.

NISA.

Say what return can raptur'd Niſa give?
What preſent make, that Strephon will receive?
Sure not ſo grateful is the murm'ring ſpring,
The vales luxuriant, and the hills benign,
The moſt ſequeſtered cool ſerene retreat,
When gaping earth abides ſolſtitial heat,
As to my mind young Strephon's paſt'ral lays
In lovely Phyllis' never failing praiſe.

STREPHON.

Will blooming Niſa deign with grace benign
T' accept this fair compacted flute of mine?
To diſtant times fraternal love may ſhine.
Oft has this pipe my ruſtic thoughts diſclos'd;
Once the reward of paſtoral ſtrains propos'd.

NISA.

NISA.

A mean return, thoſe reeds will I reſign;
Henceforth, kind bard, are they for ever thine;
Fram'd by Palæmon, poor unhappy ſwain,
Who fair Narciſſa woo'd, but woo'd in vain!

Æt. 14.

☞ The preceding Paſtorals were written before the Writer had read any Thing on that Subject, except what he has here attempted to imitate.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

HORACE.

ODE XXII. BOOK I.

THAT CONSCIOUS INNOCENCE RAISETH A MAN ABOVE FEAR.

IF Innocence the mind poſſeſs,
From all tranſgreſſion freed,
The poiſon'd arrow, nor the bow,
Our hands ſhall never need.

If ſome inhoſpitable ſhore
We tread, ſecure of harm,
Or ſandy Syrtes dare explore,
Or croſs Hydaſpes' ſtream;

Though

Though realms unknown, or barren climes,
Or mountains interpoſe;
Yet there, juſt heaven will ſuch protect,
And ſave from various woes.

A wolf, but in the Sabine wood,
While Lalagé I ſing,
And careleſs rove beyond my bounds,
Fled me; an harmleſs thing.

Such monſters, Daunia does not breed
Amid her ample groves;
Nor Afric, nurſe of lions, feed
When man the deſart roves.

Place me in fields devoid of corn,
Where grows no verdant tree,
Where clouds and tempeſts raiſe a ſtorm,
Or ſpread mortality;

Though juſt beneath bright Phœbus' rays,
Under his fervid car,
You ſend me; there my days I'll ſpend,
From home, and kindred far.
There ſweetly-ſmiling Lalagé I'll love,
Her accents ſweet, my conſtancy ſhall prove.

Æt. 14.

The Sentiments of Part of the Twenty-fourth Ode of the Third Book of Horace.

THOUGH Indian mines or Tyrrhene ſeas,
Vaſt treaſures! you obtain,
Never ſhall wealth from death ſecure,
Nor keep the rich from pain.

For hardy Scythians find more peace
Beneath the frigid zone,
Though forc'd to wander far and wide,
For their unſettled home.

Getæans fierce, whoſe ſpacious fields
Expos'd in common lie,
Who know no bound'ries to their lands,
May feel ſuperior joy.

Their late poſſeſſions all forego
When Sol hath clos'd the year;
Another then the place aſſumes,
By turns the land they ſhare.

Here the fond matron doth not ſeek
Her ſtep-born ſon to ſlay;
Nor doth the portion'd dame deſire
Her huſband's will to ſway.

ODE XVI. BOOK III.

A Tower of braſs, and gates robuſt,
Nor dogs, a watchful guard!
Could from nocturnal rakes defend,
Fair Danaé, debarr'd;

Since thund'ring Jove, and love's gay queen,
Evaded all the care
Of ſtern Acriſius, the proud watch
Of that encloiſter'd fair.

For open was the gate, and wide
T'a god transform'd to gold;
Wealth penetrates through guards and rocks,
Like light'ning uncontroul'd.

Once for deſtructive lucre's ſake,
An Argive Augur died;
His houſe, then for a bribe betray'd,
The thirſt of gold deſtroy'd.

Hence, a proud Macedonian prince
The gates of towns unloos'd;
And arm'd with wealth, oft rival kings
From regal pow'r depos'd.

Bribes

Bribes may the rugged ſailor tempt.
The man who heaps up ſtore,
Solicitude torments with care,
Impatient after more.

Not without cauſe, thou boaſt of knights!
Have I abhorr'd a ſhow;
If to yourſelf, you wealth deny,
More will the gods beſtow.

Poor, as I am, I wiſh to paſs
To thoſe that claim content;
Like a deſerter, leave the rich,
And fly the ſumptuous tent.

Lord of a ſmall eſtate, I deem
Myſelf more ſplendid far,
Than if in lofty barns I pil'd
The produce of the year;

Amid accumulated heaps
Of endleſs riches, poor;
On every ſide, ſurrounded by
A vain, enchanting ſtore.

My pure tranſparent ſtream and woods
Of a few acres ſize,

A confidence of my own crop,
Shall every want ſuffice.

Not he, who governs Afric's realms,
Or Lybia's acres mows,
My ſlender income better far,
And more convenient, knows.

Although Calabrian bees do not
Their ſweets for me produce;
Nor in huge Leſtrigonian caſks
I ſtore the gen'rous juice;

No flocks for me, in Gallia graze,
Yet want doth not torment;
But had I importun'd for more,
Still more your grace had ſent.

My ſlender income may encreaſe,
If we awhile refrain,
Better than if to Lybian realms,
I join'd a rich domain.

To them who many things deſire,
Yet many things are loſt,
In inſtability and woe
Their minds are ever toſt.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd is the man whom providence
Hath with enough endu'd,
To keep from pining want ſecure;
He lives in quietude.

Tranſlated, Æt. 15.

ODE XIV. BOOK II.

Tranſlated in the ſame Number of Lines as the Original.

To POSTHUMUS.

THE fleet-wing'd years, Poſthumus! ſlide
Alas! nor piety can ſtay
Old age, or wrinkles fell,
Nor death invincible.

Although, my friend! you ſacrifice
Three hundred bullocks every day
To ruthleſs Pluto's ſhrine,
Whoſe ſluggiſh waves confine

Tityos and Geryon dire;
The waves which all muſt paſs,
Who fed on fruits of earth,
Of high, or humble birth.

In vain the ſanguine field we 'ſcape,
And roaring Adria's daſhing gulph;
When autumn rules the year,
In vain the ſouth we fear.

Cocytus' ſable, languid ſtream,
And Danaus' race we muſt behold,
Where cruel fate ordains
Siſyphus to endleſs pains.

Thy land and houſe, and pleaſing wife,
And groves, thine hands have ſet,
Thou muſt behind thee leave;
The cypreſs only deck thy grave.

A worthier heir the wine ſhall ſpend,
Which once an hundred locks conceal'd;
Not in our feſtivals is found
Such cheer as then ſhall tinge the ground.

ODE XII. BOOK II.

Tranſlated in Blank Verſe, and the ſame Number of Lines as the Original.

To MECÆNAS.

DO not fierce Numantine's long wars,
Dire Annibal, Sicilian ſeas

With

With Punic blood diſtain'd, command
To fit my humble lyre?

Nor ſavage Lapithæ, Hylæus drunk,
Earth's ſons by might Herculean tam'd,
Whence ancient Saturn's fulgent dome
Th'encreaſing danger fear'd.

'Tis thine, Mecænas! Cæſar's wars
In proſe hiſtoric to relate;
And kings indignant, through the ſtreets,
In ſplendid triumph led.

My muſe, Licinias' numbers ſweet,
Her beauty-beaming eyes would praiſe;
Her long-prov'd faith, and mutual love
Demand the Lyric lays.

With what an air ſhe leads the dance!
How keen her wit! and how ſerene!
With virgins neat ſhe joins her hands,
On Dian's feſtal day!

Would you for what Achæmenes poſſeſs'd,
Or Phrygias' riches, or what more

Arabia's ample garners boaſt,
Exchange Licinia's hair,

When ſhe, benign, turns round her neck,
Or with an eaſy frown denies?
And would you'd ſnatch, not importune?
Sometimes ſhe's leſs reſerv'd.

☞ The Tranſlator has here adopted a ſpecies of blank verſe, in imitation of the Latin meaſure.

TRANSLATIONS FROM VIRGIL.

THE STORY OF THE WOODEN HORSE, AND THE CONSUMMATE HYPOCRISY OF SINON.

Tranſlated from the Second Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

THE Græcian chiefs, fatigu'd with ten years war,
By Pallas aided, with peculiar care
Erect a ſteed, like ſome vaſt rock in ſize!
The ſtately fir in planks its ribs ſupplies;
A vow for ſafe return, this they pretend,
And round the country that report extend.
But in the horſe they armed ſoldiers hide,
By lot ſelected, of their hoſt the pride.

In ſight of Troy, a famous iſland lay,
A thriving port and fine commodious bay,
While in imperial ſplendor Priam bore the ſway.
No haven now the ranſack'd iſle can boaſt,
Unfit for ſhips, a rough, impervious coaſt.
To this deſerted ſhore the Greeks retreat,
And here, from us conceal'd their hoſtile fleet;
While to Mycenæ, wafted o'er the main,
We thought them gone; but oh! that thought was vain.
Troy freed from long diſtreſs, her gates expand;
Exulting thouſands pour around the land,
The Græcian camp to view; or to explore
The plains deſerted, and abandon'd ſhore.
Here Dolopes, there Achilles pitch'd his tent;
Here the whole navy ſtretch'd, a vaſt extent!
The armies there in battle did engage;
Here Ilion fled before Pelides' rage.

Meanwhile, a part expreſs profound amaze,
When at Minerva's fatal gift they gaze.
Thymætes firſt adviſ'd t' admit the ſteed,
Thro' treachery brib'd, or ſo the fates decreed;
But Capys, and the reſt of ſounder mind,
Suſpect what Greece by ſplendid gifts deſign'd;
They will'd, that fire the monſter ſhould devour,
And ev'ry dark receſs with arms explore,

Or

Or force th' inſidious engine from the ſteep,
Beneath the billows of the roaring deep;
The giddy vulgar now in parties riſe,
And various ſchemes declare their vaſt ſurprize.

Lo! from the tower Laocoon deſcends,
Attended by a numerous train of friends;
Impetuous anger all his ſoul inflames,
And thus, from far, ſtern Neptune's prieſt exclaims:
Oh! wretched countrymen! what fury reigns!
What frantic madneſs flows thro' all your veins!
Can you beleive our foes deceitful, gone?
Are then Ulyſſes' arts no better known?
Conceal'd within this wood the Græcians lie,
Or yon machine was built our houſes to deſcry.
Admit not, friends, the ſteed within the wall;
Some ill deſign it hides, or bodes our fall.
From every preſent Greece would give, abſtain;
My ſoul ſuſpects fraud from the Argive train,
And more, if gifts, ſuſpicious gifts! they feign.

This ſaid, with force his maſſy ſpear he flung
Againſt the monſter's ſide; the caverns rung!
Fix'd in the ſteed, the quiv'ring weapon ſtood,
And hollow groans reſounded from the wood;

Then

Then had not fate decreed the fall of Troy,
And hoſtile gods conſpir'd to blaſt our joy,
Each dark receſs laid open by the ſword,
Troy now had ſtood, her dignity reſtor'd;
The fell deſigns of Greece we all had known,
And good old Priam ſtill poſſeſs'd the throne.

Meantime the Trojan ſwains with acclamations bring
A trembling captive, bound, before the king;
To them unknown, he fell acroſs their way,
Premeditating Ilion to betray;
Reſolv'd to circumvent, prepar'd to die.
About him gather all the youth of Troy,
Earneſt to ſee, or to inſult the foe.
Now from the fraud of one, the nation know;
As in the midſt, unarm'd, the ſtranger ſtood,
Gaz'd at by all, the Greek exclaim'd aloud,
Alas! what diſtant land will me receive?
Toſs'd by relentleſs waves, where ſhall I live?
What place for me, a wretch forlorn! remains?
Me, every friend, and every Greek diſdains;
The injur'd Trojans too, my blood require;
Can I of foes profeſs'd, my life deſire?

Theſe mournful accents change our wav'ring ſouls,
In every heart, ſerene compaſſion rolls;
We bid the wretch his name and race declare,
His captive faith, or what, if tidings he could bear.
Undaunted, then the guileful Greek began;
Profound attention flow'd from man to man—
Indeed, oh king! my heart would nought conceal;
The vows of Greece my faithful tongue ſhall tell;
Nor can I dare, myſelf a Greek deny;
The frowns of fate ſhall ne'er make Sinon lie;
Truth will I ſpeak, truth doth my heart revere;
For lies, the vengeance of the gods I fear.
If then, great Palamed's illuſtrious name
E'er to thine ears, imperial monarch! came,
Whom Greece by falſe impeachment doom'd to die,
Though innocent, ſuppos'd a friend to Troy.
Now for their raſhneſs, Argive princes mourn,
And wiſh in vain, Belides to return.
My ſire, when young, diſmiſs'd me to the war;
In all the dangers of my friend I ſhare;
While he, ſecure, among the great remain'd,
The kingdom flouriſh'd; ſome renown I gain'd.
But when, alas! he fell, the ſport of fate!
A ſacrifice to ſtern Ulyſſes' hate,
(Things known, and facts, oh king! do I relate,)

Diſtreſs'd

My days did I in grief and ſorrow ſpend,
And mourn'd the fortune of my hapleſs friend.
Fool that I was to tell; had heaven decreed
My wiſh'd return, vengeance I vow'd, the foe
ſhould bleed.
From that dire ſource a train of ſorrows ſprang,
Hence every grief, and every woe began;
Ulyſſes thence, my inward pain augments,
By lies and ſlanders his mad rage he vents;
The wav'ring crowd with falſe reports he fires;
My life, the guilty daſtard then requires.
No reſpite, nor ſweet intercourſe I know,
For Calchas' miniſtration urg'd my foe.
But, why ſhould I, with uſeleſs words and vain,
This congregated multitude detain?
If all of Græcian race, alike you doom,
Conſign me, Trojans! to the peaceful tomb;
This muſt Ulyſſes, and his friends delight,
The two Atridæ will your pains requite.

Then curious to enquire, we bid the foe
Explain the cauſe of ſuch prodigious woe;
Of his dire fraud did no ſuſpicion riſe;
Reſolv'd to circumvent, he trembling cries:—
Fatigu'd with ten years unſucceſsful war,
Oft wiſh'd the Greeks to breathe their native air;

How

(How would my heart have leapt with ſecret joy,
Had they forſook the ſhores of heaven-built Troy!)
As oft did tempeſts them from flight detain,
And adverſe Auſter rous'd the troubled main.
When now, this horſe in ſtately ſplendour ſtood,
Compos'd of maple beams, from Ida's wood.
A dreadful ſtorm the azure ſky o'erſpreads,
And heaven indignant thunders o'er our heads.
In deep ſuſpence, Eurypilus we ſend
Apollo to conſult, and heaven attend.
From the receſs, and 'midſt his dark abode,
As he reported, thus reply'd the god :—
When firſt from Greece you ſought the Leſbian plain,
A virgin's blood appeas'd the boiſt'rous main ;
Now Græcian gore muſt purchaſe your return,
And for atonement, human fleſh muſt burn.

When vulgar ears receiv'd this dire command,
Chill'd was our blood, and trembled every band,
We wiſh to know whom Phæbus would demand.

Laertes' ſon with clamor drag'd along
Prophetic Calchas, 'mid the ſhudd'ring throng ;
Then bade him tell whom fate conſign'd to death,
What victim was decreed to forfeit breath.

Me

Me the devoted wretch, the ſoldiers gueſs;
Ulyſſes' well known hatred fram'd diſtreſs.
Ten days did Calchas heaven's high will conceal,
Nor unconſtrain'd, would he the man reveal;
Stern Ithacus with clamor broke his reſt,
At length the ſeer the dire command expreſs'd;
His ſolemn accents clos'd the mighty ſtrife,
And me condemn'd to fall beneath the knife.
With this the trembling multitude agree,
That which each fear'd, they ſaw confin'd to me;
And now, alas! the fatal day drew near,
When me, a ſacrifice, the prieſts prepare.
Lo! ſalted cakes th' attending ſervants ſpread,
With ſacred fillets then they bound my head.
To free myſelf from death, and ſcape the yoke,
Needs muſt my tongue confeſs, the chains I broke.
Mid boggy fens, obſcure, I paſs'd the night,
In ſhady woods conceal'd from human ſight,
Till they for Greece ſhould ſpread their full-blown ſails,
And Jove auſpicious aid with proſp'rous gales.
The hope of ſeeing my old ſire was loſt;
No more can I behold my native coaſt;
T' embrace my children, heaven incens'd, denies;
A train of woes ſucceeds my former joys.
My friends, perhaps returning Greeks will doom
A ſacrifice, in hapleſs Sinon's room.

On

On all my race will malice vent its ſpite,
How hard, alas! muſt they repay my flight!
By all who rule the bliſsful realms above,
And every god who fears the wrath of Jove;
By truth, if any truth on earth can be,
Commiſerate our woes, and pity me.

His tears, the moſt averſe ſoon reconcile;
Our melting hearts were overcome by guile;
And firſt the king th' attending guard commands
To looſe the fetters from his captive hands;
Then he, in friendly ſtrains, addreſs'd the foe:—
Here ceaſe thy wandrings; here forget thy woe;
Whoe'er thou art, henceforth relinquiſh Greece;
Be ours; enjoy the quietude of peace.
Since we demand, with ſolemn truth declare
Why rais'd the Greeks that inſtrument of war,
Immenſe and vaſt? what ſchemes do they propoſe?
Th' inventor who? ſay whence the fabric roſe?
Explain their motives; trace the mighty ſteed;
Free from all falſehood, courteous gueſt! proceed.

Then he, long exercis'd in vile deceit,
Rais'd his loos'd hands, adjuring heaven and fate;
You I atteſt, eternal fires! he cries,
Whoſe glorious ſplendour guilds the vaulted ſkies,

Ye

Ye altars! ſacred to th' avenging gods,
Th' inhabitants of heaven's ſublime abodes;
Ye holy bonds! which I, a victim, wore,
Say, ſhall I the deſigns of Greece explore?
May I, their private ſchemes thus violate?
'Tis juſt, their ſchemes to blaſt, the men to hate.
The whole will I to vulgar ſight expoſe;
If ought was e'er conceal'd by Grecian foes,
No native law can ſecrecy impoſe.
Preſerv'd by Sinon, keep your promiſe given,
So may you be the favourites of heaven.

The hope of Greece, when firſt began the war,
Was plac'd in wiſe Minerva's guardian care;
But from the time that Tydeus' impious ſon,
Join'd by Ulyſſes, dar'd approach the ſtone,*
And the palladium from the temple bear,
The guards firſt ſlain in ſacrilegious war;
With hands defil'd in blood, the Greeks invade
The ſacred ſhrine of war's triumphant maid;
The holy wreaths to touch they next preſume,
And bore the virgin from her lofty dome.
From that known day, the ſtate began to fail,
And fates adverſe o'er every hope prevail;

Signs

* Minerva's Image.

Signs horrible to name, ſtern Pallas ſends,
A ſure prelude that vengeance dire impends.
Scarce had they plac'd the ſtatue in the tent,
When flames of fire her ſtaring eyeballs vent;
A briny ſweat through all her members flows;
Wondrous to tell, the wrathful image roſe
Thrice from the ground! ſhe bore her dreadful ſhield,
And in her hand a trembling jav'lin held.
Prophetic Calchas bids prepare to fly,
Nor hope the fall of heaven-defended Troy,
Unleſs from Argos, omens they require,
And chaſte Minerva mitigate her ire,
Again returning what away they bore
In hollow veſſels, to the Trojan ſhore.
Now if Mycenæ once more chear their ſight,
And, winds aſſiſting, ſpeed their deſtin'd flight,
With arms and gods propitious, they'll return
When you expect not; Ilion then may burn.
Thus Calchas reads the future; he commands;
For the Palladium, Greece with labouring hands
This figure built, immenſe and vaſt in ſize!
To expiate their crimes, and calm the ſkies.
Yet Calchas bade it like a monſter grow,
Of bulk enormous; leſt th' unconquer'd foe
The ſacred ſteed within the walls ſhould draw,
And the baſe crowd adore with reverent awe.

If you with arms, ſaid he, ſhould violate
Minerva's gift, then would celeſtial hate
Vengeance decree, and pour deſtruction down
On Priam's realm, and this imperial town.
Oh may the gods avert the prophecy,
His omens change, and make his words a lie!
But if to draw the horſe yourſelves aſſiſt,
Ne'er ſhall Mycenæ your conquering arms reſiſt;
Victorious Aſia then ſhall plough the ſea,
And vanquiſh'd Argos your commands obey.

Such wiles of perjur'd Sinon us deceive;
Through artful lies, the ſtory we believe.
Tears conquer them, whom Diomed in vain,
And ſtern Achilles, with the Grecian train
Ten years beſieg'd. Nor could a thouſand ſail,
Thus o'er the warlike ſons of Troy prevail.

Here, ſomething far more terrible appears,
And overwhelms our hearts with anxious fears;
Laocoon, by lot, as Neptune's prieſt,
Then ſacrific'd a bull; a ſacred feaſt.
When lo! two ſerpents cleave the tranquil ſea,
From Tenedos they ſkim the wat'ry way,
With orbs immenſe, (I ſhudder to relate,)
Towards the ſhore they move with equal ſtate.

Amid

Amid the waves they lift their ample breaſts,
And o'er the flood erect their ſanguine creſts;
Their other parts the ocean laſh behind,
Their backs immenſe in rolling volumes wind.
The main reſounds, and foams the briny deep;
But now the land the hideous monſters keep;
Their eyes were ſtain'd with blood, and darting fire;
Their hiſſing mouths they lick; we all retire
Half dead and ſcar'd. Laocoon they purſue,
And firſt his ſons, with brutal rage they ſlew;
Their wretched limbs with poiſon'd fangs they tore;
But when with arms the ſire aſſiſtance bore,
In their enormous folds him faſt they bind,
Twice round his waiſt their ſpiral volumes wind,
Twice round his neck their ſcaly backs they tie,
And proud exulting raiſe their heads on high.
Lo! while their knots he ſtrives to break, in vain,
His ſacred wreathes with blood and filth they ſtain;
Then with his horrid groans the ſky reſounds;
So roars a bull, when mangled with dire wounds,
Bleeding and torn, he from the altar flies,
And 'ſcapes th' uncertain ax with ſtrange ſurprize.
But both the ſnakes to Pallas' temple glide;
Beneath her feet, and ample ſhield, they hide.
Then ſolemn fear through all our trembling hearts
Uncommon dread and laſting woe imparts,

We own Laocoon juſtly doom'd to bleed,
Whoſe impious jav'lin pierc'd the ſacred ſteed.
Admit the ſtatue to its ſeat, they cry,
Implore the goddeſs' dread divinity.
The walls we break with blind officious care,
And for the fatal work with haſte prepare;
Some to the monſter's feet, ſmooth wheels apply,
And round its neck, lo! hempen ropes we tie;
While boys and virgins chant their ſacred lays,
O'er ruin'd walls the dire machine we raiſe;
Preghant with arms, and threat'ning cruel fate,
The horſe we drew within the city gate.
Oh native land! once the abode of joy,
Thou ſeat of gods! ye walls renown'd of Troy!
Four times before the gate the baneful monſter ſtood,
Four times the din of arms reſounded from the wood.
Blind with mad fury, yet we urge its ſpeed,
And in the caſtle place the fatal ſteed.

Then too, Caſſandra, by her god's command,
Our future doom reveal'd, to ſave the land.
Deaf to her words, the Trojans ne'er believe;
Thus Phœbus wills, the virgin's heart to grieve.
That day we ſpent in unremitted joy,
Ordain'd the laſt of pleaſing days to Troy;
With feſtive boughs the temples we adorn,
By heaven deſign'd in hoſtile flames to burn.

Meanwhile

Meanwhile from Jove deſcend the ſhades of night,
From earth and ocean turns celeſtial light,
Darkneſs involves the various face of things,
The diſtant poles, and wiles of Argive kings.
Thro' all the town diſpers'd, in ſlumber deep,
The weary Trojans round their bulwarks ſleep.

From Tenedos the Grecian army ſails,
In ſplendid veſſels, and with proſp'rous gales;
They ſilent move acroſs the tranquil main,
By Luna favour'd, our known ſhores they gain.
The royal bark a flaming ſignal bore,
By which the reſt a ſecret paſs explore;
Then perjur'd Sinon op'd the fatal door,
To open air incloſed warriors pour.
Tiſander and fierce Sthenelus appear,
And dire Ulyſſes, void of every fear;
Theſe joyful, by a rope, from high, deſcend,
Thoas and Athamas their ſteps attend;
Pyrrhus and wiſe Machaon firſt came down,
Epeus and Menelaus invade the town;
Epeus, the builder of the mighty ſteed,
Engine of fraud! avow'd the hardy deed.
The centinels are ſlain, the guard retreats;
Then for their friends the Greeks unbar the gates;
In union firm their conſcious armies join,
And fire the town o'ercharg'd with ſleep and wine.

Tranſlated Æt. 15.

THE DEATH OF KING PRIAM.

Tranſlated from the Second Book of VIRGIL's ÆNEIS.

BEFORE the veſtible, dire Pyrrhus ſtood,
Clad in bright arms, and radiant, as a god;
So ſhines a ſnake, which, while cold winter reign'd,
Some trench profound, or brake obſcure, detain'd;
Renew'd with paſture, fill'd with noxious flow'rs,
And ſwol'n with wrath, the beaſt his poiſon pours.
With a new ſkin adorn'd, emblem of pride!
The ſnake exults, and turns his various hide;
His back reflects the light's refulgent ray,
And dancing ſun-beam on his boſom play.
So, fierce Achilles' proud revengeful ſon,
In brazen luſtre, cloth'd in terrors, ſhone.
Automedon and Periphas divide
The warrior's toils, and combat by his ſide;
Automedon the great, renown'd in war,
Skill'd to direct the Achillean car.
The youth of Scyros ſhake our lofty ſpires,
And round our houſes toſs their waving fires;
Fierce at their head, vindictive Pyrrhus ſtands,
A ponderous axe arm'd his deſtroying hands;
With pow'r immenſe the hero ruſh'd along,
Burſt were the gates ſmote by an arm ſo ſtrong,
Or, heav'd on high, on brazen hinges hung.

And

And now the bars remov'd, he forc'd the doors,
Breaks down the walls, and Priam's court explores;
The fair retreat of ancient kings appears,
Scenes riſe to public view, conceal'd for years;
They ſaw the ſoldiers on the threſhold ſtand,
In arms prepar'd, the palace to defend.
But far within, diſtreſſing groans abound,
The vaulted roofs with female ſhrieks reſound.
Thro' ſpacious halls affrighted matrons run,
Some to the doors, and ſome to pillars clung;
Th' inhuman work indignant Pyrrhus plies,
His fathers fury ſparkled in his eyes;
Nor gates, nor guards his matchleſs might ſuſtain,
The gates were burſt, and the ſtrong guards were ſlain.
From maſſy hinges torn, the timber broke,
Th' enormous poſts with blows repeated ſhook;
At length with waſting might they force a way,
In ruſh'd the Greeks, and form'd a deſp'rate fray;
With Trojan blood they drench the ſlipp'ry ground,
Kill all they meet, and ſpread the carnage around.
Not with ſuch rage a foaming river roars,
And through the plain a gathering torrent pours,
O'er ruin'd moles the waves reſiſtleſs roll,
Lay waſte the fields, and drown the mellow ſoil;
The people fly; the wand'ring cattle ſtray;
Sheep-folds and cottages are ſwept away.

Thoſe eyes beheld fierce on the threſhold ſtand
Wide-waſting Pyrrhus, with his daring band!
The ſtern Atridæ thunder'd on his ſide,
Behind them thouſands; of all Greece the pride.

I ſaw the queen, the hapleſs king of Troy,
And female train, behind the altar fly,
A woeful ſcene! polluting with his blood;
Before the ſacred fires imperial Priam ſtood.
In fifty rooms, (ſuch mighty hope had he,
The father of a numerous progeny,)
The doors o'erlaid with rich Barbaric gold,
And ancient ſpoils, in one vaſt heap were roll'd.
But where a ſpace the raging flames afford,
The foes unite; there Greece her legions pour'd.

Perhaps you may good Priam's fate enquire,
Since all around were ruins, blood, and fire.
He, when he ſaw his captive city fall,
That conquering foes o'erturn'd the palace wall,
How hoſtile Greeks his ſplendid court poſſeſs,
And violate the moſt conceal'd receſs;
In arms diſus'd, impatient, ſtalk'd along,
(Arms, that become the valiant, and the ſtrong,)
His ancient ſhoulders trembling with their weight,
The royal ſenior plung'd in thickeſt flight,

His

His pond'rous ſword, a youthful warrior's pride!
An uſeleſs burthen, grac'd the monarch's ſide.

Amid the court, beneath the naked ſkies,
O'er which a laurel grateful ſhade ſupplies,
An altar ſtood; the houſhold gods were near,
The tree protecting from th' inclement air.
Here Hecuba, with all her daughters, ſate,
Here fled in vain, to 'ſcape the dire debate.
As pigeons from the low'ring tempeſt fly,
On ſounding pinions borne, or low, or high;
So theſe about the ſhade in plaintive crowds,
Embracing, held the images of gods.

But, when ſhe ſaw old Priam clad in arms,
And dauntleſs ruſhing 'mid the loud alarms,
What frantic madneſs rules thy mind? ſhe cry'd,
How durſt my Lord reſume the warriors pride!
Where will you run? Oh! whither ſhall we tend?
Not ſuch as thee can in this hour defend;
Ev'n did my Hector breathe this vital air,
Great Hector's might could nought avail us here.
Dear ſpouſe! relent; come, join your conſort's ſide,
This ſhade a kind protection will provide,
This ſacred altar may us both defend,
Or both at once to Pluto's realms deſcend.

This

This ſaid, ſhe ſtrain'd the monarch to her breaſt;
A ſacred ſeat the royal ſenior preſs'd;
But lo! Polites urg'd by Pyrrhus' ſpear,
Through arms, through foes, precipitate with fear,
That way impends! thro' portals large and wide,
And empty halls, once Aſia's golden pride!
Him wounded, Pyrrhus with mad rage purſu'd,
On fire to ſpill the blooming champion's blood.
Now almoſt touch'd; then with his fatal ſpear
He preſs'd the youth, old Priam's youngeſt heir;
Lo! faint, before his hapleſs parent's eyes,
Stretch'd at their feet, the bleeding warrior dies,

Then Priam, to ſurrounding danger blind,
Expreſs'd the dictates of his angry mind,
Nor could th' indignant king from words refrain,
But to his riſing wrath gave looſe the rein.
The gods for thee, the monarch ſtern reply'd,
A due reward of vengeance will provide,
Fit for thy crimes; if any god there be,
A guardian of the juſt, and piety.
Theſe aged eyes o'erwhelm'd with grief have view'd
My youngeſt offſpring wallowing in his blood.
Not he from whom you boaſt your valour ſprung,
That peſt to Priam, Peleus' mighty ſon,
Not he, I ſay, did thus requite my age;
He could relent and check his riſing rage.

To

To plaintive woes the prince inclin'd his ear,
A ſtrict obſerver of the rights of war.
He gave my Hector's corps to be inurn'd;
Safe from his ample tent myſelf return'd.
Thus ſpoke the king: a feeble lance he threw,
The loit'ring javlin, unavailing, flew;
Turn'd by the boſs, and guiltleſs of a wound,
The harmleſs weapon made the braſs reſound.
Then Pyrrhus,—On our fatal meſſage go,
Be ſure relate to Peleus' ſon below,
How I degenerate from my godlike ſire,
And fail his glorious actions to admire;
Now die.—Thus proud Achilles' offspring ſaid,
Then to the altar, and the ſacred ſhade,
The trembling monarch, ruthleſs, drag'd along
Through the warm blood of his beloved ſon.
With his left hand the king's grey locks he tore,
While rais'd on high, the right his falſhion bore.
Deep in the monarch's ſide he plung'd the ſword,
From a wide wound the vital current pour'd.
This was of Priam's toils the deſtin'd end,
That awful point to which our fears extend.
He liv'd to ſee his native city fall,
In ruins laid her towers, and heaven-built wall.
That potent king whoſe vaſt extended ſway,
But late ſuch ſpacious realms and warlike ſtates obey,
Now on the ſhore a nameleſs carcaſe lay.

Torn

Torn from his ſhoulders was his royal head,
The ample trunk a ſanguine current bled.

Tranſlated Æt. 15.

The Retreat of Æneas from the burning City of Troy; or, a noble Example of filial, paternal, and conjugal Affection.

Tranſlated from the ſecond Book of VIRGIL'S ÆNEIS.

REVEAL'D, before my face, my radiant mother ſtood,
And through the dark conſpicuous ſhone the god;
Ne'er ſaw thoſe eyes refulgence half ſo bright
Till then; a ſacred mirror of delight!
As when ſhe crowns th' immortal ſeats above,
Or meets her father, cloud compelling Jove.
My lifted hand the queen of ſmiles repreſs'd,
And thus the roſy Venus me addreſs'd,—
Oh ſon! what grief ſets all your ſoul on fire?
Why glows your boſom with malignant ire?
Where is that care? that providential care
For lov'd Creuſa, and your riſing heir?
Doſt thou not firſt with filial thought enquire
Th' uncertain fate of thy forſaken ſire?
Worn out with age, Anchiſes ſcarce ſurvives,
And ſcarce, to chear his darling offſpring, lives.

The

The bands of Greece with heedleſs wrath ſurround,
But for mine aid, your walls had preſs'd the ground,
Thy ſire, thy wife, thy young Aſcanius died;
My power divine, protection then ſupply'd.
Not Helen's bloom, nor Paris' wanton luſt,
Laid Troy's proud bulwarks ſmoking in the duſt,
But angry gods, the miniſters of fate!
To endleſs ruin doom'd the Trojan ſtate.
Lo! I that cloud which darkens human ſight,
Veils mortal eyes, and covers o'er with night,
Will far remove, and wipe the droſs away,
And give my ſon to ſee a purer day,
But fear not, my juſt mandates to obey.
There, where promiſcuous buildings lie proſtrate,
An heap of rubbiſh, and a blended weight,
Stones torn from ſtones, ſee waving ſmoke ariſe,
Mingled with duſt, and wafted round the ſkies.
Lo! from her deep foundation Ilion nods,
The ſeat of empire bows to hoſtile gods;
There angry Neptune undermines the walls,
Smites with his trident, and the city falls;
Indignant Juno wrapt in terror ſtands,
The Scæan gate to guard, and rouſe her ſocial bands.
Behold where Pallas from yon lofty tow'rs,
With animation fires the Grecian pow'rs,
She ſhines refulgent through the ambient ſhade,
And bears on high the dire Gorgonian head;

Great

Great Jove himſelf reſiſtleſs ſtrength inſpires,
Supports the Greeks, and breathes extreme deſires,
He bids all heaven the arms of Troy oppoſe,
Your ſchemes to baffle, and ſuſtain your foes,
Fly hence oh ſon! here may your labours end,
In every danger, Venus will defend,
Safe to your palace I'll explore a way,
Do thou my ſon, the mandate given obey.

She ſaid; and inſtant vaniſh'd from my ſight,
In gloomy ſhades conceal'd, involv'd in night.
Tremenduous, direful forms their might employ,
And gods immenſe o'erwhelm Neptunian Troy;
All Ilion ſeem'd in flames devouring loſt,
And from her deep foundation heav'd and toſt:
As when on ſome exalted mountains height,
A full grown aſh abides contending might,
Impatient ſwains with many an axe ſtand round;
With ſtrokes redoubled all the hills reſound;
It threatens loud; with waving locks it bows,
'Till overcome by long repeated blows
It groans its laſt, and falling to the ground,
Torn from the mountain ſcatters ruin round.

Swift I deſcend, through flames and foes to ſtray;
A god conducts and clears the dang'rous way,

The

The various inſtruments of death retire,
And back recedes the bright conſuming fire.
But when arriv'd beneath our ancient dome,
My feet ſcarce enter'd our paternal home;
My ſire I begg'd to leave the town, and fly
Where diſtant mountains ſafety would ſupply;
Firm he denied, determin'd in his mind
With Troy to fall, nor leave her duſt behind.
But you, whoſe blood flows warm through every vein,
Fly, ſaid my ſire; your might and powers remain.
Me, if the gods had doom'd to happier fate,
For me had ſure preſerv'd this ancient ſeat,
It is enough, once, and again to ſee
The city captive; one cataſtrophe
Have we ſurviv'd. Go, leave me thus; may I
With my own hand provide the means to die.
Or elſe, the foes with pity touch'd, will ſend
My ſoul to Pluto's undiſcover'd land;
Then may they take my ſpoils; the loſs is light
To die depriv'd of each ſepulchral rite.
Long have I breath'd, expos'd to heavenly hate,
And ſpun a ling'ring life, diſconſolate,
E'er ſince almighty, cloud- compelling Jove
Blaſted my limbs with light'ning from above.
So ſaying, he perſiſts, inflexibly ſevere,
Unmov'd by all the prevalence of pray'r.

May

Myſelf, Creuſa, and my little ſon,
Suffus'd in tears, around the ſenior clung;
The weeping family implore, that fate
Both him and us with too intenſe a weight
May not o'erwhelm. His firſt deſign remains;
No tears can move him, and no pray'rs can change.

Once more I fly to arms; to death I ran,
My ſecret wiſh; a wretched, hopeleſs man;
What elſe remain'd? what counſel could I take,
Should I withdraw, and my old ſire forſake?
Oh think not, father! I could leave behind
Thy trembling age;—inhuman!—and unkind!
If heaven determines nought of Troy to ſave,
And you and yours muſt here obtain a grave,
Already op'd is death's expanded gate,
Behold the way to Erebus and fate.
Expect Achilles' dire revengeful ſon,
Defil'd in Priam's blood, with us, e'er long,
Who ſtabb'd a ſon before his father's eyes,
The ſire himſelf by the ſame murd'rer dies,
An altar near, whence ſacred flames ariſe.
Was it for this, oh bright as riſing day!
Through arms, through fire you clear'd the dangerous way,

To

To ſee the foe within my palace wall;
My ſire, my wife, my young Aſcanius fall,
Their kindred blood commix'd; the ſword devouring all.

Haſte ſervants haſte; my long prov'd arms prepare;
Our final hour is come! the voice of fate I hear;
We fail'd; yet give me back to Grecian might,
Once more to rouſe the dying flames of fight,
Not unreveng'd, our blood ſhall cloſe the night.

My left hand bore the ſhield; ſecure I gird
Cloſe to my ſide my ever faithful ſword;
Then forth I ruſh'd, prepar'd the foe to meet,
When my dear ſpouſe, embracing both my feet,
Juſt on the threſhold, held my blooming boy,
Trembling Iulus, his fond parent's joy.

If thus reſolv'd to periſh, thou wilt go?
Take us with thee, the partners of thy woe;
But if experienc'd in the turns of war,
You truſt in arms, and dream of ſafety there,
Firſt guard this palace, ſave this lofty dome;
To whom wilt thou expoſe thy friends at home?
Here dwells Iulus, here Anchiſes lives,
And I your conſort, if that claim ſurvives.

Thus with diſtreſſing groans the fair one cries,
The vaulted arch in broken tones replies;
When on a ſudden, wonderful to tell,
A prodigy made known th'eternal will.
Confin'd between his parent's ſad embrace
My young Iulus rais'd his beauteous face,
When lo! a ſtream of light aſcends on high
From the bleſt head of my diſtinguiſh'd boy.
The lambent flame now lightly touch'd his hair,
Around his temples fed th' innoxious glare;
Aſtoniſh'd! trembling! we with fear retire,
And from his locks ſhake off the ſacred fire;
While ſome, officious, bowls of water bring,
Repleniſh'd from the fountain, or the ſpring.
But good Anchiſes, joyful, rais'd his eyes
Toward the ſtars that gild the ambient ſkies,
And ſtretch'd his hands to heaven, when thus he cries,
Oh! thou almighty, interpoſing Jove!
If prayers, or ſupplications thee can move,
Look down on us; no more can we deſire;
But if our piety may dare aſpire,
Aſſiſt us father! let thy power defend;
Confirm the omen, thou art pleas'd to ſend.

Scarce had he ſpoke, when on the left we hear
A peal of thunder ſhake the troubled air.

We

We ſaw from heaven a glorious ſtar deſcend,
And form a length'ning lucid train behind,
Shot through the ſhades with overwhelming light
It o'er the palace roll'd, and clear to ſight
Conceal'd itſelf in the Idean grove.
A radiant path its progreſs mark'd above,
Along the track a ſhining furrow ſtreams;
The region round wide ſmokes with ſulphurous ſteams.
Here, my old ſire relenting, rais'd his eyes,
Ador'd the ſtar, and thus addreſs'd the ſkies:
Now, now no more, in me expect delay,
I go, where heaven and you will lead the way.
Ye gods! whom here my fathers could adore,
Preſerve my grandſon, and our houſe ſecure;
Yours be this omen, yours imperial Troy.
Now ſon! I yield; nor more, refuſe to fly.
He ceas'd; and now the raging flames drew near,
A crackling noiſe on every ſide we hear.
Come then, dear ſire! borne on my neck, ſaid I;
My ſhoulders ſhall ſuſtain thy weight with joy;
Th' event of things we both will undergo,
One common bliſs, or one o'erwhelming woe;
The child Iulus muſt his ſire attend,
My ſpouſe ſhall trace my footſteps cloſe behind.
Obey our mandates, all ye menial train!
Without the town there ſtands an ancient fane,
Built on an hillock, which o'erlooks the plain,

Once Ceres' temple; near it grows a tree,
A cypreſs, reverenc'd by antiquity;
To this one ſeat by different paths repair;
To thee oh father! I conſign the care
Of ſacred things; for me, defil'd with war,
It is profane our country gods to bear,
Till in the living ſtream I waſh away the ſtain
Of blood and filth, from many a warrior ſlain.

This ſaid; beſide an ample veſt I throw
O'er my broad ſhoulders and my neck ſunk low
A tawny lion's ſkin, and to the burthen bow;
The child Iulus link'd in my right hand,
With ſteps unequal tript along the ſtrand;
Behind attends my conſort; while we go
Through lanes obſcure, t' evade the wand'ring foe.
I, whom but late, nor arms nor men could ſcare,
Now every breath and every motion fear,
For my companion, and the load I bear.
And now, the gates at hand, it ſeem'd that we
Of ev'ry danger from the Greeks were free.
The ſound of trampling feet, alarm'd, I hear,
The noiſe thick gath'ring, nearer and more near.
My fire exclaim'd, they come! Æneas, fly!
Their brazen ſhields and helmets, I deſcry.
But here, unknown, what adverſe god depriv'd
My trembling ſoul of thought? what toils have I ſurviv'd?

For

For while we ſpeed unknown by-paths to gain,
The public ſtreets to miſs, directing tow'rds the plain,
Alas! Creûſa, doom'd to cruel fate,
Snatch'd from her ſpouſe,—a wretch, diſconſolate!
Had miſs'd the path, or wand'ring ſought her way,
Or fainted, ſpent; which, 'tis not mine to ſay.
Seen never more by thoſe deſiring eyes,
Witheld, forbade, her mournful obſequies.
Nor did I think her loſt, till we obtain'd
The ſacred hill, and Ceres' ancient fane:
Safe all were met; for her alone, I griev'd;
Me, and her ſon, and ſervants, ſhe deceiv'd.
Whom did not I accuſe, of gods and men?
With frantic wrath, reproach'd the pow'rs divine.
What more diſtreſs'd me, in the fall of Troy?
What equall'd this? It muſt my peace deſtroy.
My ſon, my ſire, and Ilion's houſhold gods,
I to my friends commit, conceal'd in ſafe abodes.
In ſhining arms myſelf return to town,
A ſolitary mortal, all alone!
Determin'd and reſolv'd, once more I flew,
My former toils and dangers to renew;
Once more I tread the mournful ſtreets of Troy,
And dauntleſs ruſh on death, or perils nigh;
But firſt I travers'd o'er the parts extreme,
Around the walls, and gate thro' which we came;

Then trace the ſteps with care I trod before,
And thro' the dark, with earneſt eyes, explore.
On ev'ry ſide tremendous ſcenes appear;
Silence itſelf inclin'd the ſoul to fear.
Then homeward, with perplexing thoughts, I ſtray,
If ſhe, perchance, had thither bent her way.
The thronging Greeks, poſſeſs'd of ev'ry place,
With waſting fire its ancient pomp deface;
Above the roof the ſpiry flames aſcend,
Roll'd forward by the wind, till with the ſkies they blend.
Then to the royal palace I proceed,
And ſearch the caſtle, with impatient ſpeed.

The vacant porticoes of Juno's fane,
The wealth of Troy and Priam's houſe contain:
Phœnix and dire Ulyſſes all defend;
A choſen guard, on whom the Greeks depend,
Riches immenſe, from burning temples torn,
And bowls of ſolid gold, were thither borne:
The ſacred tables of th' immortal gods,
And plunder'd robes, profane thoſe fair abodes.
There boys and matrons in long order ſtand,
Condemn'd to ſlavery in a foreign land.
I rais'd my dauntleſs voice, and call'd aloud
Through diſmal ſhades, an interpoſing cloud;

Once

Once, and again, the ruin'd ſtreets reſound,
My frantic ravings echo wafted round.

The mournful ſhade of dear Creüſa roſe
Before theſe eyes, that ſtream'd at human woes;
Larger than life the viſion did appear;
Aghaſt! I ſaw, and upright ſtood mine hair,
Faulter'd my voice; when thus to me alone,
To eaſe my grief, the ſolemn ſhade begun:—
Why wilt thou yet indulge afflicting care?
Oh much lov'd conſort of an hapleſs fair;
Theſe ſad events are by the will of Heav'n;
With thee to go, Creüſa was not given.
The god whoſe pow'r th' Olympian hoſt controuls,
Who rules the world, and reigns beyond the poles,
Will not permit. 'Tis thine to croſs the main,
Through mighty toils, the promis'd ſhore to gain;
At length to reach the fair Heſperian ſtrand,
Where Lydian Tyber rolls along the land.
Through fruitful fields the river finds a way,
And bathes its banks with verdant meadows gay:
A kingdom then, and riches thou wilt ſhare;
A royal conſort ſhall await thee there:
Ceaſe now, for lov'd Creüſa loſt, to mourn;
Grieve not for me, I never can return.

I never ſhall behold Dolopian ſtates,
Nor Argive matrons in their lofty ſeats,
Since I from Dardan blood derive my race,
Am Venus' daughter, mother of each grace;
But me, the parent of the gods detains;
In thoſe dear realms Creüſa ſtill remains.
Adieu my love; preſerve our common ſon,
From harm defend, and ſave in realms unknown.
Theſe words ſhe ſpoke, and vaniſh'd from my ſight,
Diffus'd in air, and as a vapour, light.
Thrice round her neck my eager arms I threw,
Thrice from my fond embrace her image flew:
Moſt like a fleeting dream, or ſwift as wind,
With winged ſpeed ſhe left her ſpouſe behind.
With theſe tranſactions midnight darkneſs ends;
My ſteps I turn, and ſeek my longing friends.

THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Tranſlated from VIRGIL's GEORGICS, Book 4.

Quis Deus hanc, Muſæ, quis nobis extudit artem?
Unde nova ingreſſus hominum experientia cepit?
Paſtor Ariſtæus fugiens Peneia Tempe.—
Virg. Georg. Lib 4. Ver. 315.

WHAT god, oh muſe! invented this rare art?
Whence did this new experience take its riſe?
'Twas ruſtic Ariſtæus, who forſook
Fair Tempe's plains, by ſmooth Peneus waſh'd.

By

By morbid ills or want he loſt his bees;
And full of grief, the ſwain diſtreſs'd, retir'd
To the fair ſource from whence the river ſprings.
With various cares his mournful boſom heaves,
And thus, his tender parent he addreſs'd:—
Oh dear Cyrene! mother! thou, who dwell'ſt
Beneath the cryſtal waters of this brook,
Why haſt thou brought me forth, to fate adverſe?
Me, who derive my race from mighty gods,
If Thrymbræan Apollo is my ſire,
As thou art wont to ſay! or by what chance
Is your affection chang'd? why did you bid
My ſoul aſpire to heav'ns refulgent domes?
See! I, though thou art call'd my parent, muſt
Reſign the fading honours of mankind;
Which all my utmoſt diligence and care
Of teeming flocks and lands, had ſcarce obtain'd:
Attempting all things with a daring mind.
Come on, oh goddeſs! with your hands tear up
My happy groves, or wrap the ſtalls in fire;
Or ſpread ſome dire contagion through my fields,
And burn my corn; or with the pond'rous axe
Deſtroy my vines; if no concern for me
Can mollify that harden'd heart of thine.

But his fond mother heard the plaintive ſound,
Beneath the chambers of the rolling deep:

Th'

Th' immortal nymphs arround her, ſpun with art
Mileſian fleece, in glaſſy verdure dyed.
Drymo and Xantho, with Ligea bright,
And Phyllodoce, whoſe unbraided locks
Diſhevel'd, grac'd their ſnow-white necks behind;
Neſæe, Spio, with Cymodoce,
Join'd by fair Thalia and Lycorias red,
Cydippe; one, a blooming virgin chaſte,
And one experienc'd in Lucinian pangs;
Clio and Beroè, two of Ocean's race,
Both dreſs'd in gold and both diverſe array'd
In painted ſkins; nor was Ephré loſt;
Opis and Aſian Deiopeia came,
And Arethuſa ſwift, without her darts;
'Mongſt whom Clymene told the vain concern
Of the lame god of fire; and how, bold Mars,
The panting goddeſs, heavenly Venus ſtole.
The various paſſions of th' ethereal gods
From Chaos to the laſt, the nymph relates;
Intent on which, while from their ſpindles light
They wind the mollient fleece, an eaſy taſk,
Again Ariſteus' doleful accents reach'd
His mother's ears, and all the nymphs amaz'd,
Upon their pure chryſtalline ſeats reclin'd.

Firſt Arethuſa rais'd her ſaffron head
O'er the ſmooth ſurface of the gliding ſtream,

And

And thus from far—Oh! not in vain waſt thou,
Siſter Cyrenè, terrified to hear
Such painful groans; himſelf, thy fondeſt hope,
Sad Ariſteus, by the ſacred ſtream
Of father Peneus, ſtands, ſuffus'd in tears,
And calls thee cruel.—To the Naid thus
The mother, ſeiz'd with terror, ſoon reply'd:—
Go, bring the youth; go, bring him; for the fates
Admit him to the threſhold of the gods.
Cyrenè ſpake; and bade the cryſtal deep
Divide, that he between the waves might walk.
Now rais'd on high, the flowing waters form
A liquid mountain; and receive him ſafe
In their capacious boſom; lo! beneath
The ambient flood deſcends the favour'd youth.

The ſhepherd then, with admiration ſaw
His mother's reſidence; and ent'ring, trac'd
The lakes in caverns pent; and far-reſounding groves,
At the vaſt motion of the waters now
Amaz'd, he paſs'd; admir'd all ſtreams that roll
In different parts, beneath the ſpacious earth.
Phaſis' and Lycus' foaming waves he ſaw,
And the fam'd head whence deep Enipeus flows,
Whence father Tiberinus ſprings to light,
And rolling Anio, gliding o'er the plains;

Or

Or Hypanis reſounding down the rocks
With repercuſſive roar; and ſwift Caicus' fount.
Eridanus with gilded horns he ſaw,
Than which no ſtream along the cultur'd fields
Pours more impetuous to the ſplendid deep.

But, when he came beneath the vaulted roof
Of fair Cyrenè's grot, with pumice hung,
And ſhe, her offspring's empty ſorrow knew;
The ſiſters all in order, ſoon ſupply
The limpid water, and with graceful care
The well-wrought towels bring; while others load
With food the table, and with ſparkling wine
The bowls repleniſh; then the altars ſmoke
With od'rous incenſe; and the mother thus,
Take two full goblets crown'd with Lydian wine,
And let us as libations pour them forth
To great Oceanus: Cyrenè then,
Herſelf, with earneſt ſupplication ſoothes
Oceanus, of things the mighty ſource;
And all her ſiſter nymphs with prayers invokes,
Who o'er an hundred groves preſide, and rule
An hundred brooks.
Three times ſhe pour'd the nectar on the fire,
And thrice the flames invade the vaulted roof;
Chear'd by this omen, thus the nymph began:—

In

In the Carpathian bay, there dwells a ſeer,
Cærulean Proteus call the prophet's name;
By fiſhes borne, he metes the ample ſea
In his reſplendent car, by bipeds drawn.
He now in rough Emathia's port reſides,
And viſits Pallené his native place.
We nymphs the god with reverence adore,
And good old Nereus joins our female train;
For he, the prophet, all things knows; and tells
What is, what was, and what remains to come.
Thus did great Neptune his lov'd ſeer endow,
Whoſe monſtrous herds, beneath the vaſt profound,
Wiſe Proteus keeps, and feeds his huge ſea-calves.
But firſt with chains you muſt confine the god,
Ere he the cauſe of all diſeaſe will tell,
And proſper your deſigns with wiſh'd ſucceſs.
For without force the ſeer will nought reveal,
Nor canſt thou move his ſtedfaſt ſoul with pray'r;
Uſe all your ſtrength, and faſt the chains apply.
Vain are his tricks; all his attempts are vain
The force of well-join'd fetters to evade.
Lo! I when day hath gain'd the height of heaven,
And ſcorches all the herbs with glaring heat,
When verdant ſhades are grateful to the flock,
Will thee conduct to that obſcure abode,
In which with toil fatigu'd, the old man reſts.

Far

Far from the cadence of the daſhing waves,
That lock'd in ſleep, you may ſurprize the god.
But when his hands the galling fetters feel,
In diff'rent forms his might will all elude.
One while with glaring eyes he'll move a ſwine,
Then in a tyger 'ſcape the binding chain,
And now transform into a lioneſs,
Or ſhine a ſcaly dragon, hideous form!
The roaring ſound of fire, then ſudden give,
Or melted into water, glide away.
The more he changes, and in every ſhape
Transforms, ſo much the cloſer draw the knot,
Till to his proper ſhape the ſeer returns,
Such as yourſelf ſhall ſee, when firſt his eyes
Oppreſs'd with ſlumber, cloſe their weary lids.

She ſaid, and liquid odorous balm diffus'd
Of ſweet ambroſia, and anoints her ſon;
His well-trimm'd locks a pleaſing fragrance ſhed,
While through his limbs an active vigour flow'd.

There is a cave cleft in a mountain's ſide,
The rock is ſcoop'd, where waves and billows foam,
Impell'd by wind, and ſplit in various bays;
A port ſecure, for mariners diſtreſs'd.
Within this ample cave, behind a rock,

Cæruleam

Cærulean Proteus hides himſelf at noon.
Here fair Cyrenè plac'd th' illuſtrious youth;
In ambuſh dark, remote from every eye;
And ſhe herſelf, in miſty clouds involv'd,
At diſtance far remains, and waits th' event.

Now rapid Sirius, ſcorching Indian lands,
Flam'd in the heavens; and fiery Phœbus reach'd
The middle of his arch; the graſs was burnt,
And by his rays, the ſteaming river warm'd,
Boil'd at the bottom of the ſhallow ſtream;
When Proteus ſeeking his accuſtom'd grot,
Roſe from the waves; the watry race around
Exulting, caſt the briny dew abroad:
Stretch'd on the ſhore th' enormous Phocæ ſlept.
But he (like ſome attentive ſhepherd ſwain,
When duſky eve recalls the grazing calves
From paſture, to the ſtrong compacted ſtalls,
Or bleating lambs excite the prowling wolves,)
On a ſteep precipice aſſumes his ſeat,
Amid the rock, and counts his numerous herds.
Scarce could Ariſteus from the attempt refrain,
Scarce give the ſeer his members to compoſe,
And wait the ſoft return of balmy ſleep,
When with loud noiſe in ruſh'd th' impetuous youth,
And to the ancient god the chains apply'd.

He,

He, not unmindful of his various arts,
In ſhapes diverſe, with matchleſs ſkill, transforms
Amazing figures! every wond'rous form!
One while he blazes in terrific flames,
Then grins an horrid beaſt, uncouth and wild;
Or flowing, glides along, a liquid ſtream!
But when he found his dire evaſions vain,
He to himſelf returns, and Proteus ſtood confeſt;
And thus, at length, in human accents ſpoke.

Oh thou moſt daring of illuſtrious youths;
Who bade thee penetrate this our abode?
Or what henceforth demandeſt thou of me?
He ſaid; and thus the ſwain,—Thou Proteus know'ſt,
Even thou thyſelf alone, nor can the beſt
Of mortals thee deceive; but ceaſe, I pray,
Thy ſuppliant to deride. Learn then, by heaven
Commiſſion'd, here we come, thee to conſult;
The ſacred oracle, from whence I hope
To learn my late misfortunes to repair.
To him, the prophet, vers'd in fate, reply'd,
His ardent eye-balls rolling flaſh'd with light;
Convuls'd with wrath, he grinds his gnaſhing teeth,
And thus diſcloſ'd the myſteries of fate.

The vengeance of no trifling god purſues,
And you for crimes fit retribution feel;

For

For thee hath hapleſs Orpheus this procur'd,
Theſe woes, by no means equal to thy guilt,
Unleſs the fates reſiſt; and ſtill he raves
For his lov'd conſort loſt; but ſhe, poor girl,
While with mad ſpeed and headlong rage impell'd,
Through brooks ſhe fled thee, never ſaw the huge
Terrific ſerpent in the graſs conceal'd.

But all her ſiſter dryads fill'd the rocks
Supreme, with clamours; and the lofty clifts
Of Rhodopè could weep; the ſummit vaſt
Of high Pangæa, with the martial realms
Of Rheſus, and Getæan frigid ſhores,
Hebrus and Attic Orithya mourn'd.
Orpheus himſelf, on the melodious ſhell
Play'd mournful ſtrains of love to ſolace woe;
Alone, beſide the murmuring deep he ſat,
His beauteous wife belov'd, the laſting theme.
When day firſt roſe, or when the light declin'd,
She was th' eternal ſubject of his ſong.
Ent'ring the diſmal dark Tœnarian jaws,
The gates profound of Hell's infernal realms,
And the denſe grove that ſheds perpetual gloom,
Down to the flitting ſhades the bard deſcends,
And ſees fell Pluto's dire tremendous throne,
Where hearts, at human pray'rs unwont to yield,

Preſide. Lo! by the melody divine
Of heavenly numbers, from the ſeats profound
Of Erebus, the ſlender ſhadows light,
And figures void of ſubſtance, rais'd their forms,
And round the poet throng'd; as when the night,
Or wint'ry ſhowers of rain, from barren rocks
Into the ſhelt'ring woods, a train immenſe
Of birds hath driven. Thus near the bard were ſeen
Matrons and men, join'd with the breathleſs ſhades
Of martial heroes and unbearded boys,
And virgins chaſte, or youths before the eyes
Of their ſad parents, on the pile conſum'd;
Whom the black waves and ghaſtly reeds deform'd,
On fell Cocytus' dreadful banks, detain'd;
Or whom the nine circumvolutions bound
Of gloomy Styx' innavigable waves.,
The dark abodes of Tartarus profound.
The horrid furies with dire ſnakes entwin'd,
Amaz'd, in raptures, heard the charming ſong.
Rough Cerberus repreſs'd his treble mouths,
And the rotation of Ixion's wheel
Forgot to move. Through every danger paſs'd,
With his fair conſort (he had verg'd on light)
Following behind; for Proſerpine herſelf
Had thus agreed, and ratify'd the law;
When lo! a ſudden frenzy ſeiz'd his mind

With

With love incautious; but to pardon due,
If gods infernal know but to forgive.
He ſtood, and now juſt on the verge of day,
Impatient, and unmindful, but look'd back
On her, Eurydice, his ſpouſe reſtor'd.
Then, vain were all his labours perilous,
And the compact with hell's grim tyrant broke.

Thrice, thro' the black Avernian lake, thro' all,
A diſmal groan with rending noiſe was heard,
And thus ſhe ſpoke:—What god hath me undone?
Me, miſerable; and thee, Oh Orpheus! ſay
What rage ſo great? Lo! cruel fate recalls,
And ſlumber ſhuts thoſe ſwimming eyes in death.
Eternally adieu; in darkneſs wrapt
Am I withdrawn; and ſtretching forth mine hands,
Thoſe feeble hands!—Ah me!—no longer thine.
She ſaid; and ſudden vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Like ſmoke diſſolving into ſlender air.
No more ſhe ſaw her Orpheus; now in vain
Purſuing ſhades, or phantoms void of life.
The ſurly pilot of th' infernal realms
Prohibits all acceſs; denies to waft
Him o'er the dreary intervening gulph.
What could he do? where ſhould he fly! when now
His ſpouſe belov'd, a ſecond time was gone.

With what complaints? what unavailing tears
Could he the powers inexorable move?
She, cold as death, had paſs'd the Stygian waves,
Wafted acroſs in that infernal barge.

Some ſay, for ſeven revolving months he mourn'd
Beneath a lofty rock, on Strymon's banks;
And in damp caves, remote from light, revolv'd
His labours paſs'd, and mov'd the ſullen oaks
With gentle ſongs, and horrid tygers ſooth'd.
Thus Philomel, beneath the grateful ſhade
Of poplars round, bemoans her young ones loſt,
Whom, the ſtern plough-boy from the well-wrought neſt,
Unfledg'd, has ſtol'n, and borne at diſtance far:
She, through the night complains in doleful notes,
Or, on ſome bough prolongs the ſtrains of woe.
Nor love, nor pleaſing Hymeneal rites
Could change the ſolemn tenor of his mind;
Alone, he durſt the northern ice explore,
And frozen banks of ſnowy Tanais tread;
Or wander'd over fields, and dreary realms
For ever bound in Adamantine chains,
Complaining loud, for fair Euridice,
And uſeleſs preſents of infernal Dis;
For which neglected nuptial bonds deſpis'd,

Ciconian

Ciconian matrons in the rites divine,
And orgies nightly of great Bacchus, tore
And ſcatter'd Orpheus' limbs around the fields,
Then alſo, when Oeagrian Hebrus brought,
Rolling into the middle of the tide,
His head, torn bleeding from his ivory neck,
With fault'ring voice his clay-cold tongue pronounc'd
Oh! ſad Euridice!—his ſoul in flight,
Euridice! were the laſt accents of the dying man.
Along the river's banks her name reſounds.

Thus Proteus ſaid, then plung'd into the deep,
And o'er his head the foaming billows toſs'd.
Not ſo Cyrenè: thus the nymph addreſs'd
The trembling youth:—Oh ſon! it thee behoves
Far to remove the dire effects of woe,
And eaſe your mind of every painful care.

Behold the origin of all diſeaſe;
Hence, the ſad nymphs with whom Euridice
Was wont to join in choirs in lofty groves,
Have ſent this fell deſtruction to your bees.
Do thou, a ſuppliant, ſacrifice and crave
Their gracious pardon; reverence the nymphs,
Napææ placid, ſylvan ſpirits mild;
For they, by vows are eaſily appeas'd.

But firſt, your duty and the rites divine
In order I'll relate. Chooſe four young bulls,
Renown'd for beauty and ſuperior ſtrength,
Which now on green Lycæus' ſummits graze;
And juſt as many heifers, whoſe ſoft necks,
Untouch'd, ne'er felt the yoke's impreſſive weight.
For theſe choice victims, juſt four altars raiſe
At the high temples of the goddeſſes;
Then from their throats draw forth the ſacred blood,
And in the leafy grove their bodies leave.
But, when Aurora's roſy fingers ſtreak
The ruddy orient, on the ninth bright morn,
Lethæan poppies offer to the bard.
With a ſlain calf, Euridice appeaſe;
A black ewe ſacrifice, and ſeek the grove.

The ſwain obeys, and executes the will
Of his bright parent; then approach'd the fane,
And built the altars as before ordain'd.
Four choſen bulls of moſt ſurpriſing form
He thither led; and heifers never yok'd;
Then when Aurora brought the ninth bright morn
To Orpheus ſacrific'd, and ſought the grove.

But here a ſudden prodigy they ſaw;
Strange to relate! amid the putrid paunch,

And

And in the carcaſe bees began to hum,
Or from the ribs in ſwarming numbers pour;
Then on the bending ſummit of a tree
Hang down in cluſters, thick as rip'ning grapes.

Tranſlated Æt. 15.

An Excurſion to Cockthorp, near Witney, in Oxfordſhire, the Seat of Maximilian Weſtern Eſq. on the 3d of September, 1769.

AWHILE from ſtudies more ſevere I reſt,
And themes leſs labour'd form within my breaſt.
Awake, oh muſe! and in harmonious rhyme
Deſcriptive paint with pleaſure well ſpent time.

'Twas when the ſun from Virgo's radiant ſign
Cool'd Leo's heat with temper'ment benign,
And autumn uſhering in his milder reign,
Invites our ſaunt'ring feet to tread the plain,
Juſt then a gloom o'ercaſt the hemiſphere
A lazy ſtillneſs bound the ſtagnate air;
But ſoon the ſtorm divides, the clouds were driv'n,
Diſpers'd, and ſcatter'd round the vault of Heav'n.

And now ſucceſſive, all reſolv'd, proceed,
With leiſure pleas'd, impell'd with decent ſpeed,
When inſtant, willing to evade the town,
Southward we bend and held our journey known.
And now diverted o'er the fields we ſtray,
While ſocial converſe wing'd the time away.
Behold the ſpot* ! where our unletter'd youth,
Are taught the ſacred principles of truth;
There

* The Free School.

There claſſic learning forms the vacant mind
To act the part in life by heaven deſign'd,
With dignity to think, by taſte refin'd.
Then Mulſoe's pleaſant ſeat attracts our eyes,
Where grateful ſhades and flow'ry arbours riſe;
Adorn'd by art, the lovely gardens ſhine,
With gay luxuriance fraught and juſt deſign.
Hail calm receſs! where ev'ry ſcene ſublime,
In ſilent language proves the pow'r of time.
Pleas'd let me wander in thy peaceful grove,
Or 'mid thy labyrinth, deep muſing rove,
Traverſe yon winding walks, yon allies green,
Or drink thy purling waters, ſmooth and ſheen.

That ſeat we paſs'd, when in extenſive view
The fragrant fields our drooping thoughts renew.
Say, can diſcourſe to tongues loquacious fail,
When or the flow'ry mount, or graſs-grown vale
Rouſe all the ſoul to thought; when nature glows,
And through the mind ſoft verſe ſpontaneous flows?

Thus fly the jovial hours; when now ſerene
The purling ſpring of Sloth divides the ſcene;
This limpid ſtream, if ancient fame be true,
From Lawrence Pool above, its ſountain drew,

As

As down the gradual ſteep, gentle and ſlow,
Beſide the Peſt-Houſe theſe fair waters flow.

Hail ſacred ſtream! how oft have I alone
Thy verdant banks with flowers and leaves beſtrown,
Or muſing penſive, in thy neighbouring ſhade
Beſide yon mildly-pleaſing channel ſtray'd,
While guileful twigs around the ſedge were thrown;
In hope I claim'd each paſſing bird mine own,
And watchful wait th' event; ſuch was my joy,
So pleas'd is youth, ſo anxious to deſtroy.
But now no more with ſuch deſigns we come,
In peace ſerene around thy vales I roam,
Or mount thy terrace banks: ſecure, ye fair,
Ye ſmall harmonious tenants of the air,
Theſe cool receſſes haunt; theſe hours are paſt;
Thoſe playful frolics ſhall no longer laſt.
Yet give me oft, when Sol's refulgent rays
Wrap ether round in noon's ſuperior blaze,
And the parch'd earth divides—Oh give me then,
Loſt to the world, far from the track of men,
Or guilty towns, debauch'd, and whelm'd in ſin,
To meditate beſide thy murmuring ſpring,
A ſhady, cool receſs; fly every gloom!
While rural flowers my ſacred haunts perfume.

This

This argent ſtream we croſs, and then, with toil,
For Cockthorp deſtin'd, mount the adverſe hill;
At length th' oppoſing green aſcent we gain'd,
Nor by the ſpring, nor by the hill detain'd.
Then, where the Lanket with capacious ſweep,
Extended length! o'erhangs the late climb'd ſteep,
We cut direct acroſs; this left behind,
A rough impervious lane our view confin'd.
But lo! not far, reſplendant tow'rds the right,
Neat Burwell's farm attracts the wond'ring ſight.
Hail, once frequented well! our grand-ſire's joy,
E're tea had learnt the nations to deſtroy!
How then were thy ſoft trickling waters fam'd!
In every ſtreet and neighbouring borough nam'd;
Then ſylvan fawns and ſmiling nymphs were ſeen
Friſking beſide thy fountain, clear and ſheen.
From many a village, many an hamlet round,
And gayly ſmiling farm, thy praiſes ſound.
In jovial bands divide the ruſtic train,
And loſt in mirth, thy limpid azure drain;
The rural jeſt and rural talk the while
Vacation's momentary hours beguile.
Such were the joys our great fore-fathers knew,
O'er them Content her heavenly veſtment threw,
Pleas'd with the bare neceſſaries of life,
They ſcap'd the pangs of foul domeſtic ſtrife;

Peace

Peace warm'd their hearts; they cheriſh'd mutual love,
The ſhining virtue of the ſaints above.
Thus happy liv'd mankind in days of old,
Before the times of baſe degenerate gold;
E're ſparkling gems the lover's eye could blind,
And ſhining wealth deceiv'd the conſcious mind;
Not then, as now, on riches moſt intent,
They ſought the arts of pleaſing to invent;
Falſehood was ſcorn'd; their proffer'd love was true;
No flame, but juſt affection's flame, they knew.
'Twas uniſon of mind, and manners ty'd,
One emanation then the ſoul ally'd.
But ceaſe, my muſe! theſe wand'ring flights reſtrain;
Thoſe juſt reflections bring remorſe and pain
To this degenerate age; our theme purſue,
The narrative in ſlender verſe renew.

Here ſlowly we proceed; at length from far
The noiſe of children reach'd the lift'ning ear,
And Ducklington's ſquare tower aſcends in air.
Hard by the road, and ſkreen'd by folding trees,
An ancient manſion* now the trav'ller ſees.
Its former lord once train'd a loyal band,
When fell rebellion rous'd his native land†.

Around

* The ſeat of G. Davis, Eſq.

† In the year 1745.

Around the field the peaceful village ſwarms,
And grateful leiſure every boſom warms;
Reſplendent tribes juſt then had left the church,
While others ſocial croud about the porch;
This was the town's employ: when now behold
Sage Pinwell's gardens their delights unfold;
Awhile at them in ſhort ſuſpenſe we gaze,
When lo! refreſhing roſe the weſtern breeze,
The breaking gloom divides, the ſun ſhone forth,
But livid clouds obſcur'd the hazy north;
There pondrous, deep, they hung; we all proceed,
And earneſt yet, purſue our courſe decreed.

At length not undeſir'd, an humble dome,
Some honeſt peaſant's poor, ſequeſter'd home,
A wiſh'd retreat prepar'd; there charm'd with reſt,
At eaſe we ſit, to take a ſhort repaſt;
When limping Senex, his oak-table ſpread,
And pil'd his rough hewn board with wholeſome bread.
Now in his hand the ſparkling goblet ſhone,
We cut the bread, and hungry feed thereon;
Toſs'd to and fro, the reeling loaf went round,
And ſeaſon'd cheeſe was rais'd from off the ground;
The pleaſing walk had made our ſtomachs keen;
We fed like pilgrims, ſuch in gait and mien;

And

And now progreſſive moves the mant'ling bowl,
And ſmiling liquor ſlakes each thirſty ſoul.
Our preſent wants ſupply'd, our ſtrength reſtor'd,
We chearful quit that hoſpitable board,
Nor far had paſs'd, when o'er the fields we ſpy
A ſtrong-built lodge raiſe its ſquare ſides on high;
Strange to relate! juſt in the centre plann'd,
A chimney, like an artichoke, did ſtand.
Surpriz'd, we mark the wonder, rare and new,
When lo! at hand, in one continued view
Th' expected ſeat appear'd; ſunk were our fears,
And riſing joy in every face appears;
Our ſpeed encreas'd; we every thought employ,
Pleas'd to behold the verdant park ſo nigh;
Its opening beauties roſe upon our ſight,
And charm'd each panting ſoul with freſh delight.
Intent we move, till ſome broad ſummit gain'd;
Then, not till then, our penſive thoughts reclin'd.
Beſide a quarry plac'd, rugged and ſteep,
Where various flow'rs o'erhung the ſubject deep,
With toil fatigu'd, indulging eaſe, we ſat,
And paſs'd the time in inoffenſive chat;
From theme to theme our tongues loquacious rove,
As clear ideas every linguiſt move.
And now the ſhells of rigid nuts we break,
Or in the fractur'd maſs the kernel ſeek,

While

While diſtant landſcapes form our minds ſerene,
And every breaſt expanding hail'd the ſcene,
Here groves ramiferous penſive thoughts excite,
There tufted ſhrubs the wond'ring eye delight.

Harcourt, in courts and ſcenes of grandeur bred,
While Britain's weal employ'd his ſapient head,
Oft choſe amid this park a calm retreat,
Far from the toils of buſineſs and of ſtate.

Lo! to the right, between the rocks, admire
Where Berkſhire's azure hills to heaven aſpire,
And ſeem to meet the clouds: but nearer view
Where gliding Windruſh, of cærulean hue,
Deterſive ſtream! ſwift rolling o'er the plains,
Amid its waves receives the ſporting ſwains,
While on the banks adverſe, in harmleſs play
Gay nymphs and ſhepherds ſpend the live-long day.
Or if you pleaſe, explore th' irriguous vale,
Where ruddy Galatea fills her pail,
While hills and vales, and each reſponſive ſhade
By her ſoft tuneful voice are vocal made;
As on her arm the pail ſhe bears along,
The diſtant groves repeat her varying ſong.

See how the vallies glow! the woodlands ſmile,
The mead looks gay, the ſwain forgets his toil.

But

But whence this new delight? how chang'd the ſcene!
Not yon receſs* could faithful lover's ſkreen
From death's rapacious hand; blue lightning dire,
Baleful and drear! juſt heaven's avenging fire!
Thoſe deſtin'd lovers ſtruck. Come then, oh muſe!
Nor here your aid ye tuneful nine refuſe,
While I attempt thoſe ſecrets to explore,
And chant a theme my muſe ne'er touch'd before.
Tradition ſure is vague; my mind would fain
That dark oblivious tale to this late age explain.

Damon and Celia were an hapleſs pair,
They mutual lov'd, and mutual was their care;
What time the new mown graſs o'erſpreads the fields,
And full-grown ſpring its fragrant bloſſom yields,
The ruſtic train their bended ſcythes prepare,
And with the morning to their taſks repair;
The meads were fill'd with virgins blithe and gay,
While curving roſe the glorious lamp of day,
His genial beams the opening flow'rs expand,
And matchleſs beauty clothes the ſmiling land.
Lo! azure rocks th' extenſive proſpect bound,
And all the bright horizon glow'd around;

One

* Near this ſpot two lovers were ſtruck dead by lightning, many years before this Poem was written.

One fulgent luſtre deck'd the charming ſcene,
And not a cloud obſcur'd the blue ſerene;
Such was that hapleſs morn ſublime and fair,
A gentle breeze juſt mov'd the ambient air.
But lo! a direful change! thick clouds ariſe,
A lurid gloom obſcur'd the ſick'ning ſkies;
Clouds pil'd on clouds, in livid heaps condenſe:
Awhile the ether waits in ſhort ſuſpenſe;
By cloſe attrition the ſharp lightnings form,
And baleful flaſhes burſt from every ſtorm
O'er all the ſpace of heaven; the noxious glare
Hangs on the ground, and taints the ſtagnate air;
Then repercuſſive from ſome opening cloud
The deep-mouth'd thunder, awful, near, and loud,
The vaſt expanſion rends; amaz'd, and ſtruck,
Bewildered Celia, Damon thus beſpoke.

Say where, my love! unaided can weſly?
Where refuge find? relentleſs death is nigh,
And all the world no more. She fainting ſaid,
Then penſive ſunk to earth the drooping maid,
Beneath an hay-cock's ample, verdant ſhade.
The youth officious, claſp'd her in his arms,
And fondly gazing on ſuperior charms,
Thus ſooth'd her preſcient mind:—Be ſtill my fair!
Sure, ruthleſs lightning ſuch a form would ſpare,

Nor ſinge thoſe waving locks, nor blaſt thoſe azure eyes
Which g'ow ſcintillant, like the ſtar rob'd ſkies.
Sweet innocence adorns that matchleſs face,
Serene complacence, and ſuperior grace!

Scarce ſpoke the youth, when oe'r their guiltleſs heads,
A fierce vindictive flame remorſeleſs ſpreads;
Direct the ſhafted light'ning ſmote—'tis done—
Their graceful forms were chang'd to ſenſeleſs ſtone,
Inanimated clay—a blacken'd corſe!—
She, who but late, with beauty's matchleſs force
The coldeſt boſom warm'd, ſee how depreſs'd
The man, who late the ſons of men ſurpaſs'd
In the high bloom of ſtrength! how chang'd the ſcene,
The full grown ſtature, and the godlike mien!
His was the luſtre of the riſing ſun,
And her's, the radiance of the meek eyed moon.

Thus far, I deviate from my firſt deſign,
And break our juſt narration's op'ning line,
But now the mind returns, and quits thoſe fields.
With all the pain that ſad reflection yields.
The muſe, more willing, would deſcribe the ſcene
Where verdant Windruſh, gentle and ſerene,

Beneath

Beneath a ſquare built tow'r obſtructed roars,
And quits with peaceful waves thoſe fertile ſhores.
Here, fir'd with novelty, we try the door,
The door was ſhut; the key-hole all explore
In ſearch of freſh delight; then pleas'd we ſaw,
'Mid various works, the foaming Windruſh flow.
And now the muſe aſſumes a diſtant theme,
To trace the ſource of that prolific ſtream,
And whence the river draws its ancient name.

A ſmall meandring ſpring, purling and clear,
Near to its gelid fountain muſt appear;
Not far, unnam'd, thoſe limpid waters run
In labyrinthal maze; a pleaſant town
They ſoon ſalute; and claim it for their own;
Thence Windruſh call the place, the river's name,
A ſeat benign, and not unknown to fame.

This village left, fair Barrington it laves,
And rolls tow'rds Burford with augmented waves;
This reach'd, implor'd the rapid Windruſh roars
Beneath a ſtrong built bridge, and foaming ſcours
The ſhining ſoil beneath. Tradition there,
And vulgar error raiſe inglorious fear,
A ſlaviſh ſtrange diſmay! left heaven's ſuperior will
Should drain the ſource or bid the ſtream ſtand ſtill.

Then Tanfield's ghoſt* would range he neigh--
bouring plains,
Break down the walls, and drive with looſen'd reins
His rampant ſteeds of fire and flaming car
Through the light regions of elaſtic air,
And ſtrike incumbent terrors all around,
Singe the brown corn, and ſhake the ſolid ground.
Such are the fables ghaſtly tremor feigns,
And ſuch the ghoſts which torture ſhallow brains.

Meand'ring Windruſh in its courſe proceeds
Through various fields and ample graſſy meads,
When Minſter Lovel, with its ancient fane,
Plac'd in a green delightful flow'ry plain,
Beholds it roll towards Witney's trading town,
A far-fam'd borough, for its blankets known,
And warm, coarſe thick napt rugs; nor here delay
The cleanſing waters; on their downward way
They rapid paſs; through Ducklington they roll,
And water Cockthorp's fair enamouring ſoil,
Till where majeſtic Thames Oxonia laves,
And at New-Bridge unite the kindred waves;
The Windruſh there forgets its ancient name
And pays a tribute to the glorious Thame.

*Alluding to an old ſtory, well known in that neighbourhood.

But

But now returning whence our walk begun,
We left the park, and ſpeed towards the town,
Whoſe lofty ſpire attracts our ranging ſight,
As o'er the place the church diſplays its height.
By limping Senex homely cottage paſs'd,
We pauſe awhile, and then proceed with haſte;
But lo! behind the houſe, an orchard ſmiles,
Profuſe in fruit, and apples ſpread their wiles;
We longing view the ſweet forbidden fruit,
And pining want could fain prefer a ſuit
To eaſe the bending boughs; for o'er the road
The trees incumbent ſpread their tempting load.

Now Lawrence' Garden paſs'd, a lane we trace,
A rough, obſcure, and winding, craggy place;
Juſt then, bright hov'ring o'er the cloud-bank'd weſt,
Refulgent Phœbus half his orb immers'd
In ocean's liquid plains; when lo! at hand
In ſhort ſuſpence at Lanket's ſtile we ſtand;
A ſtony paſſage round the the lane we take,
Far from our courſe direct, a path we ſeek
From danger free; but lo! with toil replete
Hard was the road, and worn our ling'ring feet.

And now the radiance of the day was gone,
Thick gloomy clouds obſcur'd the ſetting ſun.

Not

Not far we move; duſk, and more duſk it grew,
Till hollow twilight ſhut the world from view.

Well pleas'd we reach'd the houſe from whence we
came,
Here droops the muſe, and here I cloſe my theme.

Æt. 19.

Verſes written after ſeeing the Gardens of Park Place, near Henley, in Oxfordſhire, September 3, 1773.

Addreſſed to the AUTHOR, by LEMIRA.

WE all agreed the night before
Thoſe ſpacious gardens to explore,
The ſeat of CONWAY; in whoſe mind
Shines wiſdom, valour, taſte refin'd.

The morning came, the ſun ſhone bright,
And far expell'd the ſhades of night;
We took a ſhort repaſt, and then
Set out before the clock ſtruck ten;
Soon paſs'd the bridge, and at the ſtile,
For company we ſtaid awhile;
Arriv'd, our journey we purſu'd
Along the field, the way was good;
Then up a winding paſſage went,
And gain'd at length the hill's aſcent.
The Gen'rals houſe appear'd in ſight;
We ſteer'd our courſe towards the right.
For entrance at the gate we ſued,
Admittance gain'd, our walk renew'd.

The

The proſpect pleas'd; we praiſe the ſcene,
A charming landſcape, rob'd in green!
Here graceful art with nature join'd
At once to captivate the mind.
Mark where the ſhining laurel ſpreads,
And firs exalt their ſpiry heads.
Lo! many a tree from foreign lands
In this ſublime encloſure ſtands.
Here let the ſage delight to rove,
And meditate on things above.
At length, deſcending thence, we view'd
A cavern, where a zebra ſtood.
This ſeen, behold a devious walk
Cut through a hill compos'd of chalk;
We enter'd, lo! a feeble light
Juſt ſhew'd a path; ſoon fail'd our ſight.
Now through the gloomy ſhade we trace
The various wonders of the place;
No noiſe was heard, no ſpectres ſeen,
But all was placid and ſerene;
Advancing onward, near the end,
We ſaw the rays of light deſcend;
Then haſt'ning to the cavern's mouth,
We all were glad to iſſue forth;
Here down on plain white ſeats we ſat,
And ſpent ſome time in pleaſing chat;

The

The works of art on either ſide
To imitate rude nature vied;
There ſeeming ruins, lately made,
You'd think, perhaps, by time decay'd.
Soon by our guide conducted thence,
Behold a work of vaſt expence!
A large and beauteous garden found
With walls of brick encompaſs'd round.
We praiſe the walks, the ſcene was new,
Here fragrant flowers promiſcuous grew;
There coxcombs, in vermillion dreſs'd,
By all admir'd, excell'd the reſt;
A fiſh pond then, of moderate ſize,
One of the company eſpies;
The finny tribe which here reſort
Are likewiſe of a curious ſort,
Of gold and ſilver, crimſon dye;
Their ſtriking beauties charm the eye.

Then from the hill deſcending ſlow,
In queſt of novelty we go.
Beyond an arch, a cottage found,
With various paintings hung around,
And furniture antique, renown'd.
Nor can the muſe unheeded paſs
The curious figures on the glaſs;

Inquiſitive

Inquiſitive, our eyes explore
The level ſurface of the floor;
A view, beyond deſcription, grand,
The window of the room command;
Majeſtic, deep, the river flows,
There farms and rural hamlets roſe;
See fields with yellow harveſt crown'd,
Delightful proſpect! waving round.
Hark! warbling ſongſters here reſort,
While lambkins round the meadows ſport.
Reluctant, this ſweet ſpot we quit,
Nor longer ſtay the hours admit.
Then to Thameſis' banks we came,
And ſtood awhile to view the ſtream;
Now gently up the mountain climb,
For converſation paſs'd the time.
Then on a verdant terraſs, lo!
We walk'd, perhaps a mile or ſo;
'Twas very warm, the ſun ſhone clear,
Behold a ſhady grotto near;
Thither repairing, down we ſat
On ſeats of ſtone, o'erſpread with matt.
The wood-crown'd hills in proſpect riſe,
And flowers toſs odours round the ſkies,
Below, and wafted in the air,
The ſound of water ſoothes the ear;

Its

Its foaming ſurface we behold,
Indignant o'er the barrier roll'd.
The ſcene was fine, by all confeſs'd,
So having ſtaid awhile to reſt,
We journey'd on a moderate pace,
And reach'd the confines of the place;
Then down the hill we ſoon explore
The chalky path we trod before.

Reflections on reading the following Lines.

———Avertens roseâ cervice refulsit,
Ambrosiæque comæ, divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
Et vera incessu patuit Dea.———
Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.——
Quid juvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
Durus amor?——

Virgil.

MAY then imagination paint the fair
When first in spring they breathe the vernal air;
Led by the graces nature to survey,
The lovely maiden, chearful, boon, and gay
Walks smiling forth, or pensive haunts the grove,
A charming victim to the power of love!
Her graceful neck, and waving tresses shine,
The pleasing form displays an air divine,
Stately her port, and goddess-like her mien!
More bright than rubies beam her modest eyes,
The seat of innocence, without disguise.

She thus array'd, in form and manners bright,
If chance unguarded youth behold the sight,
That very moment, verging to despair,
Pain thrills his heart, and fond officious care,

That

That inſtant views, with ardour turns to gaze,
O'ercome with beauty's penetrating blaze.
Then all his powers and poignant wit are vain,
Lock'd and confin'd in love's ſoft ſilken chain,
His mind revolves, his ready accents flow,
And all the flowers of rhetoric paint his woe.
With eloquence he ſtrives her heart to move,
Speaks as ſhe ſpeaks, and loves what ſhe would love.
With many a ſigh, and with engaging air,
He craves compaſſion and releaſe from care;
But let the virgin moſt of ſighs beware.
Sighs more than words o'er their ſoft hearts prevail,
Sighs may perſuade, when ſolid reaſons fail.
Such is the lover's plight; but if diſdain
Or high contempt augment his inward pain,
Anguiſh extreme! by contemplation drawn,
Soon as Aurora brings the orient dawn,
Replete with care he finds a diſtant grove,
Slave to the torturing agonies of love;
There, deep involv'd, beneath the claſping ſhade
His mind reflective paints th' obdurate maid,
Her air majeſtic, and each blooming grace
Sublimely pleaſing in Belinda's face.
The ſame in form the phantom ſeems to riſe,
To the fond object of his love he flies.

Now

Now to and fro, by anxious ſorrow toſt,
He mourns, he raves, in deſperation loſt!
No proſpect pleaſes, and no fervour warms,
No ſolace comforts, and no beauty charms,
Or ſoothes his troubled mind; but ſhe alone,
She lives in every word, and dies in every groan.
In rapturous ſtile he celebrates her name,
Her name fit ſubject for a poet's theme.
Trees on their bark the lov'd initials bear,
And yielding turfs the ſweet impreſſion ſhare.
Yet the prime object haunts his roving mind,
In vain for eaſe beneath the ſhade reclin'd.
If nature tir'd, and by long labour preſs'd,
At length conſign his weary limbs to reſt,
Sure, fancy wakes, the ſoul ethereal lives,
And ſtill the flame of hapleſs love ſurvives.
Scenes croud on ſcenes, an airy viſion given,
He ſeems on rocks, or ſhelves of ocean driven;
Expos'd to all the perils of the main,
Perpetual dangers, unremitted pain;
Paſt thoughts, and recent actions riſe to view,
And future perils former woes renew;
In every dream his love perverſe appears,
Her frowns he ſees, and all her chidings hears,
Relentleſs, ſtern, and deaf, to all his pray'rs.

Such

Such are the imprudent, ſuch the power of *Love*,
When *Reaſon* fails, inhabitant above!
Mean ſlaves to *Will* and *Paſſion* were mankind,
By *forms* deluded, and by *Fancy* blind,
Did not conſiderate *Reaſon* riſe between,
To curb the ſoul, and keep the paſſions in.
By thy pure influence, through the vale of life,
From envy free, and every ſcene of ſtrife,
Keep me ſecure. Oh! may I never rove;
Through time be thou my guard; my guide in *Love*;
Juſt, though not *rigid*,—*ſerious*, though not *ſad*,
Warm, though not *ardent*,—*conſtant*, though not *mad*.

Æt. 19.

Reflections on the Beauties of Nature in the vernal Season.

A Theme as various as my verſe I ſing,
Reviving nature, and the charms of ſpring.
Forgive, ye ancient bards! to whom belong
The ſacred power and energy of ſong.
Your glorious works thro' time's vaſt round will ſhine,
But theſe muſhroom productions muſt decline.
Oh! cou'd I catch the ſoft harmous fire!
Would now the muſe that energy inſpire,
And warm my breaſt with that poetic rage,
Which glows in Thomſon's ever grateful page!

Victorious kings, and potentates of old,
Serene, have heard this rural ſtory told;
Renowned chiefs, whom conquer'd realms obey'd,
Have ſlighted courts, and ſought the ſolemn ſhade:
There oft alone, in ſolitude they dwelt,
Far from the frowns of envy and of guilt,
The great, the wiſe, the valiant, and the ſtrong,
The fair, the gay, the brilliant, and the young,
Have own'd the pleaſing harmony of ſong.

See how the ſpring its balmy bleſſing pours!
The days increaſe while through the gelid north

Deep

Deep-darting Phœbus wakes the latent ſtores,
And kind profuſion ſpreads its bounties forth.

Then firſt begins the op'ning leaf to ſhoot,
Its ſwelling bloſſom, round and fair, expands;
While more conceal'd, the ſweet delicious fruit
A longer day and warmer ſun demands.

Thus in progreſſion kindling nature grows,
And all around primeval goodneſs flows.
Lo! where, ſoft walking o'er the mellow ground,
The lib'ral farmer ſtrews his ſeeds around,

With meaſur'd ſtep the cautious ſwain proceeds,
Sedate and ſlow; till all his treaſures ſpent;
The ſun declin'd, to his low cot he ſpeeds,
With wholſome fare, and ſacred peace content.

And now, where ſmiling, all the plains are fill'd
With chearful lab'rers, muſing let me ſtray;
From harm ſecure, they ſeek the diſtant field,
And in the ground their genial treaſures lay.

With pointed ſtakes they plant the fragrant bean,
In juſt array and glorious order ſeen.
Through this prime ſeaſon oft deſtroying winds
Nip the young bud, and obvious death impends.

Corroſive froſt th' expanding foliage chills,
Hardens the ground, and binds the ſilver ſtreams;
Deſcending ſnow inveſts the bleak-blown hills,
Or clouds obſtruct the ſun's refreſhing beams.

How glows the day! yon ſhining vault how fair!
Reviving herbage clothes the fields in green;
A pleaſing fragrance fills the tepid air,
And joyful myriads hail the riſing ſcene.

Hark! from the bowing hedge, melodious charms,
And nature's muſic rouſe the liſt'ning ſoul;
Celeſtial ardour all my boſom warms,
And through my mind ſerene ſenſations roll.

Here let me ſtrike the deep-reſounding ſtring,
And in the general choir harmonious join.
Oh! teach my varied verſe, like your's, to flow
In all the moving melody of woe.

Or borne aloft, with energy divine
Trace every charm; or in immortal ſtrains
Record the ſpot where tranſient glories ſhine,
The dancing vallies and the laughing plains.

Yon lovely proſpect calls me to the field,
'Mongſt op'ning flowers and potent herbs to ſtray;
Where humble vi'lets tranquil pleaſures yield,
Or numerous cowſlips ſaffron heads diſplay.

Oh could theſe painted children of the ſun
With ſacred warmth inſpire my languid ſong!
Behold how earth exults, creation ſmiles!
Replete with hope, the chearful farmer toils.

'Tis all delight abroad, where daiſes blow,
And nameleſs flowers enrich the dented vale;
Or, on the banks where azure currents flow,
The bending blue-bell ſips the purling rill.

Oh! for the ſhade with broad primroſes dreſs'd,
Where ſhrubs of various hues attracts the ſight;
Theſe are the haunts where beauty ſhines conteſt,
And thoſe the ſcenes which give intenſe delight.

The wild hedge blooms, the pungent brake looks gay,
In all the fragrant redolence of May;
Exhauſtleſs bounty pours her bleſſings round,
One univerſal verdure clothes the ground.

Wholeſome and fair, the the living herbage grows,
Diverſify'd with multitudes of flowr's;
The rugged thorn emits a ſylvan roſe,
And every lawn revives by vernal ſhowers.

Traverſe the leaf-crown'd wood, or vallies green,
Where ſacred wiſdom from the world retires;
Or tranquil, on the banks of rivers ſheen,
Mark genuine worth, and cheriſh pure deſires.

The charms of nature animate the mind,
From autumn's gloom, and wintry blaſts refin'd;
The turgid hills their chequer'd boſoms raiſe,
Expos'd to tempeſts, and the ſun's bright rays,

While, like a fair unfolded volume, ſpread,
Their ſtriking riches chear the ranging eye,
In all the pomp of colours pure array'd,
Far darting radiance, and ſuperior joy.

How glows the ſcene! yon brilliant arch expands,
Celeſtial beauties pour upon my ſight;
Th' enamouring ſteep for miles around commands;
Gay towns and hamlets ſmile with freſh delight.

In proſpect large, ethereal ſplendors riſe,
A ſcene of glory ſprings from all the ſkies:
Walk in yon finiſh'd garden, where, ſecure
From northern winds, and nipping froſts ſevere,

The cultur'd flowers, in kind profuſion bloom;
There ſtudied order points to each its place,
From every bud aſcends a ſweet perfume,
And lively colours every flow'ret grace.

The ſnow-drop firſt, in ſhining veſture clad,
Contemns the ſtorm and ſwift deſcending rain,
From parent earth, ſcarce lifts her drooping head,
Then dying falls, transform'd to duſt again.

The polyanthus next, of various dyes,
Leaps ſmiling forth, and inſtant death defies:
Obnoxious ſtorms, and wintry terrors paſt,
The brilliant race of flowers expands at laſt.

The daffodil, in ſhining yellow dy'd,
Sweet-williams ſparkling, and acanthus gay;
Anemonies with colours diverſify'd,
And fragrant roſes in ſuperb array.

Auriculas in mealy velvet dreſs'd,
And lillies, claim the ſoft deſcriptive muſe;
The towring tulip nods with pomp confeſs'd,
And from his ſides ſhakes of the poliſh'd dews.

The broad ranunculas, and ſweet jeſſamine,
Serene jonquil, and curling eglantine,
A while to pleaſe, with tranſient luſtre ſhine.
Go penſive maidens! ſpend your fleeting hours
In flowry walks, and aromatic bow'rs.

'Tis your's with grace to prop the drooping roſe,
Support the weak, and rectify the ſtrong;
Tend every plant, mark how the nect'rine blows,
To your ſoft care the flow'ry tribes belong.
This be your taſk; while men to woods repair,
Serene to think, and breathe ſalubrious air.

Nor leſs the bluſhing orchard claims my lays,
When firſt with life, its fruits delightful ſpring;
Each blooming tree, a garland fair diſplays,
The grand veſtigia of ſupreme deſign.
Deep muſing, penſive, through the ſilent grove,
Free from the pangs of paſſion and of love.

'Tis mine to walk, as ſoon as op'ning dawn
Calls forth the tuneful nations to the ſpray,
And the loud bleat of flocks inſpires the lawn
With all the noiſy turbulence of day.

But who can paint like nature? who expreſs
In ſofteſt notes, the harmony of ſpring?
Who equal Flora's univerſal dreſs?
And every glowing emanation ſing?

See the ſucceeding train of pure delight,
The fair productions of eternal might!
In rapturous ſtrains, on contemplation borne,
Give me to hail the kind refreſhing morn;

From op'ning flowers to bruſh the pearly dew,
And as I tread the various chequer'd field,
Oh! let my wav'ring, drooping thoughts renew,
And every ſcene a calm compoſure yield.

Hark! how the ſoaring lark in warb'ling ſtrains,
And artleſs muſic the lone champaign chears!
The black-bird ſhrill awakes the ſlumb'ring ſwains,
And every rude diſcordant voice repairs.

In concert full unite the feather'd tribe,
More copious far than numbers can deſcribe;
Now ſings the mellow bull-finch ſoft of note,
And the red linnet ſtrains his tuneful throat.

The warbling thruſh in louder accents, ſhrill,
From yonder hedge perfects the general choir;
The painted gold-finch opes his ſilver bill,
And glows with more intenſe harmonious fire.

With theſe, the rook and jay diſcordant join,
The chirping ſparrow and the raven hoarſe;
Nor leſs the chatt'ring pye attempts to ſing,
And through his throat ſome ill-join'd matter force.

But whence this general harmony divine?
Thoſe temperate breezes bland, and air benign?
Who bade the feather'd tribe with plumage gay,
Thoſe ſtrains melodious warble from the ſpray?

Shall man be ever anxious to deſtroy?
While all the woodlands ſwim in mirth and joy.
Mark yon fair ſpot, where from the flaming ſouth
The ſun invites the gay melliferous youth.

The crowded hive inſpective dare explore
Where lab'ring th uſands, bath'd in fervour, toil,
Make and depoſit their ſalubrious ſtore,
The ſweet extraction of a flow'ry ſoil.

See how from ſhrub to ſhrub intent they fly,
And ſip the fragrant thyme, or roſes bloom;
Through all the live-long day the work they ply,
Surcharg'd with balm and redolent perfume.

Æt. 19.

THE END.

7 AP 59

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

CONSISTING OF

MEDITATIONS,
CONTEMPLATIONS,
SOLILOQUIES,

POETICAL EPISTLES,
MORAL REFLECTIONS,
HYMNS,

AND

PARAPHRASES OF SEVERAL PARTS OF SCRIPTURE, &c.

By T. MAY.

HENLEY:

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MUSEUM

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7 AP 59

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF AN INFANT,
Who died October 31, 1763.

———Paulumque morati,
Serius aut citius ſedem properamus ad unam. OVID.

IN the firſt ſpring of life was ſhe remov'd
From mortal ſight, by us ſo dearly lov'd,
Who ſaw thoſe pleaſing ſmiles and harmleſs play,
Which wing'd ſo ſoon her fleeting hours away.
In vain with tears we mourn that early death,
And rue the day which ſtopp'd thy lab'ring breath;

Above the reach of man thy ſoul is fled,
Thy body ſleeps among the num'rous dead;
Th' immortal part hath left the world below,
And feels that joy which ſouls celeſtial know.
Hail, harmleſs babe! be thine eternal reſt,
Amid the courts of light, for ever bleſs'd!
Ceaſe tears to flow; to Heav'n's high will reſign;
So GOD decreed, and let not man repine.
All, ſoon or late, ſhall feel the hand of death,
Emit their ſouls, and draw their final breath.
Reſiſt not glory, nor the truth withſtand,
In virtue thrive, and every fault amend;
Uncertain deem earth's tranſitory joys,
Soon fail theſe ſoul-deluding empty toys;
Live well while here, ſo we at laſt ſhall have
An eaſy paſſage to the loathſome grave;
No conſcious terrors then ſhall pain the mind.
When we, like her, muſt leave thoſe ſcenes behind,
Angels will ſmile; the LORD our GOD be kind.
Here drops the veil; here let me cloſe my theme;
A ſlender tribute to a ſiſter's name;
For this relation from the dead I claim.

ÆTATIS 13.

A MORNING

A MORNING HYMN.

SING praiſes to our God, ye pow'rs above!
His praiſe ye winds, which from four quarters blow,
With murmuring or with gentle voices ſound.
Ye pines, in ſign of worſhip, bow your heads;
All corners of the earth reſound his praiſe,
Who ſouls created with Almighty power.
To him, whoſe living chariot ſhook the baſe
Of Heaven's ſtrong fabric, when Omnipotence
Provok'd, drove headlong his rebellious foes
Into the burning lake, ye ſtars give praiſe.
Let all the conſtellations of the ſky,
And thou, O ſun, now riſing from the deep,
Unite in anthems to the ſource of life.
Laud him, all nature! at whoſe word aroſe
Yon azure canopy, emboſs'd with ſtars.
He form'd the globe, and circumſcrib'd the main,
And made the barren rock, and fruitful vale,
The range of mountain's Aſia's climates boaſt.
To him alone, the warmth of prayer aſcends,
From whom created beauty draws its charms.

ÆTATIS. 13.

REFLECTIONS,

AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

———Et ni
Poſces ante diem librum cum lumine; ſi non
Intendes animum ſtudiis et rebus honeſtis,
Invidiâ vel amore vigil torquebere. HOR.

ARISE, O youth! to ſerious thought incline;
A mind reform'd, at trifles will not pine;
Since Phœbus ſheds his morning light on man,
With due concern the works of WISDOM ſcan.
Finite the days on mortals here beſtow'd,
Sublime eſteem attends the wiſe and good;
From ſloth ſupine, unnumber'd evils riſe,
Unpleaſing themes, ſuſpenſe, or foul diſguiſe.
Behold, how glorious nature's charms break forth!
The king of day illumes the gelid north;
The ſacred laws of reaſon mend the heart;
By night or day the ſage will truth impart.
Search various volumes, turn the claſſic page,
Or trace the genius of increaſing age;

The

The ſoul that fails to think, expos'd muſt ſtand
To envy's torment, or to love's command;
If folly rage, we mourn our ſtate in vain,
To want abandon'd, and perpetual pain.
Know this, the ſure decree of nature's GOD,
A ſinful nation muſt abide his rod;
Ariſe, awake, eſcape from endleſs ill,
Whence no calm thought can ſatisfy the will.
We read that CHRIST will change the whole expanſe,
End theſe frail orbs, and form the laſt ſuſpenſe;
The ſacred trumpet from on high ſhall blow,
At which the vain ſhall riſe to meet their woe.
Arm'd with Omnipotence, when light and truth
Reveal the SAVIOUR, with tranſcendent worth,
Dark, in exceſſive anguiſh, ſin ſhall riſe,
And dreadful horror ſhake th' incumbent ſkies;
Thunders ſhall roll, and baleful lightnings fall,
A ſolemn angel men to judgment call;
The ſoul refin'd by tribulation's law,
Shall find a world which none but good men know.

A PRAYER.

OH Thou! enthron'd beyond the reach of man!
The ſource of good! earth's univerſal LORD!
Look down with pity, and ſuſtain the weak.
To thee I bow the knee, and thee alone
Adore with praiſe. In Heaven there's none but thee,
On earth not to compare. In virtue's path
Teach me to walk, O LORD, in thee confide;
That ſo when time ſhall end, and be no more,
My ſoul may taſte of that eternal bliſs
Which ſaints and angels ſhare in Heaven above.

PSALM XXXIII. PARAPHRASED.

REJOICE in GOD, in the MOST HIGH,
Ye righteous ſouls confide;
Sing praiſe to him, to whom 'tis due,
And let his ſpirit guide.

With

With tuneful harps and pſalteries
Praiſe Heav'n's eternal KING;
The LORD is great, our GOD is juſt;
Pure hallelujah's ſing.

The univerſe can't him contain;
In truth doth he delight;
From chaos' vaſt profundity
He call'd celeſtial light.

At his command the earth aroſe,
Confuſion heard his voice;
Let ſacred righteouſneſs direct,
And virtue be our choice.

He in one place reſtrain'd the waves,
And kept them up in ſtore;
Let all the earth praiſe Iſrael's GOD,
His power each ſoul adore.

His perfect laws remain unchang'd,
From all pollution free;
The deſtin'd purpoſe of his heart
Is firm ſtability.

Bleſs'd is the nation that confides
In him who made the earth;
He them will evermore protect,
And ſave from waſting dearth.

The LORD beholds the ways of men,
All open to his eye;
Our fraud and ſecret treachery
Expos'd before him lie.

Our minds ſhall wait before the LORD,
Pronounc'd our help and ſhield;
In danger to preſerve from death,
Or 'midſt the ſanguine field.

O LORD! have mercy on our ſouls,
As we believe in thee;
By thy protection may we gain
Fair immortality.

EPISTLE I.

Mundus erit, qui non offendet ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. HOR.

IN grateful verſe, I now ſalute my friend;
But let not here our ſtudious friendſhip end.
Once more I take my long rejected pen,
To prove the weakneſs of the ſons of men;
Awhile I wait in deep ſuſpenſe and fear,
Yet unreſolv'd my ideas to declare.
Impell'd by humble gratitude, I fain
Would tell our friendſhip in the poet's ſtrain.
Involv'd in thought, ſubſequent lines I write,
Free from malignity and partial ſpite.

Where now is Addiſon? where doth he lie?
All conqu'ring death hath clos'd his piercing eye.
So frail the world! we join our native clay:
What's man? perhaps the tyrant of a day.
Aſſiſt my ſlender verſe t' addreſs the age,
And prove the evils of the pleaſing ſtage;
Think not, dear youth, to have the language fine;
Reflection ſpeaks for truth in ev'ry line.

Here's

Here's not th' expanded field we claim in war,
Nor here o'er heaps of ſlain deſcends the rattling car;
Not rage, but courted luxury I ſing,
From ſcenes of avarice my numbers ſpring.

Let each man act in his own ſphere,
Who virtue ſeeks, will find her there.
Among the great 'tis ſoon to riſe,
When Sol hath meaſur'd half the ſkies;
I hate to ſee ambition rule,
And falſe delight deprave the ſoul.
Some wound the ſight, in pomp to ſhare,
And luxury is all their care;
Think not mankind from failings free,
I'll cenſure vice with them that ſee.
Though time rolls heavy with the great,
Once paſs'd, lamented, 'tis too late;
They prate of plays, remote from rules,
And ſcorn the morals of the ſchools.
Tho' wanton ſparks may take it ill,
We cenſure faults be where they will:
Thoughtleſs of right, men ſit and ſwear,
Once overcharg'd with wine and beer;

Devoid

Devoid of reaſon, grown like beaſts,
They fain would ſatirize their prieſts,
The monkey and baboon exceed,
Nor with ſuch foul intemp'rance feed.
Lo! ſcenes of riot end the day,
And grandeur longs to ſee the play.
Plac'd in the pit, ſome judge the ſtage,
And mock the virtue of the ſage;
With pride one takes an obvious ſeat;
For recent pomp allures the great:
This contemplates the tragic ſcene
Of thoſe that act behind the ſcreen.
Cato, we ſee, reſolv'd on death,
Falls on his ſword, declining breath;
Prone on the ground the hero lies,
His pictur'd death excites ſurprize.
Comedian wits ſome would employ
To make their pleaſures glib with joy;
The paſſions mov'd with poignant pride,
Reduce our conduct to the tide;
The ridicule of comic leer
Divides our prudence from our fear;
It gives the reins to greedy ſight,
And forms the heart to falſe delight.

When

When men of taſte for trifles prate,
Extreme deluſions change the great.
With innocence we ſcarce behold
The turns of wit reduce a ſcold;
The mind a ſlave to obvious pride,
The ſeeds of vice our ſenſes guide;
Profuſe our morals ſoon become,
And many a weakneſs will have room.
Vain without hope, diſcretion cloys,
And Heaven appears like tranſient joys;
But ſober minds eſcape ſuch tools,
Whoſe habits form from virtue's rules;
Once loſt to truth, we praiſe the ſtage,
And loſe the greatneſs of the ſage.
All ſcenes may pleaſe with follies air,
Or work deceptions for the fair.
If comedy delights the ſoul,
Pure virtue ſtoops to fancy's goal;
There mimic trifles move in ſtate,
While vice is ſkreen'd behind the gate;
Falſehood on taſte begins to brood;
But cautious fear becomes the good:
Whether you're rich or poor, be free
To contemplate the forms we ſee.

Some

Some minds in avarice place their joy,
And nought but wealth can grief deſtroy;
But when it reigns within the heart,
The baffled conſcience feels no ſmart.
Nor can we paſs yon hapleſs ſhade,
Where pride and avarice ſtand diſplay'd;
Where, ſtarv'd to death, the beauty dies,
With painted cheeks and languid eyes.
Afraid to taſte, ſome pine for food,
And ſpurn the gracious hand of GOD;
But, mortal! know, thee Heaven denies,
And inward terrors blaſt thy joys.

ÆTATIS 14.

PSALM

PSALM XXXIX. PARAPHRASED.

LO! ſaid my ſoul, I will my ways
Henceforth far more regard;
While wicked men before me ſtand,
From ſpeaking I'm debarr'd.

With ſilence I was dumb, by grief
Reſtrain'd my ſtrong deſire;
My heart was hot, while thus I mus'd,
And burſt with waſting fire.

Teach me, O LORD! to know my end,
The meaſure of my day;
How frail am I! all earthly things
Are ſubject to decay.

My age is nought before my GOD,
Who made my life a ſpan;
Sure all muſt die; in his beſt ſtate,
What is the ſon of man?

He

He heaps up wealth, but takes no thought
  Who may poſſeſs the bane;
O'erwhelming cares oppreſs the ſoul,
  Sure, all our joys are vain.

My hope, O LORD! is fix'd on thee,
  Deliver me from ſin;
Let not the fooliſh vex my ſoul,
  But let thy mercy ſhine.

Dumb was my tongue, my mouth was ſhut,
  O LORD! becauſe of thee;
Remove the trial far away,
  And ſhew thy lenity.

When with rebuke thou doſt chaſtiſe
  Iniquity in man,
Thou mak'ſt his beauty die like moths:
  Sure, life is but a ſpan.

Hear me, O LORD! unto my cries
  Incline thy gracious ear;
Hold not thy peace when I lament;
  Ah! wipe the ſilent tear.

Thy laws are ſtrange unto my ſoul;
New to me are thy ways;
Like as my fathers were before,
Grief loads me full of days.

Oh ſpare me, that I may renew
My ſtrength, thee to adore;
Before I fly from earthly things
To Heaven's tranſcendent ſhore.

PSALM XCVII. PARAPHRASED.

THE LORD doth reign; let all the earth
In Zion's GOD rejoice;
The diſtant iſles, with rapture ſeiz'd,
Attend his awful voice.

Thick clouds and darkneſs him ſurround,
In majeſty array'd;
Judgment and righteouſneſs were ſeen
When GOD his power diſplay'd.

Before

Before him moves devouring fire
To extirpate his foes;
His awful lightnings ſcare the world;
Earth's convex ſurface bows.

The mountains melt like yielding wax,
O'ercome with fervent heat;
Mankind beheld, and, trembling, fear'd
JEHOVAH's pow'r to meet.

The Heavens proclaim his righteouſneſs,
And nations own his joy;
All thoſe that worſhip images
Will Iſrael's GOD deſtroy.

Ye fair celeſtial angel forms,
JEHOVAH's pow'r adore!
Thy judgments, LORD! did Zion hear:
Peace thrive on Iſrael's ſhore.

Thou art above the ſpacious earth,
Enthron'd above all gods;
The Heaven of heavens receives thee there;
Eternal, bleſs'd abodes!

From wicked men, and every harm,
Doth Iſrael's GOD defend;
Love him, ye righteous! on this rock
Let all your hope depend.

Light for the faithful firſt was ſown,
Gladneſs for the upright;
Rejoice in GOD omnipotent,
Extol his matchleſs might.

A SOLILOQUY.

RETIRE, my ſoul! from painful thoughts retire,
O'er mundane themes, and tranſient bliſs aſpire;
Lo! earth muſt change. Say, can this world delight?
All pleaſures here muſt cloſe in laſting night.
Death ſhuts the door of life: the pride of man
Muſt ſoon ſubſide; the gloomy king will reign.
If we profeſs in JESUS to believe,
Can we, by ſin, his holy ſpirit grieve?

Think

Think not a ſolemn reck'ning to evade;
Our deeds muſt in the ſcale divine be weigh'd.
Heaven wills to prove mankind; thro' faith oppoſe
The dark temptations of infernal foes.
Thro' various trials men attain to bliſs,
And while on earth, partake of mental peace.
What pure enjoyments ſhall the ſoul obtain!
A total freedom from all fear of pain,
If, thro' the vale of life, in virtue we remain.
A crown immortal is for ſuch in ſtore,
Where the grim lion never can explore;
Above temptation, free from Satan's wiles,
There univerſal goodneſs ever ſmiles.

A PRAYER.

O THOU! whoſe glory far exceeds
What man can comprehend;
Great ſource of being! mighty LORD
Whoſe kingdom ne'er ſhall end.

May I preſume, on bended knees,
Before thy name to bow;
Send forth thy light, moſt gracious GOD!
That all thy will may know.

Exalt thy SON in ev'ry heart;
Preſerve this favour'd land,
That ſin may ceaſe, and dare no more
Thy goſpel-truth withſtand.

Extend thy mercy thro' the world,
Preſerve thy ſaints, O LORD!
Remove tranſgreſſion, and reveal
Thy pure eſſential word.

Ariſe, O GOD! to purge and cleanſe
The mind from every ſin;
Grant all conditions to poſſeſs
Serenity within.

Let the MESSIAH reign in peace,
Thy boundleſs mercy ſway;
Where pride offends, and thought is vile,
Incline our hearts to thee.

Inſpire

Inſpire the nations to adore
Thy great and awful name;
Spread o'er the world thy ſacred truth,
From endleſs time the ſame.

ÆTATIS 15.

AN EVENING MEDITATION.

Aſpirant auræ in noctem; nec candida curſum
Luna negat———
Cum venti poſuere, omniſque repentè reſedit
Flatus. VIRG.

AWAKE, O Muſe! in grateful numbers ſing
What ſacred joys from contemplation ſpring.
Now nature ſmiles, in lovely verdure clad;
Releas'd from care, I ſeek ſome grateful ſhade:
There, while grey eve brings on the ſilent night,
On meditation's wings I take my flight.
No noiſe tumultuous here diſturbs my reſt,
Nor painful thoughts oppreſs my peaceful breaſt:
A ſolemn ſilence ſhuts the cloſing day,
And nature's works a varied ſcene diſplay;

O'er-ſhadowing earth, night ſpreads her gentle reign,
The workman ſleeps, inſenſible of pain.
This calm ſerene of nature ſoothes the mind
To ſacred truth, and penſive thought inclin'd.
'Tis when the ſoul reflects, as evening ſtill,
Each ſource we trace, and reaſon curbs the will;
When with a ſuppliant heart the knee can bow
Content and paſſive, then our virtues grow.
OMNISCIENCE reigns; his word will teach the wiſe,
His Providence our daily wants ſupplies;
When every anxious mind unties its load,
And, tho' it fears, reclines on future good,
A firm reſtraint the froward paſſions feel,
Or ſtand ſubjected to th' eternal will.
When thus ſubdu'd, our judgment ſeems divine,
And recent glory bids perfection ſhine;
Reveal'd by heav'nly grace, our ſins appear,
And recollection fits the mind for pray'r;
Nurs'd by devotion, every moral grows,
Reflection calms us with our friends and foes.

REFLECTIONS,

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Aurum per medios ire ſatellites,
Et perrumpere amat Saxa, potentius
Ictu fulmineo. HOR.

BLESS'D is the man who courts not wealth,
But ſcorns the charm of gold;
He hates the miſer's guilty ways,
Whoſe life to gain is ſold.

Thro' guards, thro' rocks, wealth penetrates,
More powerful than fire;
The thirſt of lucre blinds the mind,
To ſin our hearts retire.

The love of money wounds the ſoul,
Impairs its peace with GOD;
That which juſt Heav'n for uſe ordain'd,
Man conſtitutes a rod.

It firſt induc'd proud kings to war;
Whole empires it deſtroys;
The mind no more ſerenity
And inward peace enjoys.

All evils ſpring from ſpecious gold,
Which wicked men purſue,
With all their hearts, with all their minds,
And give not GOD his due.

From hence preſumping mortals dar'd
To croſs the dang'rous ſea;
From Albion's realms to Indian ſhores,
Gold taught th' impervious way.

Men forfeit peace; their lives no more
Th' inſatiate crew regard;
No perils can their minds deter;
Gold will their toils reward.

Both health and thought this bane depraves,
Inures the heart to ſin;
Corroſive cares oppreſs the ſoul,
And wayward paſſions reign.

Bleſs'd

Bleſs'd is the man whom temperance
And moderation guides;
His ſoul is not diſturb'd in death,
But every fear ſubſides.

Misfortunes and diſtreſs in vain
Aſſault his ſedate mind;
No guilty conſcience breaks his reſt,
To Heaven's high will reſign'd.

The ſmiles of fortune and of wealth,
With all their charming train,
The pure conceptions of his ſoul
Shall ne'er corrupt with gain.

He ſcorns a ſoft, luxurious life,
The grand parade of pride;
Calm reaſon reigns within his breaſt,
And all his pow'rs ſhall guide.

Poſſeſs'd of wealth, his charity
Shines with diſtinguiſh'd light;
Whoſe common joys are ſocial good,
Which forms the world upright.

A POETICAL

A POETICAL DIALOGUE.

Occaſioned by the Death of an Infant, who died in the Year 1765.

LEMIRA.

SAY, whence thoſe tears? Why droops that honour'd head?
Is then, as rumour ſays, the infant dead?
Yes—true—too true—that aſpect, ſad, declares,
Thoſe weeping eyes emit a flood of tears;
Drop after drop, ſucceſſively deſcends;
In agonies my parent folds her hands!
Abſtain, dear part! better than life, abſtain;
Muſt heaving ſighs expreſs internal pain?
Ah! what I ſee!—uncomforted ſhe ſtands;
Her woes the tribute of a tear demands.
Hark! yonder groves the ſolemn theme reſound!
On Cælia, death inflicts a mortal wound.
What—then, is Cælia dead? Yes—earth no more
She deigns to viſit;—now the æthereal ſhore

Her

Her ſpotleſs ſoul triumphant doth receive,
Far too ſublime in mundane climes to live.
But ceaſe:—let reaſon over grief prevail,
Let reaſon bear aloft th' important ſcale.
Spend not the day in tears:—fond parent ceaſe;
Forbear to mourn; may ſorrow's tide decreaſe.

HONORIA.

Oh! urge me not, Lemira! ſlow retire?
Can ſorrow, then, thoſe harſh demands require?
In vain can words attempt to ſoothe my cares;
They but increaſe the torrent of my tears.
A ſiſter's dead!—yes,—harmleſs Cælia died,
While in yon ſhade we did at eaſe reſide.
Lo! drowſy ſlumber clos'd thy youthful eyes,
When gentle Cælia ſought her native ſkies.
From me ſhe's fled—Oh piercing, cruel death!
Which robb'd the little innocent of breath.
Relentleſs tyrant! ſtill he breaks my reſt,
And tore an infant from its mother's breaſt.
Lament with me, in ſorrow ſympathize,
Thou riſing ſun! whoſe glory gilds the ſkies.
Wretched and hapleſs, deſtitute I rove,
My mournful accents ring thro' every grove.

Soft

Soft Philomel! the death of Cælia mourn;
My Cælia's gone, and never will return;
While midnight reigns, the ſolemn theme prolong,
Till bright Aurora brings the chearful morn.

A SOLILOQUY.

MY ſoul ſhall ne'er the LORD diſtruſt,
Who always will ſupport the juſt,
When ſtorms internal roar;
And pow'rs ſatanic threaten pain,
Prepar'd t' extend their baneful reign
O'er every mental ſtore.

The righteous, GOD will not forſake,
Nor his eternal compact break,
In death he will be near;
When waſting wolves invade the flock,
CHRIST is their ſhepherd and their rock,
Let every nation fear.

Thy

Thy power, immenſe! O LORD, diſplay;
Let barb'rous realms thy will obey,
And tremble to offend;
Abide in deep humility;
To great JEHOVAH bow the knee;
May Iſrael's GOD defend.

A PRAYER.

EFFULGENCE bright! celeſtial eſſence pure!
All-ſeeing GOD! efficient ſource of power
And unexhauſted love! thy flock ſurvey;
Collect thy ſheep, and ſpread the goſpel day:
Incline the hearts of all mankind to thee,
Preſerve from ſin, and from temptation free.
Let judgment riſe to teach the froward ſoul,
And truth ſublime the ſons of men controul.
When ſhall the day, the promis'd hour be come,
That righteouſneſs in ſplendor bright may bloom;
Withhold not grace: deign, LORD! to viſit man,
And ſpeed the work thy goodneſs firſt began;

The

The thoughtful mind with heavenly truths inſpire,
Chaſe every gloom, and influence each deſire.

ÆTATIS 15.

ON PATIENCE.

Ἀνδρὸς τὰ προσπίπτοντα γενναίως φέρειν.

THEE, Patience, next in flowing verſe I ſing,
Thou ſhield of wiſdom! Heaven's eternal ſpring!
Celeſtial joys from thy fair fountain flow,
And beaming glories treat the world below.
When droops the ſoul, thy charms abſorb our pains,
Faith undiſturb'd, beyond affliction reigns.
Sedate and calm, our ſuff'ring optics ſee
The ſcythe of time approach mortality,
Unmov'd, unchang'd; thro' all the woes we feel,
Superior patience curbs the ſtubborn will.
Great kings may boaſt, and ſceptics may deny,
But he is bleſs'd, who bears without a ſigh
Thoſe deep probations, which may virtue try.

Subſtantial

Subſtantial patience forms the hero's mind,
His fortitude, by adverſe toils, refin'd;
By thee, O Patience! goddeſs heavenly bright,
The ſhrine of reaſon yields a ray of light.
Sublimely gifted, men expreſsly feel
The ſubſtance given, their ſubject of appeal;
Superior worth to gratitude muſt flow;
For genuine greatneſs doth on goodneſs grow.
No more exceſs can its vile root ſupply,
Since fevers, gouts, and aſtmahs, all go by;
What muſt be ſuffer'd, men attempt to ſhun,
But faith and patience is the agent's crown,
Which mounts o'er death, and bids his virtue ſoar
Where laſting bliſs, by wiſdom, ſhall endure.
Patience and faith, with all the world commerce,
This bids us prove, and that endures its force;
Juſtice and kindneſs to the wiſe belong,
That real pleaſures may delight the young.

THOUGHTS

ON READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Vides, ut alta ſtet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam ſuſtineant onus
Sylvæ laborantes; geluque
Flumina conſtiterint acuto. Hor.

FAREWEL, ye ſhades! ye rural joys extinct!
Beneath the ſpreading holm, or branching fir,
No more the groves can pleaſe; cold winter reigns,
The ſun declines, and ſlopes his feeble rays;
Loud ſtorms impend, and falling rime adorns
The lofty elm, or decorates the pine.
Lo! nature mourns; the flowers no longer bloom,
Nor fragrant ſweets delight amid the vale;
The hyacinth and daffodil reclin'd,
No longer pleaſe: the primroſe dies away,
And fair Narciſſus droops his charming head.
No more the tufted lawns or foreſts pleaſe,
Nor lovely proſpects greet the ranging eye;
Leafleſs the trees, and ſtripp'd the bounteous fields;

Black

Black low'ring clouds the azure ſkies o'ercaſt,
And ſpread a dreadful gloom.——
Cold, nitrous ſalts the ſtanding pool congeal,
And frozen ſtreams confine the fleeting ſkiff.
The gelid north its frozen millions pours,
And hoary garments clothe the pregnant ſoil.
Lo! hardy ſwains ſurround the ſmoking hearth,
And ſhrink to turn the glebe.——

With wide deſtructive rage the floods unite,
Inveſt the vale, and drown the fertile plain;
The far-fam'd Danube laves its watry ſedge,
And deep majeſtic Thames o'erflows its banks;
Nor can the Elbe his mighty rage contain,
Nor yellow Tiber's bounds its billows ſtay;
The dams are vague, and half the country drown'd;
The inundation, art in vain ſurveys.
Lo! ample meads in water buried lie,
And ſcarce the pine diſplays its branching head.
His eyes the ſtranger turns, and views aghaſt!
A deep circumfluent ocean on the land!
No painted flowers adorn the cultur'd ſpot,
Nor groves nor purling ſtreams can ſoothe the ſoul.
See! pleaſure flies; hoarſe winds aſſault the roof,

And pregnant clouds deſcend in ſheets of rain;
No gentle breezes like the zephyrs blow
To fan the ſwain with their od'rif'rous wings;
But hollow ſtorms, and driving rains diſturb;
The muſic of a dark tempeſtuous night.

ÆTATIS 15.

CON-

CONTEMPLATIONS

ON THE

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.


BRITISH MUSEUM

CONTEMPLATIONS, &c.

On OMNIPOTENCE.

——— Ut his exordia primis
Omnia et ipſe tener Mundi concreverit orbis,
Tum durare ſolum, et diſcludere Nerea ponto,
Cæperit; et rerum paullatim ſumere formas. VIRG.

SAY, whence aroſe this ancient globe,
This round, capacious earth?
Who form'd the day? created man?
And to the beaſts gave birth?

'Twas that primæval power divine,
Whoſe wiſdom infinite
Inſcrib'd the Heavens, and bound the air,
And to the ſun gave light.

Dividual ſhades GOD form'd, and ſpheres;
He bade Arcturus riſe;
Orion and the Pleiades
Adorn the vaulted ſkies.

He ſpoke, and gloomy darkneſs fled,
Imperfect chaos fear'd;
The limpid waves of the vaſt deep
His awful mandates heard.

Thro' Heaven his living chariot roll'd,
To change the realms of night;
When angel forms, attending, ſaw
Their great CREATOR's might.

Who, but OMNIPOTENCE, could cauſe
This world to ſpring from nought?
With power combine earth, fire, and air,
As his preſcience taught?

When worlds were made, withdrew the void,
And nature's threſhold ſhook;
Obſequious, then each ferment ceas'd,
And peace thro' diſcord broke.

He fix'd Atlantian hills ſecure,
And bade Mount Ætna riſe,
Whoſe horrid cataracts of fire
Obſcure th' incumbent ſkies.

'Twas

'Twas his own power that rais'd yon arch,
Which circumſcrib'd the light;
Reſtrain'd the Caſpian riſing tide,
And every greater fight.

God firſt deſign'd and clear'd the way
For various plants to grow;
He made the rains, in plenteous ſhowers
Refreſh the vales below.

Congeal'd in clouds, deſcends the ſleet,
Whence comes the hoary froſt?
Who ſwell'd the earth's redundant ſtreams,
Or cloth'd the barren coaſt?

Tell, if thou canſt, from whom, but God,
The ſtorms of hail deſcend;
Who bade deſtructive north winds roar,
And earth's vaſt convex rend?

What man can count the twinkling ſtars?
Or rule the clouds of Heaven?
What being can bound his matchleſs grace?
Or ſum the bleſſings given?

He gave to beaſts peculiar ſenſe,
To ev'ry bird his wings;
Where Argus' hundred eyes are match'd,
Our admiration ſprings.

The grand veſtigia of his might
With ſtedfaſt thought ſurvey;
See how the ſtork contemns the plains,
Or mounts th' æthereal way.

God in the rampant horſe hath lodg'd
Superior ſtrength to thine,
When his dire thunder cloth'd his neck,
And made his courage ſhine.

Can men depreſs his heart with fear,
Or make his pride retire?
From out his gaping noſtrils pour
Thick clouds of breathing fire.

Elate with might, in the low vale
His feet concutient prance;
'Mongſt thronging helms and blazing ſhields
His brawny ſinews dance.

From

From his broad breaſt the barbed dart,
And glitt'ring ſpears rebound;
His rage, impatient, ſpurns the earth,
And tears the meeting ground.

The air, unterrify'd, he ſnuffs,
And joins the din of war;
To battle led, he knows the field,
And kens the foe from far.

Can'ſt thou command the lordly hawk's
Expanded wings to fly;
Or with the eagle meet the ſun,
And build thy neſt on high.

God will abaſe the wanton mind,
And cauſe the proud to bow;
The humble ſoul he will exalt,
And bring the lofty low.

He drew Behemoth's wond'rous ſhape,
Whom no man can deſcribe;
Where'er we turn his glory reigns,
Confeſs'd by every tribe.

Wilt

Wilt thou command leviathan
To leave his native deep?
Or on his wat'ry couch diſturb
The monſtrous whale from ſleep?

Terrific horror clothes his face,
Aurora gilds his eyes;
Replete with day, as when the morn
In crimſon robes the ſkies.

GOD reigns beyond what man can trace,
Unbounded and alone;
Lord of the univerſe, its fire,
Whom great archangels own.

He form'd celeſtial ſaints ſecure,
Bade ſapient ſeraphs glow;
His nimble cherubims perform
Their meſſage here below.

Whence came the glaring comet's train?
Its vaſt ſtupendous ſize?
Whoſe long elliptic curves we trace,
With wonder and ſurprize.

Search

Search all creation's ample round,
  Behold the hemiſphere;
Whatever's great th' ALMIGHTY form'd,
  To prove his preſence there.

Borne thro' the vaſt cærulean ſpace,
  His holy ſpirit rode;
The ſolid earth's foundation ſhook,
  And men and angels prais'd the ſame ETERNAL GOD.

On the OMNIPRESENCE of the DEITY.

——Deum namque ire per omnes
Terraſque, tractuſque maris, cœlumque profundum.
VIRG.

THIS world ſhall fade, the earth ſhall change,
  But Heaven ſhall ne'er decay;
There great JEHOVAH proves his might,
  With vaſt unbounded ſway.

His

His preſence every where extends,
Ev'n, tho' the mind explores
Th' amazing hills of Cambria's realm,
Or roves on deſert ſhores.

Where barbarous Ethiopians rage,
Or fierce Cyreneans dwell,
Where Nilus' ſeven-mouth'd ſtreams diſcharge,
Or Cyprian waters ſwell.

But ſhall we croſs Sarmatian heaths?
Arabia's mountains tread?
Or where Ecbatana once rear'd
Her proud aſpiring head?

Ev'n there we may perceive the hand
Of God, in power divine,
Whoſe countleſs orbs, reveal'd by night,
In perfect order ſhine.

Go, penetrate Serician ſtates,
Where great Iſſedon ſtood;
Deſcribe the rocks whence Ganges' ſprings
In treble rivers flow'd.

Explore

Explore Trinacrian caverns dark,
Blind Polypheme's grim cave;
Search, if thou can'ſt, the deep profound,
And mark each ſurging wave.

Speed thy purſuit in Perſia's gulf,
And hide where dolphins lie;
Yet there the ſoul finds no retreat
From GOD's all ſearching eye.

Deſcry Mercurius' ſultry ſtar,
Near Sol's tranſpiercing blaze,
Intrench the ground where Nubians dwell,
Or ſhun his fervid rays.

But can we tread bright Venus' fields,
Where laſting concord reigns,
And mirth and bliſsful ſcenes abound
On lov'd Idalian plains?

Go, mount the moon, or dare ſurvey
The ſanguine globe of Mars,
Where ſome, with ſpecious notions, tell
Of ever fatal wars.

Invert thy flight thro' fields of air,
Traverſe the plains of Jove,
Where wiſdom lends to Phœbus' beams
What lunar ſyſtems prove.

Think not, in Saturn's dreary orb,
To hide our ſins from GOD;
For there he reigns, and pleads for truth,
In that obſcure abode.

Conſider all the ſpace of Heaven
To raiſe our views combin'd,
The univerſal parent there,
The only GOD we find.

On the DIVINE OMNISCIENCE.

Εἷς δ' ἐς' αὐτογενής·———
οὐδέ τις αὐτὸν
Εἰσοράᾳ θνητῶν, αὐτὸς δὲ γε πάντας ὁρᾶται. Orph.

NO more can we our thoughts conceal
From GOD's pervading eye,
Than from his omnipreſence, man
Thro' ſpace immenſe can fly.

In vain the bad preſume to hide
Their pride and falſe deſigns;
He knows their thoughts, he proves the heart,
And tries our ſtubborn reins.

In vain ſhall man premeditate
The abject deeds of fraud,
And in his ſecret chamber ſay,
"Sure there exiſts no GOD."

Who dares deny what nature ſpeaks?
The ſtars declare his might;
The laws of motion freely tell
There's one that's juſt and right.

That power of reaſon, deem'd our own,
This general truth muſt ſhew,
Reform'd by Heaven, when every ſoul
Peculiar grace ſhall know.

As more diffuſe the ſun ſhall riſe,
Whoſe glorious light hath ſhone,
So find we GOD's prevailing love
To warm the heart of man.

Did not his holy ſpirit reprove,
(To conſcience I appeal)
Before we ſought the path to Heaven,
And ſhunn'd the gulf of hell?

GOD knows the breathings of the ſoul,
The fervour of the mind;
Who made the world is with us there,
And bids the heart be kind.

What in this chequer'd life is lodg'd,
But PROVIDENCE can tell?
Whose wisdom fram'd the æthereal skies,
By his own pow'r and will.

ÆTATIS 15.

A CONTEMPLATION
ON THE
PROVIDENCE of the DEITY.

——— εἷς δὲ πάντως
Αὐτὸς εαυτοῦ πάτηρ, καὶ ἐπὶ χθονὶ πάντα τελευτᾷ,
Ἀρχὴν αὐτὸς ἔχων αμα καὶ μέσον ἠδὲ τελευτήν. Orph.

PRAISE ye the LORD, extol his name,
Loud hallelujahs sing;
From Sinai's height, or vallies low,
Praise Heaven's eternal KING.

When in the east Aurora moves,
T' unbar the gates of light,
What mind can then forbear to praise
The Origin of Might?

Say, when the ſun the ſummit gains
Of yon æthereal ſky,
The CAUSE of cauſes muſt be there,
And PROVIDENCE is nigh;

Or if from weſt Hibernian realms
The light withdraws its ray,
Conceal'd behind th' aſpiring hills,
When ev'ning crowns the day;

What pious ſoul can ceaſe to feel
The warmth of mental praiſe?
The ſongs of triumph which extol
Him who inſpires the lays?

Before the earth was render'd kind,
His holy ſpirit was there;
Before its plains could be produc'd,
His Providence was ſure.

He gave the ſpring of human peace,
And ſheath'd the force of pain;
The ruling pleaſure of the mind
His wiſdom did obtain.

Where light refracted form'd its gems,
His word commiſſion'd ſenſe;
The ſame Almighty Power was near,
In faith and conſequence.

All things were made to ſpeak his praiſe
By the effect of truth;
Men ſaw, and wonder'd at the ſight,
When thought explain'd its worth.

There's not a creature bleſs'd with life,
But PROVIDENCE can raiſe;
A world of beings lend their charms
To celebrate his praiſe.

The eye, the mind, the hope, or ſenſe,
Incline in their degree;
Election, inſtinct, ſtill 'twas GOD
That drew the plan for thee.

What freedom wills, when reaſon ſpeaks,
By favour ſeems our own;
Man lives by grace, left free to chooſe,
While glory is his crown.

Taſte! beauty! phyſic! claſs the herbs
Imagination cries,
Their ſymmetry and parts declare
The world is no diſguiſe.

The Power that form'd the ſtars of Heaven
Has kindly bleſs'd the earth
With all the fervour of the ſpring,
And every teeming birth.

No element diſplays its force,
Or adverſe ſhade impends;
But GOD regards the main deſign,
And his own power extends.

One common air his creatures breathe;
Benevolence is free;
His attributes regard each kind,
In nature and degree.

The ſeer, the king, the peaſant reigns,
Their quality is fair;
The friends of learning claim his love,
As Daniel found him near.

There's no eſtate, or gain below,
No ſubject but it thrives;
Religion ſeaſons every theme
And doctrine, while it lives.

The righteous mind can never fail,
Tho' nature feel diſtreſs;
Our peace with GOD is always ſure,
In ſearch of happineſs.

Such grateful help our minds explore,
As doth his preſence ſhew;
Such perfect beauty proves his might,
That PROVIDENCE is new.

Hid in the mine, ſuperior art
Invites the ſearching eye;
Amid the foreſt Heaven appears,
And wafts its wonders by.

Survey the oak, whoſe acorns fall,
Our admiration grows;
Trace the dependance of each plant,
From GOD its verdure flows.

The gen'rous æther pent in tubes,
Suſtains its native force,
Renews the leaf, extends the branch,
And proves a living ſource.

Our gracious LORD is not ſo ſtrict
As to confine the theme;
His word attracts to all extent,
The perfect mind's eſteem.

In its preſcription, time, and ſpace,
Reflecting thought ſurveys
Thoſe riſing beauties with delight,
Which PROVIDENCE diſplays.

ÆTATIS 16.

REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMAN MIND.

THOU Holy Spirit! effulgent light!
Eternal PROVIDENCE!
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power
Of life and recompence.

When

When firſt the mind with reaſon fraught
Beheld apparent bliſs,
She lov'd to contemplate her choice,
And long'd for happineſs.

Inſpir'd with hope we ſaw the goal
To which our faith ſhould fly;
We found our peace our greateſt good,
And judgment was our cry.

Thoſe accidents which health diſturb,
Mankind would fain avoid;
The LORD inſpires all thoſe that wiſh
To abnegate their pride.

Reſpect exalts each rule of life,
To ſatisfy our want;
Man ſhould be active, we believe,
As PROVIDENCE hath meant.

This ſtate of ſuff'ring muſt convince
We need internal aid;
The ſoul depends on what it feels,
And yet it muſt perſuade.

There's not a prophet, prieſt, or prince,
But Heaven can change his mind;
The virtuous few of every tribe
For glory were deſign'd.

All human pow'rs are found too weak
To paint the ſhades of light;
No finite being can rival Heaven,
To crown its own conceit.

The ſoul inſpir'd reclines on truth,
It muſt in fact ſubmit;
The mind of man was never bleſs'd
With independent wit.

When grace refines, who dares deny
Salvation for our gain?
Man meditates, his heart is mov'd,
This favour to obtain.

Dependence follows every thought
The minds of men explore;
By things poſſeſs'd, ſome recent gift
Prompts an increaſing ſtore.

The love of virtue GOD inſpires,
Whoſe grace promotes our gain;
Men catch at phantoms while they think,
And often ſtrive in vain.

Th' imagination hath its play;
Can ſyſtems this deny?
Mankind inform'd, amid their fears,
May future peace enjoy.

The good man labours without vice
To nurſe the buds of ſenſe;
GOD is our refuge on complaint,
Our guide, and ſure defence.

There's not a thought but Heaven perceives,
Where no temptation ſtays:
In his own meaſure of compare,
The man that wants, obeys.

Diſtinct from hence, a thouſand worlds
Extend the mind's review;
Where univerſal glory reigns,
The theme is ever new.

Station,

Station, deſign, and circumſtance
Contribute to extol
The wiſe diſpoſer of effects,
In man's obſervant ſoul.

The prudent mind is not oppreſs'd
In thoſe uncertain bounds
Of raſh preſcription, which exclude
The healing of its wounds.

The wiſe CREATOR of the world
Inſpires ſublime delight;
Supernal goodneſs ſeals the bond
Which keeps the heart upright.

Sometimes peculiar thought exceeds,
Perfection to ſurvey;
Wiſdom proportions every gift,
That nothing may betray.

Habit, affection, have their pole,
Contingents ſtand for truth;
Another morn excites our care,
And wins the ſoul from ſloth.

GOD

Can Mercy leave us with contempt?
Redemption ſheaths our pain;
The pearls of glory raiſe their price,
As grace can truth obtain.

The LORD JEHOVAH is our ſtrength,
His word will bleſs and ſave;
Wiſdom and power rejoice the ſoul,
And reign beyond the grave.

ÆTATIS 16.

THOUGHTS ON REDEMPTION.

WHAT tho' this world and all its gems decay!
This human frame return to native clay!
What ſtrife is there? Why ſhrinks the ſoul at death?
Why ebbs its love, and generous tide of mirth?
'Tis on impos'd conditions mortals live,
Men reign with ſaints, or ſink below the grave.
The ſoul is anxious, tempted, madly bold;
For tranſient pomp eternal joys are ſold.

Say,

Say, whence on earth ſuch flatt'ry ſhould avail?
What ſervile pleaſure can be virtue's jail?
Say, why is man ſtill ſubject to miſtake?
What ails the ſoul, if death his poignard ſhake?
Suſpend the thought; go, penetrate the deep;
Waves forc'd on waves the wat'ry ſurface ſweep.
Who lives muſt die; the laws of nature feel;
This truth is ſure, th' ALMIGHTY acts by will;
Heaven is our joy, OMNISCIENCE forms the juſt;
For CHRIST we wait; in him we put our truſt.
Our SAVIOUR comes; his grace fair virtue feels;
The righteous ſoul to faith and life appeals.
Sin, thro' our weakneſs, will the heart ſubdue,
Except CHRIST JESUS doth its hope renew.
Strike off the debt; he did for ſin atone;
He will forgive, when mercy crowns the throne.
Say, ſons of men! his attributes unite,
When free Redemption fills the ſoul with light.
OMNIPOTENCE o'er all things doth preſide;
His wiſe appointments beſt for man provide.
He who hath knowledge muſt by duty riſe,
The powers of reaſon penetrate diſguiſe:
Faith wrought in man, is by the gift of GOD;
We live by grace, and his perfections laud.

Sing,

Sing pure hoſannahs! meet the heavenly pow'r,
In word and deed, eſſential love adore.
Mankind are mean, their pride deſerves contempt;
Without our LORD, our hope becomes exempt.
No theme, no work can entertain our wit;
But want of goodneſs muſt be want of right.
We leap the wall, oppoſe impending ill,
Regard with reverence what extends our ſkill.
It muſt be ſo; the pattern muſt be man;
The love of GOD this myſt'ry will explain.
For one and all, the LORD OF LIFE deſcends,
His light and truth with no exception blends;
CHRIST liv'd on earth to fix his juſtice there,
His kind protection form'd the debt of pray'r.
Pow'r join'd with goodneſs, grace muſt love inſpire,
Men ſtrive in vain to purify deſire.
On the third day the PRINCE OF PEACE repell'd
Th' impervious darkneſs which his might conceal'd.
He who deſcended, did aſcend on high,
To place redemption in th' empyreal ſky.
The light of truth our intellects may raiſe,
Till reſignation claim undoubted praiſe.
Man needs a Saviour; Heaven alone is good,
What nature lacks, by grace is underſtood.

The

The ſuff'ring world ſhall its allurements leave,
To laud that power which never can deceive.
Heaven is our hope, the LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
He dwelt with man; truth his own work explains.
Thro' faith ſublime his attributes unite,
His might and juſtice every good excite:
All finite genii limp towards the grave,
And habit fails them like ſome party ſlave.
But our deliv'rance is by CHRIST procur'd.
Who Satan vanquiſh'd by his holy word;
The powers of hell in certain bounds reſtrain'd,
Shall, trembling, own him GOD, by Pow'r explain'd.
No parts, nor learning high or low, ſhall rant,
We aſk redemption, and the goodneſs meant;
Heaven, earth, and ſaints, enjoy thereby their peace:
The SAVIOUR comes, he comes with our releaſe.
Indulgent mercy, truth, and future good,
Love, and the croſs, are clearly underſtood.
Jew! Heathen! Turk! opinion ſurely fails;
The world's preſcription every truth curtails;
Our minds deprav'd oppoſe celeſtial light,
Or glare like comets in th' expanſe of night.
We, unprotected, often ſpurn our lot,
Depend on habit, and expire, forgot.

The

The holy ſpirit our virtue can renew;
Loſt in condition, Heaven reforms the Jew.
Ariſe, ye dead! the word was freely given,
And muſt be anſwer'd by our truſt in Heaven.
Man reigns thro' CHRIST; like John, we feel his love,
Reſt on his boſom, and our actions prove.
Riſe then, and live; poſſeſs this glorious power;
For JESUS ſuffer, and with ſaints adore.

ÆTATIS 16.

EPISTLE II.

ON PLEASURE.

Ἡγὰς παράπαιος ἡδονὴ τυτοι βλάβη.

Otia corpus alunt, animus quoque paſcitur illis;
Immodicus contrà carpit utrumque labor.

OVID DE PONT.

IF nor my lines, nor numbers you deſpiſe,
At Shillingford Uranian pleaſures riſe;
If there the mind the Muſes' gifts require,
And calm reflection claims the poet's fire,

Obſerve the ſequel, give the wiſh'd excuſe,
Accept the tribute of a brother's muſe.

Shall wiſdom paſs us? ſhall the juſt man fail?
Good ſenſe be pent in pleaſure's loathſome jail?
If generous themes our youthful minds delight,
Expreſs each thought with judgment, not conceit;
Deſcant with prudence, ſifter; write of truth,
This beſt becomes us, 'twill improve our youth.

In wiſdom's ſchool, no ſtate nor ſyſtem fails,
Nor grateful eaſe, beyond delight, prevails;
The ſtudious mind is not content with toys,
Nor crowns its leiſure with uncertain joys:
Some kind retreat reflecting reaſon ſeeks,
To arm the ſoul before the heart miſtakes.
Whether thro' groves or diſtant fields we tread,
The rays of beauty compaſs every ſhade;
O'er hill and dale the mind for pleaſure flies;
There's no enjoyment like celeſtial joys.
The man poſſeſs'd of all his eye can reach,
In debt to virtue, muſt his heart impeach;
The lively ſcenes of the exalted ſpring
A while may pleaſe us, like ſome tranſient thing;

We

We walk beſide the cryſtal brook in vain,
Conflict with pride, or truſt our wit with pain.
No dream thro' life can plead the mind's excuſe;
The ſoul by truth withſtands unkind abuſe.
Thro' PROVIDENCE our various talents grow,
We chuſe delight, and ſhun the paths of woe.
From ſocial converſe, friendſhip is our plan,
The LORD's appointment in the heart of man.
There's not a mortal reaſons here below,
But ſees from virtue happineſs muſt flow.
Where fortune ſmiles, condition frowns in vain;
Adapted well, all nature may be gain;
Judgment, eſteem, and honour, wrath appeaſe,
All wiſdom's pupils court the power to pleaſe.
Loaded with flow'rets from the verdant mead,
On Thames' fair banks thy happineſs I'll plead,
In yon kind vale where fragrant roſes blow,
Or where the hills command the plains below.

Silence, ye cities! toil no more for gain;
Your pride diſſembles riches to your pain.
The ſtudious mind is chearful without rant,
Is calm in freedom, and ſecure in want;
Condition changes while our virtues riſe;
There's no invention long obtains diſguiſe.

Unlock the ſkiff, give ſome kind hand the oars,
Deſire our friends to row for Whitnam bowers;
In ſocial pleaſure ſpend the live-long day,
And mark thoſe beauties which the hills diſplay;
Dreſs'd in her veſture of a thouſand dies,
Contemplate Nature, ere the ſummer flies;
Made for delight, enjoy th' impending groves,
Survey each proſpect, as keen fancy moves.

Behold Matheſis with her lines deſcend,
The ſpires of Oxford reckon to ſome friend;
The univerſe by fair deſcription trace,
Beyond the mountain ſkim th' immenſe of ſpace.
Thro' neighbouring viſtos ſcan the gliding ſtream,
With condeſcenſion every view eſteem.
Explore the country in its various pride,
And change the northern for the ſouthern ſide;
Where Chiltern hills like whiten'd caverns glade,
Acroſs the vale extends their ample ſhade.

Silence, ye cares! retirement hath its joys,
Beauty is pregnant with renew'd ſupplies;
New ſubjects pleaſe, the grateful ſcene allures,
Each diſtant object ſome new charm procures.

The

The planted field a kind profuſion paints,
And draws a curtain o'er our cold complaints;
From every ſcene ſublime conceptions flow,
Of wonted goodneſs, and conſenting ſhow.

From the ſteep mountain hangs the tufted graſs,
The clift and covert treat us as we paſs;
Succeeding wonders lurk in every ſhade,
Creation ſmiles, and wiſdom doth perſuade.
But, lo! my fair, the evening bids retreat,
The ſun reclines, and dew impearls our feet;
Fancy would rove, but prudence calls aloud
For that concluſion which maintains our good.
The ſcene muſt change; each orbit hath its ſize;
The time for ſafety is the agent's prize.

ÆTATIS 16.

VERSES

Occaſioned by an unuſual freezing Rain, &c. in the Year 1766.

Ubi mors non eſt, ſi jugulatis Aquæ? MARTIAL.

THEN, does no bard, nor neighbouring poet ſing
Our late diſmay, the force of gelid rain?
Shall ſnow in heaps prevent the workman's toil?
And no deſcriptive pen reſume the theme?
If critics fail, I'll ſing the fate of trees,
Th' encreaſing frore on Trent's tremend'ous banks.
Here, Muſe, begin! tho' cold as death, ariſe;
Pourtray the ſcene; the vaſt incumbent weight
Of freezing atoms; when their points unite
In heaps of ice, and load the bending branch.

See oaks robuſt! amid the foreſt fell'd,
And, ſtripp'd of ancient pomp, divide the glaſſy turf.
Wild ruin roars; the pliant willow torn,
And heaps of browze o'ercharge the ranting team.

Sure

Sure Albion's iſle with pangs unfelt before
Aſtounds the mind; and horror ſpeeds ſurprize.

The ſleet endures to rend the ſtedfaſt woods,
O'erwhelm'd with weight beyond the ſtrength of wind;
Ev'n bluſt'ring Boreas' dire inclement ſtorms
Are feeble now, in all their might diſplay'd.
In many an acre dreſs'd in freezing ſhrouds,
The pomp of pines, and heads of elms incline.
Such terrors reign'd amid the chace below,
In Whichwood foreſt, and the precincts near.
Depreſs'd, behold the ſtubborn aſh reclin'd,
Elaſtic, bent, its top ſalutes the pit;
The arched grove depriv'd of half its ſhade,
Ice-lopp'd, diſfigur'd, uneſteem'd, and rude.

Hark! nature groans! what ails the face of things?
No proſpect pleaſes while deſtruction roars;
Poliſh'd with ice, the ſcions daggers turn,
The knotted ſhrub a glitt'ring ſword projects.
Nor leſs inclement drives the freezing air,
Where heaps of ſnow conceal the northern plains.

Wond'rous event! full twenty cubits deep,
With mountain tops the vales repleniſh'd range.
Far to the north, th' impetuous cauſe ſurvey
In denſer air; an horizon of clouds!
Shot, or impell'd by ſome unuſual force,
Here inundations ſap the fence and fold,
There falls the rain more frozen to exceſs:
A twig becomes a pound; belief is vague,
Except to thoſe who ſaw the truths I ſing.
The ſun diſſolves the ſnow with gradual heat;
But here impending ruin cannot fail.
A flood commenc'd, a froſt defers its threats;
Lo! deſolation ſpoils an age's gain.

ÆTATIS 16.

SOLITUDE.

Nunquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus.

HAIL, glorious morn! ſublime, ſerene, and ſweet!
Fit time for thought; fit time to contemplate;
Calm

Calm is my breaſt, external objects fair,
Soft breathes the wind, and freſh the vital air.
From hills and vales tranſporting proſpects riſe,
A ſcene of glory round each emblem flies;
Where pines and cedars grow erect to fight,
The partial viſions of unbounded might;
Where nature ſmiles magnificently gay,
And various Flora ſpreads her grateful ſway.
Near whiſp'ring groves, and ever purling rills,
Æthereal SOLITUDE, fair goddeſs dwells;
Mov'd at her ſhrine, I ſtrike the ſounding lyre,
Indulge my ſoul, or fan its latent fire.

Say, SOLITUDE, how ſhall I dreſs my theme?
Thee moſt I court; thy happy ſhades I claim;
To dwell with thee, o'er barren heaths I tread,
Explore the fields, or croſs the verdant mead,
Swift with the morn my fancy takes its flight
Thro' realms of air, or mounts on rays of light;
Deſcriptive beauty greets my ſtudious mind,
Expanded hope, unbounded, unconfin'd.
With ſeraph's wings the mental ſenſes fly
To trace the wonders of their native ſky.
One while, ſublime, they weigh Mercurial air,
View Venus' plains, or tread where comets glare;

Con-

Contemplate Heaven, where globous planets roll,
Or ſcan the ſecret motions of the ſoul.
Lo! there the mind explores celeſtial ſigns,
Where every wonder, every ſplendor ſhines.

Swift thro' the void, the vaſt immenſe profound,
Where Heaven's Creator whirls the meteors round,
Extends deſire; divine perfections riſe
To waft the ſoul to taſte primæval joys.
With ſacred hope, Thought mounts the Sun's bright road,
And contemplates the various works of GOD;
Explores Arcturus, every ſign ſurveys,
Reſts or proceeds upon the full-grown days;
Thro' Leo glides, th' envenom'd Scorpion flies,
Like Libra, weighs yon azure-vaulted ſkies;
Avoids Aquarius, dreads the Centaur's bow,
Whoſe frigid ſigns involve the north in woe;
Beneath the Twins, the Bull's majeſtic ſize,
Where Cancer, Aries, and the Fiſhes riſe.

Oft borne on high, the ſoul admires the great;
Walks with the ſun, and calls the morn compleat,
Deſcries the ſpots that feed the ſpheric fire;
How keen is man! how ſubject to admire!

Whence

Whence thoſe ſupplies? how long the Sun can
burn!
And elements eventual, ſyſtems turn?
Why, preſs'd in orbs, ſtupenduous planets roll?
His wiſdom owns the beauty of the whole.

Swift Contemplation none but GOD can ſtay;
Thro' Heaven's wide portals, Thought directs its
way;
In viſionary ſcenes, lo! manſions riſe;
Tranſparent founts! the haunt of deities,
Where ſhapes angelic dwell; fair ſons of peace
Chant laſting praiſe, or laud unbounded grace.
Such power is thine, ſtupendous! maid of light!
To Heaven we mount, or ſink to endleſs night.
By thee the ſoul, contemplative, may ſoar
Sublime! reſiſtleſs! thro' thy plaſtic power.

Before the giddy mind depreſs'd with fear,
Inglorious dread, and vengeful fiends appear;
Torpid to ſenſe, infernal horrors riſe,
With ſuperſtition hell inſults the ſkies.
Can there in man ſuch adverſe darkneſs dwell?
Can vice forbid the freedom of the will?

Like

Like ſome tremenduous cloud, or threat'ning ſhow'r,
Frowns ſacred SOLITUDE, primæval power!
In thoſe vile hearts, who wickedneſs procure.

E'er earth aroſe, or genius was diſplay'd,
When dire confuſion lurk'd in every ſhade;
Before the Heavens, before the ſpheres of light,
Thou waſt with Wiſdom in her deſtin'd flight;
Thou with the GODHEAD had'ſt thy firſt abode,
With ancient Truth, the miniſter of GOD.
E'er Lucifer, in vengeance hurl'd from high,
Caught in tempeſtuous whirlwinds loſt the ſky;
Appall'd with judgment, when his legions fell,
Thy ſolemn counſel did his pride repel.
Convinc'd alone, he ſaw the ruling grace,
Creation ſpread beyond apparent ſpace.

JEHOVAH ſpoke: bade dire diſorder ceaſe,
And blind contention yield the palm to peace;
E'er pure, aereal ſubſtance roſe on high,
Transform'd to ſtars, and gem'd the azure ſky,
Divided fled the obſtacles of light,
Prone by attraction, and eternal might;

When

When thunders roll'd in matter dark and rude,
Adverſe to life, untemper'd, wild, and crude.
Thou ſaw'ſt the infant Sun to being riſe,
Refulgent ſplendor ſtreak'd the orient ſkies;
The juſtling rocks his rugged motion bore,
Upheaving pond'rous, from the bending ſhore;
Before the waters ſcoop'd the vales below,
Or recent meteors blended every ſhow;
E'er lightning tore the growing mountains ſide,
Or rolling ocean could the rocks divide;
Before exiſting matter found its place,
Nature had being, and wiſdom wrought with peace,
Thou had'ſt thy dwelling near the throne of GOD,
In higheſt Heaven, divinely underſtood.

ÆTATIS 16.

THE LABOURER'S COMPLAINT.

IS juſtice fled? Does Aſtrea deign no more
Free to expatiate o'er Britannia's ſhore?
Say, where retires the bleſs'd impartial maid?
Where lurks the goddeſs with her charms diſplay'd?
Hear,

Hear, and relent, ye favour'd ſons of pow'r,
Diſpel, or light each dull, each darkſome hour.
Attentive hear, while we our woes reveal,
A ſad, heart-piercing, melancholy tale.

Before the ſun, with kind reviving ray,
Flames in the eaſt, and morning gives the day,
Our toils begin; laborious pains endure;
The grain we thraſh upon the rattling floor.
What time advanc'd, refulgent Phœbus glows
Amid the zenith, then encreaſe our woes,
And painful ſweat falls frequent from our brows.
No reſt, no reſpite, no deſir'd delay,
No pleaſing conf'rence may beguile the day.
Thus live the poor; nor this our only thrall;
But famine, meagre famine, ſtarves us all;
Perpetual want encreaſes laſting pain,
Such our appointment, this the palm we gain.

Lo! when the ſun declines the ſkies above,
And dark'ning ſhades on earth's vaſt ſurface rove;
Or when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er Heaven's pure azure ſpreads her ſacred light,
We ſeek our cots; from daily labour freed,
To take a ſcant repaſt of homely bread.

But,

But, lo! our infants throng around the fire,
Or hang in cluſters on their drooping ſire.
Give bread—they cry—what tongue can bear to tell?
Who hear, unmov'd, the ſequel of our tale?
On oats we live; glean'd pulſe ſupply the feaſt;
The deſtin'd treatment of a lab'ring beaſt.
Sometimes, perhaps, on barley meal we feed;
Or, by hard labour, taſte the houſehold bread;
To quench our thirſt, a pond'rous pail we bring,
Repleniſh'd from ſome pure, adjacent ſpring.
Regard our fare, ye delegates of kings!
Ye pompous courtiers! ſay, whence ſuff'ring ſprings.

ÆTATIS 16.

TITYRUS.

TITYRUS. A MONODY.

Compoſed on the Death of A—— P——, an intimate Friend and School-fellow of the Author's.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor, aut modus
Tam chari capitis? HOR.

Vitis ut arboribus decori eſt, ut vitibus uvæ,
Ut gregibus tauri, ſegetes ut pinguibus arvis;
Tu decus omne tuis. VIRG.

Ειμὶ δ' ἐγὼ παπάποτμος, ἔχω δ' ἀκοιτιν ἀίδην,
Καὶ κλαίω τὸν——
Θνάσκεις ὦ τριπόθατε. Bion's Idyl. I.

DEIGN to accept; much honour'd ſhade excuſe
The humble tribute of a mournful muſe;
Should ſhe attempt to ſing thy deathleſs praiſe,
A ſubject worthy more exalted lays;
Harſh are the numbers real grief inſpires,
Groans ſpeak that pain which ſorrow moſt requires.

Be waſte, ye vales! ye meadows ceaſe to pleaſe!
Retire, ye woods! ye walks between the trees!

Once

Once known to charm; delightful now no more,
Since much lov'd TITYRUS hath left your ſhore.
Ah me! how oft did he, ſad ſhepherd! rove
Far from his flock, 'mid ſome ramiferous grove;
There, rapt in thought, attended, tho' alone,
His pipe attun'd the ruſtic ſhepherd's ſong;
For, well he knew to build the lofty rhyme,
And with harmonious verſe beguile the time;
Smooth flow'd his numbers, all his thoughts were plain,
Tho' ſtriking metaphors adorn'd his ſtrain.
If, or impetuous love's increas'd deſire,
Did every ſoft, and melting ſtrain require;
Or if the dang'rous perils of the main,
Indignant Auſter's dire o'erwhelming train,
Were the grand ſubjects of heroic ſong,
Confeſs'd ſublime, ſuperior genius ſhone.

Silence, ye cares! ye themes commercial, ſtand!
In every region, thro' each barren land;
Say, muſt I paſs the deep? or ſtem the tide?
Or on the wings of wind, impervious, ride?
If thro' the thin, elaſtic fields of air,
My ſolitary courſe forlorn I ſteer;

Dwells there my friend? or muſt my feet explore
Where human footſteps never trod before?
You I implore, ye once frequented plains!
Reveal where now my lov'd aſſociate reigns;
Where waits my Tityrus? where ſhall I find
The juſt, the wiſe, the gentle, and the kind?
Ah me? I fondly dream! what tho' I fly
Thro' fields of æther which involve the ſky?
Yet there in vain my cogitations tend;
But miſs the bliſsful region of my friend.

Ye flocks! ye kine! in paſture ceaſe to feed,
With heads declin'd traverſe the flow'ry mead.
Come, genii, join this melancholy train,
And mourn in ſong th' unhappy ſhepherd ſwain.
One houſe contain'd us; taught on the ſame hill,
Sweet our repaſt, by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Dole, all ye nymphs! exclaim on every ſhore;
Ye ſhades repine, ye nodding woods deplore.

Thou, echo, ſhake the buxom fields of air!
And o'er th' extenſive world this meſſage bear.—
As falls the op'ning flow'r before the blade,
Once full in bloom, now wither'd and decay'd;

Thus

Thus in the ſpring of life, of youth the pride,
The ſtudious ſage, th' ingenious ſhepherd, died.
No more with gentler hand he props the roſe,
Or graceful prunes the vine's ſuperfluous boughs;
His ſkill no more the ſpangled mead adorns,
A barren waſte! a wilderneſs of thorns!
Thee, ſhepherd! thee, the hills reſponſive mourn,
Never! ah! never fated to return!

Ye fair, tranſlucent, kind, enlivening ſtreams!
Serene retreat from Sol's meridian beams;
Sweet temper'ment! your lucid meteors riſe,
Exclude the light, and cloud the ambient ſkies;
Ceaſe now to charm.—Ye mould'ring mountains roll;
Repeat the ſecret ſorrows of my ſoul.
Once more, ye verdant laurels! and once more,
Ye deep contiguous vales! my loſs deplore.
Be ſtill, ye waves! thou hoarſe reſounding main,
Let ſolemn ſilence ſpeak old ocean's pain!
No more celeſtial Thalia courts the woods,
Nor quits for man, the bliſsful ſtate of gods;
No more, harmonious, from the heavens ſhe deigns
To chant melliſluent numbers o'er the plains.

Condole with me, ye abject cities mourn;
Loſt is the bard; no more can he return.

To him did Chiron all his ſkill impart,
Learn'd in the courted Æſculapian art;
He knew the force of plants; expert to heal
The deep-ſtruck wounds of ſwift deſcending ſteel;
He knew to cool the fever's reſtleſs fire,
And with ſalubrious draughts bid death retire.
But now, alas! thoſe uſeful deeds are o'er,
The great, the learn'd, the ſapient is no more.

ÆTATIS 16.

EPISTLE III.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo——me cæpit habere ſuorum
In numero. HOR.

'TIS true, ſincereſt friendſhip once was ours,
In ſilent vallies, and in rural bowers;
Nor leſs, my friend! unchang'd by rolling years,
My ſtudious mind a pure affection bears;

Immortal

Immortal friendſhip! unaffected bliſs!
Soul-ſtriking joy, and ſolid happineſs!
Oh, ſtrange phœnomenon! could we ſo long
Refrain the ſpeaking quill, or copious ſong?
How could we thus, in ſilence loſt, remain,
Nor feel the ſtrange viciſſitude of pain,
And ſad anxiety, which ſighing wait
To know the various accidents of fate?
To whom muſt we aſcribe this deep ſuſpenſe?
Or how can I that kindneſs recompence?
Yes, I convicted yield; be mine the blame;
Grant me th' aggreſſor, and reprove with ſhame.
But yet awhile withold: dear youth excuſe,
And paſſive hear the concord-waking muſe;
She, loſt in thought, engag'd in various themes,
Had almoſt choak'd the ſoul refining ſtreams,
Which from the ſource of mutual friendſhip flow;
A pure celeſtial ſpring! fervid and flow.
Can I, unmov'd, our ſchool-boy tricks review,
And trace thoſe ſacred pleaſures known to few?
The ſame our thoughts, by union blameleſs join'd,
And one, th' internal impulſe of each mind,
That bleſs'd communion which aſſerts the friend.

But riſe, my languid muſe! thoughtful explore
Thoſe priſtine ſcenes, thoſe mutual tranſports o'er;
Go, penſive, ſearch the paſt records of time,
And ſeaſons known, æthereal and ſublime.
Then grateful roll'd the blithſome hours along,
Charm'd by thy ſmooth, deſcriptive, copious ſong.
Vacation then was ſweet; if, or the plains,
Or Windruſh' cryſtal ſtreams, where beauty reigns,
Prepar'd a cool receſs; there might we dwell
Beſide the dripping rock or murmuring rill,
Remote from every thought that breeds diſguſt;
We knew nor impious rage, nor foul diſtruſt;
In thought immers'd, we trod the flow'ry lawn,
Far from our paths by ſocial converſe drawn.
E'en now, alas! thoſe youthful ſchemes are o'er,
We reaſon down the ſetting ſun, no more.
But yet the ſilent pen my thoughts may tell,
With friendſhip's ſacred flame my numbers ſwell;
Eight long revolving years elaps'd, are gone,
Since firſt the ſeeds of amity were ſown;
Thoſe fair congenial thoughts, that cheriſh'd, roll
Deep in the latent chambers of my ſoul;
There ever let them reſt, till death ſhall part
My ſoul from life; its terrors thrill my heart;

Till

Till then, inviolable let them grow,
Thro' time encreaſe, and with freſh ardour glow.

Yet may we live, dear friend! in peace and love,
The laſting rapture of the ſaints above;
Be thoſe the breathings of my artleſs lays,
Be this the muſe's joy, her conſtant praiſe.

ÆTATIS 17.

A CONTEMPLATION

ON THE

DISSOLUTION of NATURE.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur affore tempus
Que mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operoſa laboret. OVID.

——— cum compage ſoluta
Sæcula tot mundi ſuprema coegerit hora,
Antiquum repetens iterum chaos; omnia miſtis
Sidera ſideribus concurrent.
——— totaque diſcors
Machina divulſi turbabit fœdera mundi. LUCAN.

LET others ſing th' inconſtant fate of arms,
Preſuming beauty, and terreſtrial charms;
Bid warlike ſquadrons cloſe in dire array,
And all the paſſions of mankind diſplay.
While kings rejoice their empire to extend,
Each being exults, regardleſs of its end;
My muſe would fain aſcend the plaintive ſky,
Scan diſtant worlds, and future themes deſcry;

Deep

Deep rapt in thought, this awful ſcene purſue,
Its end, its final cauſe, and fate review.
Begin the ſong where pleaſing objects fail,
Earth's laſt convulſions, and old time bewail;
The waking dead, deſcriptive, then diſplay,
And cloth'd in terrors, ſin and death pourtray.
May God, my judge, my trembling muſe inſpire,
Truth crown each line, and breathe celeſtial fire!

Thro' denſe ſurrounding clouds my mind ſurveys
The weight of thought, its freedom and its maze;
Thro' tracts unknown, aſpiring fancy ſoars,
Where lightnings flaſh, and murmuring thunder roars;
Upborne ſublime, ſhe coaſts the realms of light,
Or mounts with hope ſupreme, ſerenely bright.
Afraid, I durſt fair Nature's exit ſing,
My ſlow ideas into language ſpring.
Behold,—revolv'd,—the rolling ſeaſons fly,
And thought preſents the end of nature nigh;
Sublime in air commiſſion'd angels riſe,
And prodigies tremenduous rend the ſkies.
The ſtars no more celeſtial ſpace adorn,
Nor radiant Phœbus brings the bluſhing morn;

Eclips'd

Eclips'd and loſt, they ſink in laſting night,
Or yield obedience to eternal might;
Wing'd with diſtreſs, they rouſe aereal war,
Strike other orbs, and quit their proper ſphere.
With crimſon ting'd, the queen of ſhade deſcends,
The moon no more refulgent ſplendor lends;
She, robb'd of light, or dipp'd in ſanguine dye,
Torn from her orbit, wanders round the ſky;
Strong, fair, and old, a miracle of might!
The ſun divides! great retina of light!
Encreaſing gloom his wand'ring ſtate ſhall veil,
And midnight ſhade o'er all his worlds prevail.
Night, ancient night, will mount her ſable throne,
And fractur'd chaos call thoſe dregs his own;
Old ocean break his deep contingent bound,
And rending earthquakes force the lab'ring ground.
Torn from their deep foundations, hurl'd on high,
Stupenduous mountains then ſhall cloud the ſky;
Wing'd thro' the intermediate ſpace, behold
Rocks whelm'd on rocks, and ſtars on planets roll'd.
Aghaſt and pale, the ſons of men ſurvey
Th' unrivall'd terrors of this awful day.
In vain they lock the cave, or climb the ſteep,
Confuſion gives them to the murmuring deep;

Rent

Rent are the vales; the lofty mountains nod,
And meteors, ſhot thro' meteors, wait on GOD.

But, lo! in air aſtoniſh'd ſyſtems ceaſe,
And wonder holds conflicting orbs in peace;
Stopp'd in full force confuſion halts on high,
A momentary ſilence calms the ſky.
Inclos'd in clouds, embower'd beyond compare,
Th' alarming trump divides the ambient air;
Around the globe its awful ſummons flies,
At once a voice tremenduous ſhakes the ſkies.
Struck thro' her works, aſtoniſh'd nature reels,
And recent pangs each ſuff'ring creature feels.
Earth trembling bows, the ſhatter'd mountains rend,
The works of ages in one moment end;
Old ocean heaves; the rattling tempeſts roar;
And mountain billows burſt the winding ſhore;
Vaſt deſolation proves celeſtial ire,
And flaming bitumen explodes in fire.

Hark! thro' th' immenſe of ſpace the trumpet ſounds,
The Heavens re-echo, and each orb rebounds.
Awake!

Awake! awake! a voice commanding cries;
Awake! awake! the mould'ring maſs replies;
Rous'd at th' amazing call, the dead revive,
Heav'n gives extent, and all conditions live.
The graves expand; up from the troubled main,
Sad thro' the deep, proceeds a ſhudd'ring train.
Hell hears the rending voice; her gates diſplay;
Death adds freſh horror to that woeful day;
Judg'd for deceit, Abaddon leads his powers;
Alarm'd, th' infernal pit unfolds its doors!
Permiſſion breaks thro' every mound of pain,
O'er Death and Hell the SON OF GOD will reign.
Sure, at the general doom, when ſummon'd there,
Not one that was, or is, but muſt appear.
Lo! ancient kings and princes join the train,
The preſcient bard, and aukward labouring ſwain.
What boots it once in Tyrian robes to ſhine?
The crimſon ſhades and nature's charms recline;
By kings reſpected, and by ſtates rever'd,
They, and their ſubjects, riſe, tho' unprepar'd.
Where lurks their boaſted pomp? ah! tell me where
Can regal ſceptres vindicate their ſphere?
Where is that fiend who made the nations bow,
And potentates obey his graceleſs law?

Where

Where now is every pleaſing phantom hurl'd?
Beneath the rubbiſh of a burning world.

An horrid ſcene Abaddon's mind employs,
Diveſted, robb'd of all affected joys;
Naked and trembling, loſt in wild ſurpriſe,
Aſſembling millions from the grave ariſe.
What quick tranſitions ſtrike th' aſtoniſh'd eye!
From orb to orb diſtracted cherubs fly;
Angels appall'd, from ancient darkneſs come,
Dæmons aghaſt! forſake their baleful home.
Blended with men promiſcuous, myriads ſtand;
The vile ſhall hear an ultimate command.
To what ſhall then the ſlaves of ſin deſcend?
What diſpenſation wrath divine portend?
Conſcience muſt live, its mingled terrors ſtart,
As keen reflection moves the panting heart.

Behold yon ſhudd'ring crowd, aghaſt and pale!
With anxious thoughts await their wanting ſcale,
Their pangs encreaſe, eternal juſtice frowns,
And dire remembrance ſtings, while nature groans.
A plaintive ſound aſcends; ſhrieks pierce the air,
With cries for mercy, join'd with fell deſpair.

O'er-

O'erwhelm'd with dread, they wiſh to end the ſoul;
But death nor darkneſs can their life controul.——
The trumpet ſounds afreſh; the planets fire,
And ancient ſyſtems in the flames expire;
Vaſt glades of light emit a denſer blaze,
The ocean boils, and end the briny ſeas.
Mid this wide wreck of worlds, the juſt, ſerene,
With pleaſing awe behold the final ſcene;
Bleſs'd thro' redemption, hope excites their love;
Their joy, their peace, declare their truſt above.
What brings diſtreſs to yon abandon'd crew,
Bids them with pleaſure their paſt lives review;
Rejoic'd they ſtand; earth-rending judgments fall;
ALMIGHTY vengeance melts the terrene ball.
——'Tis done—behold th' eternal Judge deſcends!
Beneath his throne the vaſt expanſion bends;
A ſpangled bow the vault æthereal crown'd,
The beams of glory radiate light around;
A beatific train, refulgent ſight!
Attending ſaints laud everlaſting might;
Angels, arch-angels, cherubims conſpire,
And glowing ſeraphs fan their conſtant fire;
The grand proceſſion then all Heaven will join,
And radiant hoſts proclaim the ſcene divine.

—Deep

—Deep ſilence follows; let the harp ſuſpend,
While CHRIST in judgment bids mankind attend.
The ſacred records flaming ſpirits diſplay,
And all the works of men expoſe to day;
Our ſecret actions here muſt ſtand reveal'd;
No private thought from GOD can be conceal'd;
In vain the guilty ſhrink; the time is come,
That hour is given, which brings mankind their doom;
Confus'd they hear their foul ungracious deeds,
Fraud, rapine, rage, and ſoul-deſtroying creeds.

And now, th' eternal balance rais'd on high,
Reveals the fate of agents to the ſky;
The vile condemn'd; terrific thunders bear
This woeful doom to each flagitious ear:—
Ye wicked! whelm'd in baleful horrors, dwell,
For ever mourn, unreſpited in Hell;
Hell be your home, for ever fraught with fire,
Where the heart-gnawing worm inſults deſire.
Know, while on earth, while yet to live was given,
You ſerv'd not GOD, but ſcorn'd the grace of Heaven.

Once

Once more th' æthereal vault incumbent bends,
The trumpet then the vaſt expanſion rends;
Thro' ample ſpace offending millions fly,
Remote from Heaven, and everlaſting joy.

Here ends the peopled world; the mountains fire,
And all their fragments in the flames expire;
As when in ſtorms, the ſeas and winds ſurpriſe,
And toſs th' unwieldy veſſel round the ſkies;
The ſhip diſmaſted, ſtaggering, breaks in twain,
Rent by the waves, and daſh'd acroſs the main.
A ſhatter'd wreck! by ocean long embrac'd,
The ſport of winds, with all its art effac'd;
Wide ſpread around, her planks approach the ſhore,
And whelm'd beneath the deep her boaſted ſtore,
Nor it, nor ſhe, are fit for mortals more.
The ſlaves of ſin diſmiſs'd, Hell's gates entwine,
Prohibit old egreſs, and death confine.——
A manſion for the juſt, new Heavens ſhall riſe
From the laſt aſhes of theſe ſmoking ſkies;
There truth unaw'd ſhall dwell, pure peace abide,
And all that bliſs compleats, will God provide;
The full fruition of eternal love,
And converſe free with radiant ſaints above.

CHRIST here is all, men in bleſs'd concord reign,
And far remov'd all ſorrow, ſin, and pain;
They to their harps ſhall tune JEHOVAH'S praiſe,
And join with angels in their ſacred lays;
The plenitude of bliſs! and endleſs day!
More than my mind can think, or pen diſplay.

ÆTATIS 17.

BENEVOLENCE.

RUDE were mankind, wrath-generating hate
And ſavage diſcord was their adverſe fate;
Confuſion reign'd; men knew but impious war,
The flames of luſt, or unremitted fear;
Deſtructive rapine fill'd the new form'd earth,
Ere GOD, below, gave ſacred friendſhip birth;
Diſtruſt in all its terrors rag'd alone,
There bound in chains ſuperior virtues groan;
With conſcious dread men heard the thunder roll,
They felt the ſuff'rings of an abject ſoul.
But GOD enthron'd in everlaſting light,
Array'd with ſplendor and preventive might,

Reveal'd by truth, in mercy ſtood confeſs'd,
And thus from high the human mind addreſs'd:—
How long ſhall fleſh with rage infernal glow?
How long ſhall hate augment the pains below?
Are then the bonds of ſacred friendſhip broke?
Muſt impious wrath the ſtrength of ſin provoke?
Riſe, fair Benevolence, diſpenſe abroad
Thoſe high beheſts which draw the ſoul to GOD;
Pervade their hearts, inſpire mankind to feel
The power of love, and rectitude of will;
Warm the cold breaſt, ſuſtain the wav'ring mind,
To grace and truth let harmony be join'd.—
Th' ALMIGHTY ſpoke; Benevolence obey'd,
Her heavenly image was with light diſplay'd,
In flowing robes of innocence array'd.
Æthereal! all divine! ſhe knew no ſtain,
Her form was free, her pleaſures yield no pain;
Inviſible and pure the goddeſs flew,
And ſhone ſublime her heaven directed view;
Down thro' the penſive mind ſhe ſoftly glides,
Confronts deſpair, and growing malice chides.
Hermit or ſage, ſhe warms the peaceful breaſt,
Or graceful executes her mighty truſt.

Thro'

Thro' genial thought, and life reviving deeds,
By all admir'd, the ſtriking goddeſs ſpeeds;
Sublime ſhe ventures to reform the ſtate,
And change conflicting broils and foul debate.
Hail, ſource of human peace! diſpenſing right,
Thou fair deſcendant of æthereal light!
Angelic virtues ſpread thy golden reign,
And join mankind in union's ſacred chain;
Far hence expel the latent ſeeds of death,
Dividing factions, and licentious mirth.
Sublim'd by thee the youthful mind ſhall glow,
Hence charity refines, and gen'rous actions flow.
Thro' thy grand influence all our proſpects riſe,
And hence the ſoul can draw renew'd ſupplies.
Without thee, what is all that earth can yield?
What, without thee, the various chequer'd field?
Enchanting proſpects! what are hills and dales?
Deep rooted rocks, and earth-pervading gales?
With thee the vallies ſmile, the world looks gay,
In ſocial friendſhip thoſe delights may ſway,
That converſe ſweet, which breaks the toil of day.
Thou bidſt the languid mind depreſs'd, revive,
Nature and thought, the ſpring of love, to live.

Riſe, queen of life, change every grov'ling ſoul,
Inſtead of rage may ſoft compaſſion rule.
Be thou to man, what wiſdom ſaith of love,
The ſhining virtue of the ſaints above.

ÆTATIS 17.

EPISTLE IV.

WRITTEN AT THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

——————Rapidus montano flumine Torrens
Sternit agros, ſternit ſata lœta, boumque labores,
Precipiteſque trahit ſylvas.——
Confligunt Zephyruſque, Notuſque et lœtus Eois
Eurus equis, ſtridunt Sylvæ, &c. &c. VIRG.

HAIL, ſtudious youth! ſublime Alexis, hail!
Yet may celeſtial Thalia form the tale;
That ſmooth melodious verſe, which grateful ſings
Of priſtine pleaſure and ſcholaſtic things.
I read, delighted, and well pleas'd, review
Thoſe ſoft mellifluent lines paſt ſcenes renew;
Still court the muſe, explore the flow'ry vale,
Frequent the ſhade, or the vaſt mountain ſcale.

No

No more the groves, the fair enamell'd plain,
The dew-beſprinkled lawn, and warbling train,
May penſive minds attract. Farewel, ye joys!
Froſt-nipp'd and mourning, graceful nature flies.
Adieu, ye ſhades! ye vernal tranſports! known
Beneath the ſpreading beech or laurel brown.
No more I muſe where winding rivers roll,
Or falling waters once could ſoothe the ſoul;
Far hence expell'd the zephyrs bland retire,
And ſtorms, conflicting ſtorms! to Heaven aſpire.

Hark! yon ſequeſter'd, dreary cavern, rends,
Fierce from the clift a deluge vaſt deſcends;
Drown'd are the meads, the nodding foreſts torn,
And down the flood adrift their foliage borne.
Methinks I hear the bluſt'ring tempeſt roar,
And ſurging ocean laſh the paſſive ſhore;
I ſee the river's yellow ſummit ſwell,
And one continued flood pour thro' the vale.

Lo! deep immers'd, o'erwhelmed by the tide,
There floating corn, and blended ruins ride;
Impetuous rolls the forceful flood along
O'er ſandy banks, and looſe disjointed ſtone.

How Auſter's wide deſtroying terrors rage!
Where winds, o'erwhelming winds! combin'd, engage.
Loud from the ſteep the bluſt'ring whirlwind blows,
And, torn by angry blaſts, the foreſt bows.

Serene, I contemplate this maze of things,
From whence the thunder rolls, and lightning ſprings;
How pent in clouds the flames envelop'd lie,
And long continued friction fires the ſky.
Penſive I mark where ſtars refulgent ſhine,
View diſtant ſuns, or trace the latent mine;
Thought ranges thro' interminable ſpace,
Beyond creation's bounds, or time, or place.
Or charm'd with ſcience, bids Matheſis riſe,
And demonſtration ſoar above diſguiſe.
She, bleſs'd celeſtial fair, informs the mind,
And many a ſcheme explains, by lines defin'd.
Or warm'd with Thalia's flame, I court the muſe,
And Satan's latent wiles in verſe diſcloſe,
And ſing ſalvation to the faithful Jews.
My mind beholds impetuous Zerah ſlain,
And ſtreams of blood pour thro' Zephatah's plain.

ÆTATIS 17.

A CON-

A CONTEMPLATION ON DEATH.

ΟΙΗ περ φυλλων γενεὴ, τοιήδε καὶ ἀνδρων.
——Αλλὰ σύ ταύτα μαθων Βιότε ποτὶ τερμα
ψυχῇ των ἀγαθῶν τλῆθι χαριζομενος. Simonides.

——Omnes una manet nox;
Et calcanda ſemel via lethi. Hor.

MAY no terreſtrial charms o'erpower my ſoul,
Nor finite ſcenes ſubdue. Oh! thou divine,
Eſſential, mighty God! be thou my rock,
My prevalent ſupport; to thee I bow,
And only thee my reaſon can adore.
No other aid I aſk, no other hope;
Be thou my ſtrong, impregnable defence;
By thee upheld, ſerene, I'll view the wreck
Of overwhelmed worlds, and ſuns extinct.

Oh! grant thy care-diſpelling preſence, Lord!
My proſtrate ſoul to chear. Oh! penetrate
That denſe ſurrounding atmoſphere of doubt,
Which deep involves the contemplative mind;
Refreſh the languid heart; for thee we mourn
In ſolitary wilds, and deſarts parch'd,

Where no refreſhing ſtreams of comfort roll
To ſlake our ardent thirſt, ſave what thou giv'ſt,
Thou pure, exhauſtleſs, ſacred ſpring of life!
Oh ſanctify my thoughts, and let me feel
Thy all ſufficient grace What then is earth?
What every mundane toy? and what the charm
Of human praiſe, or titles, void of life?
Inane and viſionary, ſhadows dark!

Oh! let RELIGION warm my penſive breaſt,
And ſtedfaſt faith ſupport my wav'ring ſoul.
Thou heavenly flame! thou death-defying power!
Be thou my ſacred guide; rule all my mind,
And far diſpel the ſecret fear of death,
That inward dread of the duſt-cov'ring grave.

With what compoſure! courage unappall'd!
Reſign the juſt this frail terreſtrial veſt,
This loathſome manſion of coercive clay.
To them death ſmiles; no terrors crown his brow;
His ſoul-relieving dart the tyrant ſhakes,
And ſtops the lab'ring avenues of life,
Its fair connections broke, th' exſtatic ſoul
Rejoicing mounts, by ſmiling angels borne,
And conſcious virtue amplifies its joy.

Why

Why ſhrink we then, and doubtful trace the deep?
Infinite time? the ever circling years
Of vaſt eternity?
'Tis conſcious guilt, and ſoul-defiling ſin
Paints death in terrors, and diſmay'd explores
That dark uncertain vale; the dubious gloom
Of ſure futurity.
Behold yon faithleſs wretch, reluctant die,
Detain'd in death's coercive, grinding chain,
While his wild conſcience blaſts his every hope,
And ſad deſpair pourtrays the vails of ſin,
His paſt tranſgreſſions and eternal pain,
With all the ſtrange viciſſitude of guilt.
To his weak ſoul infernal phantoms riſe,
And threat'ning dæmons all his fears deride,
Or call him to the drear abode of night,
The baleful manſions of eternal woe.

Thus rove his tortur'd thoughts; his conſcience raves.
Meantime death frowns in terrifying dreams;
Earth cannot pleaſe; eternity he dreads;
And truth defies his hope to be no more,

Inſenſible

Inſenſible of time, in the deep grave
To reſt with mould'ring duſt, and native clay.

Theſe were thy fond deluſions: thus, O man!
Secure in ſin, thou once couldſt truth deride,
And doubt the ſure exiſtence of a GOD.
Whence then art thou? who call'd the ſoul to life?
Who rous'd thee, when inſenſible thou ſlepſt
With kindred clods, nor knew'ſt thyſelf to be?
While yet to live is given, and while the day
Æthereal ſhines, tho' dead in ſin, awake.
But man, proud man! inglorious ſlave to ſin,
Deſpiſeth freedom, and refuſeth CHRIST.
Know, man is mortal and immortal both,
Accountable for ſin, and muſt receive
The juſt reward, the product of his toil.
In time JEHOVH calls; the voice attend,
Before incens'd, he ceaſe to warn the ſoul,
And from us ſnatch the proffers of his love;
His love, that wafts beyond the pangs of death,
The good man's ſolace, and the ſaint's reward.
The day will come, when wrapp'd in angry flames
The fervid hills ſhall melt; old time ſhall end,
And this terreſtrial fabric be no more.

ÆTATIS 17.

A MEDITATION.

WHY doubts my ſoul? and why reclines
My mind in deep ſuſpenſe?
Th' ALMIGHTY lives; celeſtial love
Doth ſtill its beams diſpenſe.

What tho' to try my wav'ring ſoul
JEHOVAH hides his face?
Truth cannot fail, religion thrives,
And grows preſerving grace.

Withold not, LORD! that ſacred gift,
Preſerve my ſoul from ſin;
Let wiſdom ſpeak, thy mercy ſhine,
And all be pure within.

Oh! let me with ſubmiſſion bow,
On GOD dependent wait;
Prove every thought, and pray to feel
A calm reſigned ſtate.

Far

Far hence, ye diſſipating ſcenes,
  Ye pain producing joys;
Retire, oh man! ſubmit, oh fleſh!
And fly ye lifeleſs toys.

In vain terreſtrial themes preſent,
  Nor thirſts th' exalted mind,
For pleaſures felt this ſide the grave;
  Its joys are more refin'd.

Oh! let me covet heavenly love,
  And feel affection riſe,
Borne thro' this chequer'd vale of tears,
  Preparing for the ſkies.

Reſound, ye groves! ye dented vales
  Proclaim accepted praiſe;
Ye rocks recede, ye rolling floods
  Attend my penſive lays.

Involv'd in ſin, my ſlumb'ring ſoul
  Eternal love awoke;
Thro' the denſe cloud of errors dark
  The rays of goodneſs broke.

Let

Let none diſtruſt the grace of GOD;
The powers of life explore,
When ſtrong temptations croud the mind,
And man would fleſh adore.

Thro' CHRIST we baffle every ſtorm,
And Satan's aims fruſtrate;
Faith be our ſhield, our rock the LORD,
And victory's compleat.

EPISTLE V.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

ATTACH'D to pride, is human ſcience vain?
Can juſtice dwell in each imperious ſtrain?
Shall judgment reſt on truth exploding ſchools?
And grace confine to men's preſcribed rules?

Reaſon, our grand, ſubſervient help deſign'd,
Should yet illumine the ſuperior mind.
We plead in vain: exalted virtue flies
Far from deceit, and opportune diſguiſe.

Seek

Seek truth, my friend, that glorious prize be thine,
Contemn exceſs, nor, prov'd by want, repine.
Pain GOD permits; temptations will preſent,
The mind by truth enjoys the goodneſs meant.
To one and all, primæval mercy ſhines,
A peaceful conſcience every heart refines.
The riſe of thought experience may explore,
Act but with knowledge, GOD requires no more.
The gift of grace is free; CHRIST died for all,
His love redeems and aids the penſive ſoul;
Free but to live; to die pertains to none,
The goſpel ſhines, and light diſplays its zone.
But yet ſhall falſehood rule? ſhall truth be ſold?
And Judas preach, or ſell his LORD for gold?
The man that wants, obeys; can ſhadows ſave?
'Tis conſcious virtue looks beyond the grave.
Men may proclaim divine ſalvation near,
Speak truths unmeant, to teach mankind to fear;
But practice proves the heart; canſt thou believe?
Have but the faith which ſaves, that can't deceive.
The ſlaves of pow'r, men bow the ſuppliant knee,
On princes fawn, and flatter each degree.
Ye reverend ſons of doubt! let us be plain;
Mankind agree that truth is endleſs gain.

If

If conſcience in us lives, ſay, does there dwell
With madden'd zealots rectitude of will?

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE VI.

ON VIRTUE.

Tu recte vivis ſi curas eſſe quod audis. HOR.

HAIL, kindred fair! may truth thy ſoul purſue,
And hold the paths of Virtue e'er inview;
Peace be the bleſs'd companion of thy mind,
Each thought by learning and by ſenſe refin'd.
Far from the world's diſtracting cares retire,
And by reflection nature's works admire;
Beſide the grove, or where hoarſe waters roar,
The boundleſs love of GOD in peace adore;
Where grand Thameſis laves the verdant plain,
And rolls its billows tribute to the main,
Contemplative withdraw, and beauty trace
Thro' all the vaſt incumbent rounds of ſpace.

Direct

Direct thy footſteps to ſome ſilent grove,
Or muſing ſearch the ſtellar paths above.
Adore, ſaith wiſdom; reaſon bids be pure,
Serve GOD in faith, and inward peace procure;
Aim at perfection, labour to be wiſe,
Avoid diſtruſt, and every mean diſguiſe.
May we amend; admire exalted worth,
And ſcorn the mind that boaſts of human birth.
'Tis virtue makes us great, we ſhine by wit;
But truth alone can make our joy compleat;
Fly ſtrange affected airs; to all be plain,
The charm of adulation dare diſdain.
Abhor, my dear! to circumvent the ſoul,
Deſign we hate, but modeſty will rule;
Exceſs is wrong, be frugal without ſtint,
GOD gave enough, but ſurfeit ne'er was meant.
Know but thyſelf, in vain we catch at more;
Fear GOD, my friend! be ſilent and adore.
That mind is truly great where paſſion dies,
Where no internal ſtorms of anger riſe.
Let reaſon rule; reſtrain ill-grounded love;
Nor give thy mind from virtue's paths to rove.
Sedate, behold this varying ſtate of things,
And bleſs'd with peace, contemn the wealth of kings.

Fly

Fly hateful pride, relieve th' induſtrious poor,
Nor let worth pine unnotic'd at the door.
Reſerv'd, be juſtly free, to ſenſe attend,
In morals perfect, to the wiſe a friend.
Bleſs'd with content, the world can give no more,
Its pomp is vain, and worthleſs all its ſtore.
Baſe is the mind which thirſts for lawleſs gain;
The vails of envy muſt be laſting pain.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE VII.

ON A SUMMER EVENING.

Vertitur interea cœlum, et ruit oceano nox
Involvens umbrâ magnâ terramque polumque. VIRG.

HAIL, lov'd Lemira! riſe to loftier ſcenes,
Traverſe the flow'ry mead, or vallies gay;
Indulgent eve ſolſtitial fervour ſkreens,
And whiſp'ring zephyrs fan the cloſing day.

The fields invite us to their kind retreats,
The living herbage grows ſublimely fair,
The thick brown woods diſpenſe their balmy ſweets,
And grateful fragrance fills the tepid air.

No more, ſupinely, dream of ſcorching ſuns,
No more, the rage intenſe of ſultry noon;
To other climes the blaze of day belongs,
To us, as queen of night, the radiant moon.

To rural ſcenes deſcriptive fancy flies,
Where homeward trudge the ſtrong laborious ſwains;
Where ripening harveſt pours upon our eyes,
And bearded Ceres loads the ſaffron plains.

"Theſe are the haunts of meditation;" theſe
The bleſs'd retreats, where real knowledge dwells;
Thought mounts the wafting wings of every breeze,
Or glows ſublime, where flow deep murm'ring rills.

The

The duſky lawn, the ſweet, enamell'd fields,
The broad incloſures green of new-mown hay,
Tranſcend the boaſted bliſs that grandeur yields,
And all the pomp which rival kings diſplay.

Thro' winding walks of tufted ſheep-nipp'd brouze,
Where no kind hand the ruſtic heath adorns,
Give me, the flame of dying ſong to rouſe,
And chant the themes the painted beauty ſcorns.

Oh! where the grand wood-creſted mountains riſe!
A diſtant proſpect to the ranging ſight!
The hills that paint to men Elyſian joys,
And long retain the parting rays of light,

Be our ſequeſter'd haunt; there mark from far
The blue beſpangled, variegated ſkies,
When ſhines the moon, and every beaming ſtar
Demands our wonder, and excites ſurpriſe.

For whom this brilliant ſight? thoſe ſparkling ſuns?
If men wake not, to chant eternal praiſe.
To God all homage, and all prayer belongs,
Who bade thoſe diſtant fires, refulgent, blaze.

How glorious is the ſcene! the theme how grand!
How vague the ſtrongeſt fervour of the ſoul!
Admiring angels join the ſacred band!
While worlds revolving in ſucceſſion roll!

Who courts the downy couch? or who ſupine,
Inglorious, ſeeks th' oppreſſive chains of ſleep?
Shall mortals loſe ſuch radiant ſcenes divine!
The real bliſs of diſquiſition deep.

Oh! glow each vivid thought! direct my mind,
Let all my ſoul be fill'd with ſtrong deſire;
Oh! waft me to tranſcending joys, refin'd,
And teach my raptur'd ſenſes to admire.

Say, ſhall we ſearch yon argent fields above?
The teeming void of unremitted ſpace?
Or chant to men the boundleſs theme of love?
The glorious gift of all-preſerving grace.

Hail, grey clad eve! in earth's brown honours dreſt,
Sedate and ſolemn are the joys ſhe brings;
Incumbent gloom o'erwhelms my penſive breaſt,
And formleſs paints th' imperfect face of things.

The

The loud conflicting winds forget to blow;
A breathleſs calm hangs o'er the ſilent deep!
The torrent pours not from the mountain's brow,
Nor angry blaſts the limpid waters ſweep.

In ſilent pomp, the ſmiling queen of night
Progreſſive mounts the concave ſteep of Heaven;
Yon varied proſpects riſe ſerenely bright,
And to the devious vale faint day is given.

Mark yon tranſlucent, kind, refreſhing ſtreams!
Yon ſilver fountains! the receſs of gods!
Their ſhining ſurface light with lunar beams;
Of peace, and meek ey'd truth, the bleſs'd abodes.

The copſe infuſing awe; the pleaſing glade
Of diſtant hills invites my artleſs lays,
Where latent beauties are to men diſplay'd,
And various landſcapes catch the parting blaze.

In ſearch of cool Savannahs let me rove,
Where every object ſoothes the panting ſoul;
Where light faint gleaming thro' the thickſet grove,
Bids purer thoughts in the pleas'd boſom roll.

O'er all the blue ſerene, deep ſilence reigns,
Save where ſoft Philomel harmonious ſings;
From ſome tall elm ſhe chants her love-ſick ſtrains,
Or, as from the brown hawthorn hedge ſhe ſprings.

Adieu, my grateful theme! ye ſhadows grey!
Ye denſe entangling ſhrubs or vallies green!
All-ruling nature calls, and I obey,
While pleaſing ſlumber ſhuts the lucid ſcene.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE VIII.

LEMIRA's REPLY.

THY flowing verſe a ſummer's eve diſplays
In ſlender rhyme, the harmony of ſong;
Each line freſh objects to the mind conveys,
And time, while thus employ'd, rolls ſwift along.

'Tis

'Tis true, the groves invite us to their ſhades,
The ſeaſon bids to rural ſcenes repair,
Where falling waters form yon bright caſcades,
Or ſmiling orchards, crown'd with fruit, appear.

How grand the proſpect beauteous nature yields!
When from the cares of life retir'd, at eaſe,
Serene, we traverſe the ſweet-ſcented fields,
To find the ſolace of an evening breeze.

There, by ſome ſtream that murmuring rolls along,
A rural muſe may chant its artleſs lays;
While each gay ſcene diſplay'd in paſtoral ſong
Excites our wonder, or provokes our praiſe.

Bleſs'd with content, in ſome ſequeſter'd ſhade
The fleeting hours in contemplation ſpend;
Obſerve how ſoon the brighteſt flow'rets fade,
And think how ſoon this ſpring of life muſt end.

How charming look yon fair umbrageous walks!
When Cynthia, lucent empreſs of the night!
Illumes the flow'ry paths, and bending ſtalks
With wonted ſplendor, and far-beaming light?

Each ſmiling object, round, above, below,
Exhorts the mind that ſov'reign pow'r to fear,
From whom ſuch great, ſuch numerous bleſſings flow!
Who caus'd the various ſeaſons of the year.

Thro' nature's works, the philoſophic eye
May trace the veſtige of Almighty power,
In every wing that flits along the ſky,
Or humble ſhrub that forms the verdant bow'r.

Thro' all the frame, what majeſty divine!
What pleaſing wonder warms the ſtudious ſoul!
There countleſs orbs in ſplendid azure ſhine!
Here murmuring waters with hoarſe cadence roll.

Oh! waft me now where fragrant roſes bluſh,
Where ſoft Favonian breezes gently play;
And birds melodious warble from the buſh,
Or ſpring delighted from th' elaſtic ſpray.

How ſoon ſhall fade each beauty's tranſient bloom!
Each walk umbrageous 'midſt impending trees!
Thoſe ſcenes ſhall fail to charm me as I roam,
And theſe autumnal joys forget to pleaſe.

EPISTLE IX.

ON HAPPINESS.

——Petimus bene vivere, quod petis hic eſt;
——— animus ſi te non deficit æquus. Hor.

DWELLS there, my friend! true happineſs with man?
We know but abſence from deſire, or pain;
Born to be prov'd, 'tis all but ſhadows here,
A paſſing viſion, and a time for prayer.
Wealth breeds diſtruſt, anxiety prevails,
And heart-bred anguiſh all our bliſs curtails.
The pomp of courts, the pride of kings ſurvey;
The ſuperb manſions of the rich and gay
Black ills attend; there death protends his dart,
And deep ſtruck fear corrodes the conſcious heart.
Launch the tall veſſel, dare the ſpacious main,
Search realms unknown, and all our pride is vain.
Think not below conſummate bliſs to find;
God gives extenſion to the labouring mind;
Hence all our bliſs is toil; conſtraint is fit;
For want of action muſt be want of wit.

'Tis

'Tis juſt we ſhould aſpire, reſt breeds not peace;
Sloth haſtens death, induſtry ſprings from grace.
Thus much of real joy hath Heav'n ſupply'd,
For more to men, in juſtice, was deny'd.
Elſe, how are mortals prov'd? If bliſs were given,
What need had man of ſpecial grace from Heaven?

No longer dream of happineſs entire,
This ſin-polluted frame hath damp'd its fire;
The tranſient joys of earth are death to this,
Our paſtimes vain, the antidote of bliſs.—
The ſolemn grove, the deep reſounding rill,
The fragrant-ſcented mead, or flow'ry vale,
May charm the penſive mind, or cheriſh love;
But ſtedfaſt happineſs reſides above.
Purſue content the various calls of life,
Adhere to truth, and bar licentious ſtrife.
Hope is our own, extent muſt be the theme;
Let wiſdom gain the thinking mind's eſteem.
May dazzling gewgaws charm our ſouls no more,
A brilliant court, nor graceleſs thirſt of power.
Avoid the ſprightly dance, forſake the ball,
Where wanton mirth offends the ſerious ſoul.
The grand deſcriptive ſtage determine vain,
There vice conceal'd, harangues in virtue's ſtrain.

Theſe

Theſe are the courts of death; the ſyrens theſe,
Which youth deſtroy, when dark deluſions pleaſe.
Chaſte be our minds, the wiſe avoid the bait,
The gilded pill of each flagitious ſtate;
Contemn oppos'd extremes; may ſhadows fall,
And empty trifles bring no raſh controul;
Let calm ſobriety diſplay her zone,
And heaven-born temperance prevail alone.
Where then were yon prepar'd luxurious feaſts!
The pride of tyrant man! exceſs with beaſts!—
Wilt thou be happy? learn to be content;
And uſe with prudence that which Heaven has lent.
Be juſt, be great, and taught in wiſdom's ſchool,
Reduce thy ſeeming wants to reaſon's rule;
"We need but little, nor that little long;"
Death ſoon ſubdues the feeble and the ſtrong.
In vain we boaſt of youth, ſucceeding years
Shall cover aged heads with ſilver hairs;
Or dire diſeaſe the body will annoy,
Change every wiſh, and baffle every joy.

Since then the world no ſolid peace can give,
Oh! let not its alluring charms deceive.
May we in time be wiſe, and boldly dare
'Mid life's gay flutt'ring ſcenes, for death prepare.

What

What, though we conflict with the reſtleſs tide
Of headſtrong paſſions and tumultuous pride;
Yet know, my friend, we gain a noble prize,
If bleſs'd to form a friendſhip with the ſkies;
Thro' all our lives, the paths of virtue trod,
Will lead our footſteps to the throne of GOD.

This then is happineſs; on earth to prove
Divine communion, and ſuperior love;
Th' internal voice of rectitude to feel,
And GOD's pure word to regulate the will;
The ſoul from doubts and ſorrow to releaſe,
And breathe the balm of comfort and of peace.
The way to reſt, let all enquirers know,
Is to be VIRTUOUS and RESIGN'D below.

ÆTATIS 18.

AN HYMN.

AWAKE, my ſoul! contemplative ſurvey
The clear veſtigia of ſupreme deſign;
All nature's works the power of GOD diſplay,
And ſpeak their grand original divine.

With

With reverential awe ſoft ſtrike the lyre,
  Reſponſive to the pure dictating muſe;
Bid ſhadows fly, the joys of earth retire,
  And every dark intruding thought refuſe.

Oh! come ye gentle ſpirits! lend your ſtrains,
  Pour ſoothing melody into my ſoul;
Let Heaven's celeſtial fervour warm my veins,
  And ſongs of triumph in my boſom roll.

Oh ye! that dwell in endleſs bliſs on high,
  And conſtant view the great Creator's face,
Teach me to praiſe him, as the ſeaſons fly,
  And waft my anthems to the throne of grace.

Ye ſons of GOD! aſſiſt my ſtrong deſire,
  My artleſs verſe, and undeſigning rhime;
Oh! may my heart be cleans'd with ſacred fire,
  And every thought be purify'd in time.

Let chearful morn, in orient ſplendor dreſt,
  Proclaim his praiſe, who call'd the day from night;
Huſh'd be the rattling ſtorm, loud winds at reſt,
  While the fair dawn expands reviving light.

Extol

Extol the ſource of life, thou riſing ſun!
With all the fire of warm devotion blaze;
Bid op'ning flowers record thy ſacred ſong,
And waft his glory on thy fugal rays.

Ye humid exhalations! ſpread your ſtore,
Reſound his might, and mount the wings of day;
Aſcend, ye vapours! all ye waves, adore!
And never let your warmeſt praiſe decay.

Deſcend, ye peers of ſtate! ye monarchs bow!
Fall from the throne, and look beyond diſguiſe;
The proud ſhall ſink, th' exalted mind be low,
The meek be bleſs'd, and mercy claim the ſkies.

Ye ruddy ſons of earth pour forth your pray'rs,
With ſolemn worſhip and dependance wait;
Submit to Heaven, and waſh the glebe with tears,
Till truth ſhall reign, and juſtice be compleat.

EPISTLE X.

REFLECTIONS ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

——Fulgente trahit conſtrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generoſis. HOR.

WHENCE ſprings this ſtrong inſatiate thirſt of fame?
And why ſo anxious for a deathleſs name?
Can blind renown the ſenſe of bliſs procure?
Expel deſire, or inward peace reſtore?—
'Tis FAME we court thro' every ſcene below,
What, but for this, does art's vaſt circle grow?
But what art thou? what all thy boaſted joys?
Nought more than trifles, ſublunary toys;
The grand purſuit of kings, the crown of fools,
The ſcorn of wiſdom, and the pride of ſchools.
For this fame-courting crowds reſplendent ſhine,
For her we ranſack earth, and rob the mine;
She gives freſh vigour to the rich and gay,
And hence their worthleſs pomp the vain diſplay.
What, but for this, does impious man explore
The waves of death, or ſpoil the diſtant ſhore?

Why

Why dares the bold marine traverſe the deep?
And ligneous bulwarks ocean's ſurface ſweep?
Why roars tumultuous war? why bleeds the brave?
Who bade the dying patriot greet the grave?
'Tis thine to lead the fight, inſpire the ſage,
Or warm the warrior's breaſt with generous rage.

Riſe, goddeſs of the world! aſſert thy claim,
The *ſummum bonum* of mankind, is fame.
For this, extenſive trade employs us all,
The lawyer pleads, and wrangling women bawl.
The politician hence diſplays his ſchemes,
While loud applauſe the liſt'ning houſe proclaims.
Not courts alone contain th' effective maid;
She rules the village, and ſhe haunts the ſhade.
The toil-ſuſtaining hinds to fame aſpire,
And ruſtic damſels feel the general fire.

Goddeſs! on earth ador'd; man's ſplendid joy!
Thou ſource of art! thou all attracting toy!
That man is truly great who ſcorns thy frown,
Whoſe ſoul purſues a more exalted crown.

Xantippe loves the ball, admires the ſtage,
Aſſumes the pit, and mocks the ſolemn ſage;

She

She chides aloud; her words, unbridled, rove
From church to ſtate, from diffidence to love.

Proud Mævius ſcribbles rhyme, or copies plays,
Strains all his wit, a candidate for praiſe;
In ſland'rous verſe, and ſatire void of ſenſe,
He paints the great, and ſtrikes with impudence.

Nor leſs intent, Offellus bids us ſpare
The luſcious draught, and high luxurious fare.
Avoid exceſs; reſerve becomes the wiſe;
Take but what health and vivid ſenſe ſupplies.

All bath'd in ſweat, and anxious after gain,
Old Locuples diſtracts his tortur'd brain;
At fairs he flutters 'midſt the buſtling train,
While flatt'ring agents loud extol the man.

Lo! where yon ſprightly beau attracts the ſight,
Good ſenſe is wanting, and ſuperior wit;
The jovial flippant air the wiſe diſdain,
To ſerious minds unlicens'd mirth is pain;
Thro' every ſcene of life th' aſſertion's true,
'Tis Fame we challenge, and Renown purſue.

The great, the wiſe, the learn'd, adore her ſhrine,
The rich, the gay, pronounce her pow'r divine;
The ſage-inſtructed ſoul perceives the fire,
And lab'ring ſwains compleat the general choir.
To me, to thee, ambition's fervour flows,
From child to man, the grand ſententia grows.

But ceaſe my pen! this truth have others told,
The path is beaten, and the ſubject old;
Immortal YOUNG has ſung the power of FAME,
Truth fills his lines, and wit adorns his theme.

ÆTATIS 18.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE XI.

On the USEFULNESS, and recommending the STUDY, of NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Hoc ſtudia adoleſcentiam alunt; ſenectutem oblectant, ſecundas res ornant, adverſis, ſolatium, et perfugium, prebent; delectant Domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiſcum, peregrinantur, ruſticantur.

TULLY.

WITH joy, my friend! I hear thy ſtudies grow,
A thirſt for wiſdom, the beſt theme below;
The root is bitter, but the fruit is ſweet,
Th' exordium's arduous, and with toil replete.
Thoſe dangers paſt, a ſun-ſhine, bright, ſucceeds,
The mind expands, the ſoul on knowledge feeds.
Is then PHILOSOPHY the darling theme?
My ſoul feels tranſport at the glorious name.
May I preſume to paint the charming maid?
Pourtray her beauties, and commend her ſhade?
Yes:—ſince my friend requires, the ſubject's mine,
To chant her pleaſures, rational, divine!

Hail, fair PHILOSOPHY! bleſs'd ſcience, hail!
May knowledge grow, and uſeful arts prevail;
Weak are our thoughts, our abſurd notions vain,
And reaſon vague, ſubdu'd by conſtant pain,
When not directed, taught by thee to ſcan
Progreſſive wiſdom thro' each ſtate of man.
Expell'd, diſpers'd, by thy ſuperior might,
Fled hypotheſes blind, the ſons of night,
And round us blaz'd thy all revealing light.
For they who know the moſt, deſire not veils;
Truth ſhines admir'd, while dazzling falſehood fails.
No more with doubt the ſtudious mind explores
The force of bodies, and mechanic powers.
By whom, but her, are ſecrets deep made known?
Philoſophy purſues the falling ſtone.
Why, whirl'd on high the flint ſo ſwift deſcends,
Procumbent, yet towards the center tends?
The latent force of gravity we trace,
And find attraction works in every place.

Long wrapp'd in thought, the ſage revolv'd in vain,
Till NEWTON roſe, the myſtery to explain.

Sublime

Sublime he roſe; amazement held the ſchools,
When nature ſunk to univerſal rules;
But now 'tis done; his works the ſtudious ſhare,
Read with attention, and peruſe with care.
The theme is grand; the ſubject yields delight;
Such pleaſures, ſure, a ſluggard would excite.
Not ſtay'd on earth, its manſion's unconfin'd,
To diſtant worlds aſcends the lab'ring mind;
Borne on the wings of thought, the ſoul aſpires
To read the ſtars, and count th' æthereal fires.
PHILOSOPHY pervades the blazing ſun,
Or glows where orbs their ſtated courſes run;
Where in bright circles dancing planets play
Around the ſource of far extended day.—
'Tis to ſublime PHILOSOPHY we owe
All that of worlds above, or earth we know;
Thy ſmiles revive the deep enquiring mind,
By thee our wit is pure, our parts refin'd.
From hence are known the various pow'rs of air,
Its properties occult, its ſubſtance rare;
The progreſs of the wind, the gathering ſtorm,
The riſe of vapours, and how meteors form;
Why rarefactions bring continu'd rain,
Whence foaming torrents roar along the plain.

Say, why deſcends ſo ſwift the rattling hail?
And why do pregnant clouds fly o'er the vale?
The rain congeal'd, transforms to pond'rous ſtones,
Hurl'd down, impetuous, from aereal thrones;
Elaſtic air tranſports the clouds on high,
And gently wafts them round the azure ſky.

Tutor'd by her, we mark the falling ſnow,
Till all is one continu'd ſcene below;
She knows from whence inclines the hoary froſt,
How ſhooting ſalts the riſing herbage cruſt,
And why confin'd, and bound in icy chains,
Yon limpid pools transform to chryſtal plains.
Lo! undiſmay'd, PHILOSOPHY has found
How the loud thunder ſhakes the vaſt profound;
From whence the bright æthereal ſhaft deſcends,
And burſting nitre ſome huge column rends.
The grand phænomenon of northern fires
To her is known, tho' ruſtic fear retires;
With conſcious dread the giddy vulgar ſtray,
And anxious hope the wiſh'd return of day.
When light ſulphureous vapours thinly ſpread,
Catch fire, and flame converging over head,
In contemplation wrapp'd, and calm ſurpriſe,
The philoſophic ſtudent reads the ſkies.

See

See where aſcends yon wide extended bow!
The ſign of grace, and heavenly love below;
The origin divine, of light and ſhade!
In orient colours pure, diverſe, array'd.
With pleaſing awe, a wond'rous ſcene ſurvey,
Where five bright ſuns awake the drooping day;
There, where the vaſt concave, high-arch'd and wide,
Appear'd with recent ſyſtems once ſupply'd.
Thoſe grand Par-helian forms no longer ſcare,
Expell'd far hence all ſuperſtitious fear.

Lo! wand'ring fires acroſs the meadows rove,
Or wanton ſport beſide a neighb'ring grove;
Them, while the heedleſs traveller attends,
Far from his road, and diſtant from his friends,
In ſome broad ditch, or bog obſcure and deep,
The wretch, aſtoniſh'd, graſps a treacherous ſteep;
Immers'd and damp, bewilder'd and alone,
Confus'd, he rambles from the peopled town,
Thro' miry ſwamps, or barren heaths unknown.
But why this plain digreſſion? reſt not here;
Enough of ſuns, of ſtars, and fluid air;
It now remains to ſing of earth, and ſtones,
And what to man, and beaſts, and birds belongs.

All hail! ſerene PHILOSOPHY, divine!
No leſs to thee pertains the opening mine;
'Tis thine to penetrate thro' beds of earth,
And tell of poliſh'd gems the ſecret birth;
How, low in caverns dark, the marble grows,
Fair ſtreak'd and vein'd, adorn'd with azure rows.
'Tis thine, the alabaſter to explore,
And rich porphyrius' long inveſted ſtore;
The ſtedfaſt adamant, compreſs'd and ſtrong,
The ſparkling ruby, and cornelian ſtone;
The ſoft, pellucid chryſtal, fair and gay,
Carbuncle flaming, like the lamp of day;
The green ſmaragdus, and the ſapphire blue,
Th' obdurate amethyſt, of purple hue,
And golden topaz. Lo! to thee belong
The black achate, and the jaſper throng.
But more than all, the magnet ſtrikes my mind,
A world of wonders in a ſtone combin'd!
Nor leſs delight the ſons of wiſdom find
Where iron ore attracts the curious mind,
Where deep below the ſounding copper grows,
Or, in metalline ſtreams, mercurius flows.
There, where the burniſh'd tin adorns the ſhore,
And ſtratas ſparkle with refulgent ore,

Where

Where veins of gold, or ſhining ſilver lie,
And unctuous lead regales th' enquiring eye.

By thee, ſublime PHILOSOPHY! we ſcan
The cultur'd glebe, or contemplate the plain,
Th' increaſing foliage, and the diſtant grove,
E'en humble ſhrubs, or lofty trees above.
If we the powers of vegetation trace,
Conſummate beauty ſhines in every place;
Admit diſcretion is our greateſt good,
"Thro' nature's works we look to nature's GOD."
Sure, not remote from this, is all we know
Of birds above, of beaſts, and fiſh below!
Their various kinds, their various arts declare
Man was not made alone, this earth to ſhare.

Far born from hence, where glorious order ſhines,
A ſcene more varied claims my artleſs lines,
T' admire what wiſdom form'd the inſect train,
Their ſtrange mutations, and their ſenſe of pain.
The painted ſcarab, and melliferous tribe,
Tranſcend what human language can deſcribe.

But, now to man, my ranging thoughts retire,
To ſing how arts, philoſophy require.

Forſook

Forſook by her, a ſavage, wild and rude,
Were man, with ſenſe and reaſoning powers endu'd.
In vain this gift; the deſart waſte and void
Were his dire haunt, with monſters fell annoy'd;
Naught would he know, but want and conſtant pain,
A life of woe, and death his greateſt gain;
Forlorn and wand'ring thro' the loneſome wood,
With boars contending for their acorn food.
Such were mankind, expos'd to various woes,
But for the help PHILOSOPHY beſtows.
Thro' every ſcene of life the goddeſs flies,
Excites perfection, and compleats our joys.
By thee, ſage Chiron ſpurns indulgent eaſe,
And meditates the ſource of fell diſeaſe;
What plants for this, and what for that are fit
To heal mankind, the doctor tries his wit.
The various ſimples cull'd, he hopes to cure,
And thinks his drooping patient to reſtore.

Firſt taught by thee, the navigator roſe,
The main to traverſe, and his life expoſe;
Swift thro' ſurrounding ſeas, unaw'd, he ſails,
Foreſees the ſtorm, or waits propitious gales;
From ſhores remote, and rich, or realms unknown,
The wealth of diſtant nations is our own.

From

From hence we learn what arts the world can find,
And what the various cuſtoms of mankind;
What powers they raiſe, what ſpacious tracts they rule,
Their different ſoils, and whom their laws controul.—
The poor mechanic feels thy generous flame,
And finds a place, even in the rolls of fame.
Hence clocks denoting times inceſſant courſe,
Balliſtic torments' all-deſtroying force.
Firſt plann'd by thee, the planetarium roſe,
And here th' armillary ſphere its being owes;
The orrery ſublime, thy aid requires,
And engines deſtin'd to extirpate fires;
Air-mills, and aqueous, claim their birth from thee,
The ſtudent's palm, ſerene PHILOSOPHY!

Pneumatic engines hence improve the mind,
And manufactures vaſt, employ mankind;
Aſſiſted viſion kens minuteſt forms,
And poliſh'd lenſes failing ſight reforms;
The long-tub'd teleſcope explores the ſkies,
Where diſtant objects, elſe, obſcurely riſe.
Deriv'd from the ſame ſource, the globes delight,
And manual ſpheres the thoughtful ſoul excite.

The

The world in narrow form compris'd we ſee,
In fair proportion drawn, and juſt degree.
Exact and true, the brilliant ſtars are told,
Their ſtation fix'd, like ſtuds of burniſh'd gold.

Nor leſs the labouring farmer claims thine aid,
The graſs to mow, or pluck the ripening blade;
What time to turn the well directed plough,
And when the ſeeds of hopeful crops to ſow.

Tutor'd by thee, the muſe compleats the choir,
Chants heavenly ſtrains, or ſtrikes the trembling lyre,
Aſſumes the glorious theme, with ardour glows,
And form'd by thee, her pleaſing language flows;
The lively image, and the graceful ſtile,
Are known by reading, and attain'd by toil.
Philoſophy the ſtudious bard refines,
Informs his mind, and weighs his flowing lines;
Tells what to chooſe, pure ſentiment ſupplies,
Awakes attention, and expels diſguiſe.
She bids each ſtriking ſimile be fair,
And thoughts ſelected pleaſe the liſt'ning ear.

ÆTATIS 18.

A SOLILOQUY.

A SOLILOQUY.

REFULGENT ſummer comes, the fervid air
And flaming ſkies, denote the circling year;
From fields of æther, and the blaze of day,
Intemperate heat, and Sol's meridian ray,
To glades umbrageous, let me haſte away.
There, on the banks of ſome meandring ſtream,
Chant to my ruſtic pipe, a nobler theme.
Oh! come, celeſtial CONTEMPLATION, come;
Inſpire my ſoul, and change this mental gloom.
While ſtretch'd at eaſe, beneath the ſhade I lie,
Let not fair thought's inhaling balſam die.
Come, heavenly viſitant! engage my mind,
Breathe inward peace, and ſentiments refin'd.

Lives there the man, who, impious, dares controul
Infinite Wiſdom, and reform the whole?
Whatever is, was made for ſome deſign,
Whatever breathes, hath origin divine,
In vain immenſity would man confine.
Behold in air what tranſient myriads form,
Who bade yon ſhort-liv'd tribes aereal ſwarm?

Some,

Some, o'er the ſtagnate pool, incumbent, borne,
The fleeting offſpring of prolific morn;
Scarce viſible to man, live with the day,
And when the ſun declines, with him decay.
What ſlender texture! what conſummate grace!
And ſtriking colours, clothe yon inſect race!
Their chequer'd eyes imbibe the rays of light,
As rubies radiant, and as chryſtal bright.
Sure, ſilent adoration's flame they fan,
Inſtruct the ſoul, and humanize the man.
Yet may I love thro' flow'ry ſhades to walk,
And with calm Solitude, fair goddeſs! talk;
Hold rapturous converſe with the bleſs'd above,
Soft gliding, penſive, thro' the ſilent grove.
Or on imagination's pinions climb,
Revolve the paſt, and penetrate thro' time,
In action ſtedfaſt, and in thought ſublime.
As ſpring ſerene, give me to paſs thro' life,
From diſcord free, and baſe litigious ſtrife;
In heights and depths, in happineſs and pain,
Yet with RELIGION, and with TRUTH to reign.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

AFTER READING THE FOLLOWING LINES.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia muſæ
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti perculſus amore, &c.
VIRG.

LET others plow the foaming deep,
In queſt of lawleſs gain;
'Tis mine the various lyre to ſweep,
Or chant the poet's ſtrain.

Far from all mean ſolicitude,
Let me in quiet dwell,
Where no corroſive cares intrude
To wound my ſtedfaſt ſoul.

What are the pleaſures wealth can give?
What luxury's exceſs?
More than enough muſt ſure deceive,
And all have happineſs.

The

The rich, the gay, the ſapient, love
Thoſe boundleſs bleſſings given;
The labouring poor, ſuſtain'd, ſhall prove
Th' indulgent care of Heaven.

Ceaſe then, my ſoul! from weak diſtruſt,
In PROVIDENCE confide;
Who ſhields from harm the wiſe and juſt,
And mocks the ſtoic's pride.

'Tis not the men who vainly boaſt
Of ought enjoy'd below,
Shall feel of heavenly bliſs the moſt,
And real comfort know.

A conſcience void of all offence,
From poignant anguiſh free,
Is more than all that crowns diſpenſe,
And every high degree.

'Tis that alone can make us bleſt,
Bid comfort riſe within,
Compoſe the tempeſt of each breaſt,
And ſheathe the force of ſin.

To loftier themes our thoughts diſpoſe,
And elevate the ſoul;
Give conqueſt o'er our mental foes,
And reign beyond controul.

To real greatneſs turn the mind,
Teach what we ſhould obtain;
Inſpire a generous flame refin'd,
And ſoothe the ſenſe of pain.

Oh! give me this, I aſk no more,
Fair pleaſure's train I ſcorn;
Let thoſe enjoy their ſhining ſtore,
Who were to riches born;

Whoſe feeble minds on earth confin'd,
Dare not forſake their gold,
Leſt wafted on the wings of wind,
They loſe their ſtedfaſt hold.

Such is the rock on which they ſtand,
So permanent the baſe:—
If death but ſtretch his direful hand,
And ſhew his ghaſtly face,

Strange terrors ſoon vindictive reign,
And harbour in each breaſt,
With every agonizing pain,
And torturing care oppreſs'd.

Like empty chaff their riches fly,
The ſtudious ſage to ſee,
Their fragile prop reclin'd, they die,
In dark uncertainty.

So lives, ſo dies that wretched fool
Who grinds the labouring poor,
And dares, in ſpite of Heaven's juſt rule,
A golden heap adore.

On projects wild, and various ſchemes,
Perpetually intent,
For ever pleas'd with gaudy ſcenes,
Or on deluſion bent.

Accumulation ſtill the theme,
Or blind offenſive pride,
Litigious ſtrife, or empty fame,
Or government deny'd.

So

So fond is man of ought but truth,
  True ſolace unbeliev'd;
Led on by ſomething gay in youth,
  In age extreme, deceiv'd.

Oh! could our vagrant minds but know
  Where dwells internal peace;
Not in perpetual ſtrife and woe,
  Not in our wealth's increaſe.

Say, ſhall this narrow ſpan contract
  The contemplative ſoul?
This mundane ſcene of things compact,
Th' excurſive mind controul?

Know, when tumultuous cares are loſt,
  And earth's concerns are fled,
The ſoul divine! ſeeks Heaven's bleſs'd coaſt,
  From terrene functions freed.

A PARAPHRASE

OF PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF ST. JOHN*.

Αχρονος ων, ακτιχητος ἐν αρχητω Λογος αρχη,
Ισοφυὴς γενετηρος ομήλικος, ὑιος αμητωρ, &c.

Nonni Panopol.

BEFORE old time, and circling years began,
Ineffably divine! the LOGOS ſprang;
Coeval with the FATHER was the SON,
The LIGHT OF LIGHT from endleſs ages ſhone.
With power proclaim'd, in Heaven's ſupreme abode,
The WORD reſided, and that WORD was GOD.
From this eternal ſource, the SON, the ſame
With him who form'd this azure-vaulted frame.
GOD his creating energy diſplay'd,
All things were by the Word efficient made,
And without him, nor fountain, field, nor ſhade.
In him was life, our univerſal joy,
The light of mortal men, ordain'd to die.

* See Nonnius Panopolitanus.

But

But in this ſhadowy world, divinely bright,
He ſhone illuſtrious, with ſuperior light,
His day not comprehended by our night.

Amid the deep receſs of ſome lone wood,
A wand'ring ſeer had fix'd his rough abode;
To preach baptiſm; he the firſt who came,
His people's ſervant; John, the prophet's name.
An herald by JEHOVAH ſent, before
That LIGHT, to which he faithful witneſs bore,
That all convinc'd, a certain faith might have,
Faith, which in pangs of death alone can ſave.
Yet he was not that pure eſſential light;
But came commiſſion'd by eternal might.
Prophetic ſilence, long impos'd, he broke,
A ſure forerunner of the truths he ſpoke;
The WORD with GOD was that primæval light,
Which ſhines in man, with rays divinely bright.

He with the unbelieving world remain'd,
The world was form'd by his Almighty hand;
Nor did mankind the ſacred LOGOS know,
An unprovided ſtranger here below!
Firſt to his own, the WORD efficient came,
His own refus'd him, and revil'd his name.

But thoſe, who with unbiaſs'd minds, and pure,
Receiv'd the GODHEAD, and with faith adore;
To them deem'd worthy, and to them alone,
This ſpecial honour gave th' ETERNAL SON,
That they, bleſs'd heirs of glory, ſhould be known;
Not of the will of man, not born of blood,
Nor yet of fleſh; but by the LIVING GOD.

The ſelf-exiſting LOGOS fleſh was made,
The DEITY a man! like man array'd;
And by ſome chain ineffable, he ties
His form divine, to human miſeries;
GOD dwelt below, we ſaw with glad ſurpriſe.
His glory, his refulgent glory ſhone,
The matchleſs ſplendor of his only SON,
Replete with grace and truth, his ſaints among.

Of this fleſh-bearing WORD thus John proclaim'd,
Behold the man! of whom, in ſtrains unblam'd
This faithful truth I told:—Before my days,
(Tho' now poſterior in the world) he was,
From him we all our plenitude derive,
And grace for grace from Heaven ſhall men receive;

By

By Moſes firſt the ſacred law was given;
But grace and truth, when CHRIST came down
from Heaven.

Ne'er viſible to man's revolving eyes
Did that pure ſelf-exiſting SPIRIT riſe;
'Twas he, prime object of the FATHER's love,
Long us'd to tread the fulgent courts above,
Who, with divine heart-melting ſpeech reveal'd
The viſion ſacred, from mankind conceal'd.

And this, the teſtimony borne aloud,
John preach'd before the Hebrew-miſſion'd crowd;
Levites, and watchful prieſts, a ſacred train!
Charg'd to interrogate the heav'n-taught man;
Where, on the margin of a deſert wood,
A wand'ring exile! dwelt the ſent of GOD,
A cavern'd rock his unadorn'd abode;
And urgent, thus, with ſpeed the legates cried,
Who art? art thou the CHRIST?—The ſeer reply'd,
(Nought he conceal'd, nor yet the truth deny'd)
I am not CHRIST.—Then thus the Hebrew train,
Interrogant, addreſs'd the bard again:
Say who thou art; doſt thou on earth appear
Elias! ſay, the far-fam'd Thiſbite ſeer?

Thus John:—Nor I, to earth return'd, appear
Elias known, the far-fam'd Thiſbite ſeer.
To whom the bold intruding prieſts reply'd,
Art thou that prophet, ne'er by man deſcry'd?
And thus the ſent of GOD.—Elias fam'd
I am not, nor that heavenly ſeer unnam'd.

Tell then thy name, the miſſion'd group rejoin'd,
That we, obedient to the high command
From whence we came, may to our friends reveal
What of thyſelf, importun'd, thou wilt tell.

I am that clamant voice in the wild waſte;
Prepare the ſacred ways of GOD with haſte;
Make ſtraight his paths, as in th' inſpired book,
By good Eſaias, Heaven's creator ſpoke.

Of wav'ring Phariſees, a doubtful train,
In haughty ſtile addreſs'd the heaven-taught man.
Why then doſt thou baptize? and whence deſign
Amid the refluent ſtream to cleanſe from ſin?
Since thou art not the CHRIST, nor yet the ſeer,
Elias, borne thro' the wide realms of air,
Aloft, incumbent, in his fiery car;

Nor

Nor that great bard with heavenly fervour warm,
Whoſe accents ſhall by ſacred influence form.

To ſuch interrogations, fraught with pride,
Cautious of ill, the Man of GOD reply'd.
In the pure laver of the cryſtal ſtream,
Sent to baptize, on Heaven's beheſts I came;
But he who ſhall ſucceed, yourſelves among,
Converſes daily, tho' as yet unknown,
With hands profane, the latchets of whoſe ſhoes,
I am not worthy, ſtooping, to unlooſe.

Beyond where Jordan with redundant waves
The fruitful bounds of rich Judeah laves;
Where fair Bethabara's illuſtrious town
O'erlook'd th' adjacent plains, thoſe things were done.

But when the morning brought the golden day,
And lucent beams the vary'd hills diſplay,
His piercing view John caſt around the field,
Nor diſtant far, the SON OF GOD beheld.

Then pointing with his hand, Behold, ſaid he,
The prudent LAMB! from ſin's pollution free;

And,

And, lo! the man, poſterior, I declar'd,
Tho' after, he before me is preferr'd.

THE MORNING.

HAIL, ſacred ſeaſon! heavenly tranſport, hail!
How fair! how fragrant is the dented vale
Where odoriferous flowers their ſweets exhale!
And tuneful birds, harmonious from the ſpray,
In ſprightly numbers uſher in the day.
Lo! rapturous muſic all the region fills,
Hangs in the grove, or bounds along the hills.

Immers'd in pleaſure, will not man awake?
And the ſoft chains of ſtupid ſlumber break?
When every real joy calls him abroad,
And every ſcene directs the mind to GOD.
Be this the time to MEDITATION due,
To ſolemn thought, and retroſpective view.
When calm, and from intruding buſineſs free,
The ſoul contemplates vaſt immenſity;

Or

Or to creation's ample bounds confin'd,
Surveys the proofs of an ETERNAL MIND.
Who but the fool, his indolence to boaſt,
Would in oblivion's hapleſs ſtate be loſt,
And death-like ſleep, longer than nature claims,
Confus'd, bewilder d in a ſea of dreams?

Around the field the peaceful village ſwarms,
From ſtraw-crown'd roofs, and wide capacious farms;
In pomp proceeds the powerful king of day!
The ſcene around his radiant beams diſplay.
From azure ocean, and the daſhing waves,
His crimſon head refulgent Phœbus heaves;
Where earth's gay plains, and Heaven's wide arch unite,
In ſplendor comes the reigning orb of light;
Up the blue vault aſcends his flaming car,
The dews exhale, and fogs diſſolve in air.

Hail, fervid lamp! how ſhall my numbers ſing
Thy delegated power? efflux divine!
Or how thy latent properties define?

Yon

Yon tow'ring hills, and pointed rocks behold!
Remote, tho' fair, and fring'd with burniſh'd gold;
The riſing ſun their gilded tops adorns,
And on the plain a ſhade extenſive forms.
Nor leſs ſurpris'd, the fulgent graſs review,
Where rays refracted by the pearly dew,
As in the clouds the pomp of colours ſpread,
With all the fine diverſity of ſhade.

What were the beauties of th' enamel'd ſpring?
And nature what, but for thy light benign?
A barren wild! a dreary chearleſs place!
Were earth and ocean, void of every grace;
Perpetual night, and one eternal ſtorm
Would then the dull chaotic maſs deform.

Purſue the oak's extenſive, deep-ſtruck root,
Where, twin'd with rocks, its branching fibres ſhoot;
The dreary cavern, dark and rude, explore,
Or undermine the tempeſt-beaten ſhore;
Go, dive beneath the chambers of the deep,
Where crocodiles a fatal ſtation keep,
And monſters haunt; Behemoth's ſpacious cave!
Or penetrate the terrors of the grave;

Yet

Yet there, ev'n there, beneath the vaſt profound,
Sol's potent rays pervade the porous ground.

Admire the luſtre of the ſparkling mine,
Where diamonds beam, and glowing rubies ſhine;
Where, like the ſun, the yellow topaz burns,
And of cerulean hue the ſapphire forms.

Light ſhews the dreary precipice from far,
Hence men the rough incumbent ſteep beware;
With chilling horror from the mountains brow,
We ken the diſmal, fractur'd ſcene below.
By thee, more bright yon winding river ſhines,
And rolls like fluid ſilver o'er the plains.

Say, what the vegetative tribes would do?
No more could they their matchleſs colours ſhew;
No more attract, and emulate the fair,
Their charming features, and their graceful air!

If then ſo much the ſun's gay beams avail,
And nature ſoon without their aid would fail,
What were creation? what the peopled ſpace,
If Heaven's all-ruling LORD withdraw his face

But

But for a moment? What were every ſcene?
Thoſe placid rivers, and thoſe vallies green,
If he who reigns in uncreated light,
Great ſource of life, ETERNAL GOD of might,
Should ceaſe to regulate yon radiant ſpheres,
And forward puſh the vaſt, revolving ſtars?
Did HE not bid the globous planets roll,
And pendent earth devolve about its pole,
What dire confuſion ſoon would change the whole?
Where then were all the labour'd works of man?
The toil of ages? where they firſt began.
Yon azure arch, bright with refulgent day,
With all its ſparkling ſuns muſt then decay.
A ſable ſheet of horror ſoon would ſpread
O'er the rude maſs of worlds, inert, and dead;
O'erwhelm'd and rent by elemental ſtrife,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life;
The ſmiling manſions of ſuperior bliſs,
The realms of joy, and courts of happineſs.

ÆTATIS 19.

REFLEC-

REFLECTIONS

ON A

THUNDER STORM.

A SOLEMN theme, deſcriptive muſe, aſſume;
What means this dumb ſuſpenſe? this awful gloom?
This quick tranſition? lo! demure and ſad
Th' aſtoniſh'd herds traverſe the ſilent mead,
While men in haſte to towns and hamlets ſpeed.

In ſable veſture, mark the threat'ning ſkies
Incumbent wrapp'd. What diſmal ſcenes ariſe
O'er all the ſpace of Heaven! with awful dread,
And night terrific, frowns th' impervious ſhade;
Tremenduous darkneſs! far outſtretch'd above,
A gloomy ſheet malign involves the grove!
Low bow the trees, their lofty heads recline;
The ſtubborn oak, the beech, and waving pine,
Of ſtorms preſageful, nod. Oh! take th' alarm,
And ſpeed my ling'ring feet, while free from harm.
Lo!

Lo! to their neſts the feather'd tribes repair,
The flocks and herds to lonely ſhadows drear.
All nature feels a change! behold at hand,
Eruptive from the Heavens, a flaming brand
Breaks ſharp and ragged; feeble viſion fails,
And ſable night awhile creation veils.
Hark! repercuſſive, awful, deep, and loud,
The ſolemn thunder burſts from cloud to cloud;
Nearer, and nearer, comes the direful ſtorm,
Till o'er our heads the fervid lightnings form;
Tremenduous luſtre! now reſiſtleſs rolls
A ſheet of flame, and wide inveſts the poles;
Or on the hills, with far continued ſweep,
Singes the graſs, and ſtrikes the bleating ſheep;
Or lowing herds, in ſynod met, and full,
In cloſe convention, round the lordly bull.

Mark there, a lab'ring ox, honeſt and ſour,
With blaſted limbs compreſs the groaning ſhore;
There harmleſs ſheep by ſhafted lightning ſtruck,
As when alive, the ſame the victims look;
That pleaſing innocence, thoſe ſimple charms
Thro' death remain, and fate's ſevere alarms.

Now

Now pours a deluge of impetuous rain
From burſting clouds, and drowns the ſubject plain.
Earth ſmoaks—Heaven rends—and dreary darkneſs ſtill
Hangs o'er the grove, or hides the dim ſeen hill;
While down the rugged ſteep a murmuring torrent roars,
Plows up the ground, and floats the treacherous moors.

At length relents the ſtorm; the clouds ſubſide;
And nature ſhines once more in graceful pride;
Diſpers'd aloft, incumbent miſts are driven,
Diffus'd and ſcatter'd round the vault of Heaven.
The drooping fields revive, the groves look gay,
The woods reſound with joy, and mirth concludes the day.
Exulting birds with melody divine,
In concert full, and warbling numbers join;
And lo! the ruminating herds confeſs
The general joy, and ſoft engaging bliſs;
Inceſſant bleatings fill the echoing air,
While univerſal nature bows in pray'r.

Oh! let my muſe the choir æthereal join,
Let WONDER, PRAISE, and GRATITUDE be mine;
In humble ſtrains of adoration pure,
May I approach that all-creating POWER!
Who mounts the wind, and guides the rending
ſtorms,
Whoſe plaſtic hand the baleful lightning forms,
And moulds the cryſtal hail. HE pours the rain,
Or with ſoft ſhowers renews the parched plain.
By HIM the deep majeſtic thunder rolls,
And livid flames involve the ſtedfaſt poles;
The dew HE ſprinkles, and the ſun HE warms,
HE gave to light and ſhade their various charms.

ÆTATIS 19.

THE END.